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THE

SPECTATOR;

A NEW EDITION, CAREFULLY REVISED,

IN SIX VOLUMES:

WITH

PREFACES HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL,

BY

ALEXANDER CHALMERS, A. M.

VOL. III.

NEW-YORK:
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200 BROADWAY.
1853.

DEDICATION*

TO THE

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.[a]

MY LORD,

As it is natural to have a fondness for what has cost us much time and attention to produce, I hope your grace will forgive my endeavour to preserve this work from oblivion by affixing to it your memorable name.

* This dedication includes Nos. 252—321.

[a] John Churchill, eldest son of sir Winstan Churchill, of Wooton-Basset, in the county of Wilts, was born June 24, 1650. The duke of York obtained for him an ensigncy in the guards so early as 1666; and a company of grenadiers, under the duke of Monmouth, in 1672, at the siege of Maestricht. On his return, he was appointed a lieutenant-colonel, a gentleman of the bed-chamber, and master of the robes to the duke of York. Attending the duke into Scotland, he had a regiment of dragoons; and was created baron of Aymouth in that kingdom Dec. 1, 1682. King James, on his accession, appointed him gentleman of the bed-chamber, captain of a troop of his life-guard; and created him baron Churchill of Sandridge May 14, 1685. At the revolution, he was continued gentleman of the bed-chamber; sworn of the privy-council Feb. 6, 1688–9; created earl of Marlborough April 9, 1689; the same year was commander of the English forces in Flanders, and in 1690 had the same employment in Ireland. He was, notwithstanding, dismissed from the king's service, and even committed to the tower on suspicion of a plot. On the death of queen Mary, he was re-

I shall not here presume to mention the illustrious passages of your life, which are celebrated by the whole age, and have been the subject of the most sublime pens; but if I could convey you to posterity in your private character, and describe the stature, the behaviour, and aspect, of the duke of Marlborough, I question not but it would fill the reader with more agreeable images, and give him a more delightful entertainment than what can be found in the following or any other book.

One cannot indeed without offence to yourself

called to the privy-council; and appointed, June 19, 1698, governor to the duke of Gloucester, with this extraordinary compliment from the king: 'My lord, make him but what you are, and my nephew will be all I wish to see him.' He was three times one of the lords justices in the king's absence; and, in 1701, commander in chief of the English forces in Holland, and ambassador extraordinary to the States General. King William having warmly recommended him to the princess Anne, he was, about a week after her majesty's accession, elected knight of the garter; and, soon after, appointed captain-general of all the forces, and ambassador to the States. In 1702, he commanded the army in Flanders; and at his return was created, Dec. 22, marquis of Blandford and duke of Marlborough. In 1704, in consequence of the memorable victory at Hocksted, he was appointed a prince of the Empire; and had Mindelheim assigned for his principality Nov. 12, 1705. On the 19th of January 1710–11, finding the queen's prepossession against his duchess could not be overcome, he carried a surrender of all her places to her majesty; and was himself dismissed Dec. 30, 1711. Upon the earl of Goldolphin's death, resolving to quit this kingdom, he embarked at Dover Nov. 14, 1712; and the duchess followed him in February. On the accession of king George I. he returned to London Aug. 4, 1714; and was again, Sept. 24, appointed captain-general of the land forces, master-general of the ordnance, and colonel of the first regiment of foot guards. He died at Windsor-lodge June 16, 1722, in the 72d year of his age, and was buried with great solemnity in Westminster-abbey.—See another letter from our author to the duke of Marlborough in Steele's Epistolary Correspondence, 1787, vol. ii. p. 322. N.

observe, that you excel the rest of mankind in the least, as well as the greatest endowments. Nor were it a circumstance to be mentioned, if the graces and attractions of your person were not the only pre-eminence you have above others, which is left almost unobserved by greater writers.

Yet how pleasing would it be to those who shall read the surprising revolutions in your story, to be made acquainted with your ordinary life and deportment! How pleasing would it be to hear that the same man, who carried fire and sword into the countries of all that had opposed the cause of liberty, and struck a terror into the armies of France, had, in the midst of his high station, a behaviour as gentle as is usual in the first steps towards greatness! And if it were possible to express that easy grandeur, which did at once persuade and command; it would appear as clearly to those to come, as it does to his contemporaries, that all the great events which were brought to pass under the conduct of so well-governed a spirit, were the blessings of Heaven upon wisdom and valour; and all which seem adverse fell out by divine permission, which we are not to search into.

You have passed that year of life wherein the most able and fortunate captain, before your time, declared he had lived enough both to nature and to glory; and your grace may make that reflection with much more justice. He spoke it after he had arrived at empire by an usurpation upon those

whom he had enslaved; but the prince of Mindelheim may rejoice in a sovereignty which was the gift of him whose dominions he had preserved.

Glory, established upon the uninterrupted success of honourable designs and actions, is not subject to diminution; nor can any attempts prevail against it, but in the proportion which the narrow circuit of rumour bears to the unlimited extent of fame.

We may congratulate your grace not only upon your high achievements, but likewise upon the happy expiration of your command, by which your glory is put out of the power of fortune: and when your person shall be so too, that the Author and Disposer of all things may place you in that higher mansion of bliss and immortality which is prepared for good princes, law-givers, and heroes, when he in his due time removes them from the envy of mankind, is the hearty prayer of,

MY LORD,

Your Grace's most obedient,

Most devoted humble Servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

THE SPECTATOR.

No. 200. FRIDAY, October 19, 1711.

Vincit amor patriæ——
Virg. Æn. vi. 823.
The noblest motive is the public good.

The ambition of princes is many times as hurtful to themselves as their people. This cannot be doubted of such as prove unfortunate in their wars, but it is often true too of those who are celebrated for their successes. If a severe view were to be taken of their conduct, if the profit and loss by their wars could be justly balanced, it would be rarely found that the conquest is sufficient to repay the cost.

As I was the other day looking over the letters of my correspondents, I took this hint from that of Philarithmus;[f] which has turned my present thoughts upon political arithmetic, an art of greater use than entertainment. My friend has offered an Essay towards proving that Lewis XIV. with all his acquisitions is not master of more people than at the beginning of his wars; nay, that for every subject he had acquired, he had lost three that were his inhe-

[f] See No. 180.—The letter there signed Philarithmus was written by the author of this speculation. The writer speaks of it in this manner, probably to conceal himself. Mr. Henry Martyn was famous for his skill in political arithmetic. See Guard. No. 55, and Spect. No. 555, note on Mr. Martyn.

ritance. If Philarithmus is not mistaken in his calculations, Lewis must have been impoverished by his ambition.

The prince for the public good has a sovereign property in every private person's estate; and consequently his riches must increase or decrease in proportion to the number and riches of his subjects. For example; if sword or pestilence should destroy all the people of this metropolis (God forbid there should be room for such a supposition! but if this should be the case), the queen must needs lose a great part of her revenue, or at least, what is charged upon the city must increase the burden upon the rest of her subjects. Perhaps the inhabitants here are not above a tenth part of the whole; yet as they are better fed, and clothed, and lodged, than her other subjects, the customs and exercises upon their consumption, the imposts upon their houses, and other taxes, do very probably make a fifth part of the whole revenue of the crown. But this is not all; the consumption of the city takes off a great part of the fruits of the whole island; and as it pays such a proportion of the rent or yearly value of the lands in the country, so it is the cause of paying such a proportion of taxes upon those lands. The loss then of such a people must needs be sensible to the prince, and visible to the whole kingdom.

On the other hand, if it should please God to drop from heaven a new people equal in number and riches to the city, I should be ready to think their excises, customs, and house-rent would raise as great a revenue to the crown as would be lost in the former case. And as the consumption of this new body would be a new market for the fruits of the

country, all the lands, especially those most adjacent, would rise in their yearly value, and pay greater yearly taxes to the public. The gain in this case would be as sensible as the former loss.

Whatsover is assessed upon the general, is levied upon individuals. It were worth the while then to consider what is paid by, or by means of, the meanest subjects, in order to compute the value of every subject to the prince.

For my own part, I should believe that seven-eighths of the people are without property in themselves or the heads of their families, and forced to work for their daily bread; and that of this sort there are seven millions in the whole island of Great Britain; and yet one would imagine that seven-eighths of the whole people should consume at least three-fourths of the whole fruits of the country. If this is the case, the subjects without property pay three-fourths of the rents, and consequently enable the landed men to pay three-fourths of their taxes. Now if so great a part of the land-tax were to be divided by seven millions, it would amount to more than three shillings to every head. And thus, as the poor are the cause, without which the rich could not pay this tax, even the poorest subject is upon this account worth three shillings yearly to the prince.

Again; one would imagine the consumption of seven-eighths of the whole people should pay two-thirds of all the customs and excises. And if this sum too should be divided by seven millions, viz., the number of poor people, it would amount to more than seven shillings to every head: and therefore with this and the former sum every poor subject, without property, except of his limbs or la-

bour, is worth at least ten shillings yearly to the sovereign. So much then the queen loses with every one of her old, and gains with every one of her new subjects.

When I was got into this way of thinking, I presently grew conceited of the argument, and was just preparing to write a letter of advice to a member of parliament, for opening the freedom of our towns and trades, for taking away all manner of distinctions between the natives and foreigners, for repealing our laws of parish settlements, and removing every other obstacle to the increase of the people. But as soon as I had recollected with what inimitable eloquence my fellow-labourers had exaggerated the mischiefs of selling the birth-right of Britons for a shilling,[5] of spoiling the pure British blood with foreign mixtures, of introducing a confusion of languages and religions, and of letting in strangers to eat the bread out of the mouths of our own people, I became so humble as to let my project fall to the ground, and leave my country to increase by the ordinary way of generation.

As I have always at heart the public good, so I am ever contriving schemes to promote it; and I think I may without vanity pretend to have contrived some as wise as any of the castle-builders. I had no sooner given up my former project, but my head was presently full of draining fens and marshes, banking out the sea, and joining new lands to my country; for since it is thought impracticable to increase the people to the land, I fell immediately to

[5] This is an ironical allusion to some of the popular arguments that had been urged in the year 1708, when a bill was brought in for the naturalization of foreign protestants; which, on account of the odium raised against it, did not pass into a law.

consider how much would be gained to the prince by increasing the land to the people.

If the same Omnipotent Power which made the world should at this time raise out of the ocean and join to Great Britain an equal extent of land, with equal buildings, corn, cattle, and other conveniences and necessaries of life, but no men, women, nor children, I should hardly believe this would add either to the riches of the people or revenue of the prince; for since the present buildings are sufficient for all the inhabitants, if any of them should forsake the old to inhabit the new part of the island, the increase of house-rent in this would be attended with at least an equal decrease of it in the other. Besides, we have such a sufficiency of corn and cattle, that we give bounties to our neighbours to take what exceeds of the former off our hands, and we will not suffer any of the latter to be imported upon us by our fellow-subjects; and for the remaining product of the country, 'tis already equal to all our markets. But if all these things should be doubled to the same buyers, the owners must be glad with half their present prices, the landlords with half their present rents; and thus, by so great an enlargement of the country, the rents in the whole would not increase, nor the taxes to the public.

On the contrary, I should believe they would be very much diminished; for as the land is only valuable for its fruits, and these are all perishable, and for the most part must either be used within the year, or perish without use, the owners will get rid of them at any rate, rather than they should waste in their possession: so that it is probable the annual production of those perishable things, even of one-tenth part of them, beyond all possibility of

use, will reduce one half of their value. It seems to be for this reason that our neighbour-merchants[h] who engross all the spices, and know how great a quantity is equal to the demand, destroy all that exceeds it. It were natural then to think that the annual production of twice as much as can be used, must reduce all to an eighth part of their present prices; and thus this extended island would not exceed one-fourth part of its present value, or pay more than one-fourth part of the present tax.

It is generally observed, that in countries of the greatest plenty there is the poorest living; like the schoolman's ass in one of my speculations,[i] the people almost starve between two meals. The truth is, the poor, which are the bulk of a nation, work only that they may live; and if with two days' labour they can get a wretched subsistence for a week, they will hardly be brought to work the other four. But then with the wages of two days they can neither pay such prices for their provisions, nor such excises to the government.

That paradox, therefore, in old Hesiod, *πλέον ἥμισυ παντός*, or, 'half is more than the whole,'[k] is very applicable to the present case; since nothing is more true in political arithmetic, than that the same people with half a country is more valuable than with the whole. I begin to think there was nothing absurd in sir W. Petty, when he fancied if all the highlands of Scotland and the whole kingdom of Ireland were sunk in the ocean, so that the people were all saved and brought into the lowlands

[h] Scilicet, the Dutch.

[i] No. 191.

[k] See motto of No. 195, written perhaps by the author of this paper, Mr. H. Martyn.

of Great Britain; nay, though they were to be reimbursed the value of their estates by the body of the people; yet both the sovereign and the subjects in general would be enriched by the very loss.

If the people only make the riches, the father of ten children is a greater benefactor to his country, than he who has added to it 10,000 acres of land, and no people. It is certain Lewis has joined vast tracts of land to his dominions: but if Philarithmus says true, that he is not now master of so many subjects as before; we may then account for his not being able to bring such mighty armies into the field, and for their being neither so well fed, nor clothed, nor paid as formerly. The reason is plain; Lewis must needs have been impoverished, not only by his loss of subjects, but by his acquisition of lands.

No. 201. SATURDAY, October 20, 1711.

Religentem esse oportet, religiosum nefas.
Incerti Autoris apud Aul. Gell.
A man should be religious, not superstitious.

It is of the last importance to season the passions of a child with devotion, which seldom dies in a mind that has received an early tincture of it. Though it may seem extinguished for a while by the cares of the world, the heats of youth, or the allurements of vice, it generally breaks out and dis-

[1] Mr. Henry Martyn is said to have been the author of No. 200. See Spect. No. 555; and No. 180, let. signed Philarithmus. The signature T. can only be used here as an editorial mark, merely to denote, that with a view of concealing the real author, or for whatever reason, the paper was transcribed by Steele; most probably at his friend's particular request. See No. 324, note, *ad finem*, on signature T.

covers itself again as soon as discretion, consideration, age, or misfortunes have brought the man to himself. The fire may be covered and overlaid, but cannot be entirely quenched and smothered.

A state of temperance, sobriety, and justice, without devotion, is a cold, lifeless, insipid condition of virtue; and is rather to be stiled philosophy than religion. Devotion opens the mind to great conceptions, and fills it with more sublime ideas than any that are to be met with in the most exalted science; and at the same time warms and agitates the soul more than sensual pleasure.

It has been observed by some writers, that man is more distinguished from the animal world by devotion than by reason, as several brute creatures discover in their actions something like a faint glimmering of reason, though they betray in no single circumstance of their behaviour any thing that bears the least affinity to devotion. It is certain, the propensity of the mind to religious worship, the natural tendency of the soul to fly to some superior being for succour in dangers and distresses, the gratitude to an invisible superintendent which rises in us upon receiving any extraordinary and unexpected good fortune, the acts of love and admiration with which the thoughts of men are so wonderfully transported in meditating upon the divine perfections, and the universal concurrence of all the nations under heaven in the great article of adoration, plainly show that devotion or religious worship must be the effect of a tradition from some first founder of mankind, or that it is conformable to the natural light of reason, or that it proceeds from an instinct implanted in the soul itself. For my part, I look upon all these to be the concurrent causes: but which

ever of them shall be assigned as the principle of divine worship, it manifestly points to a Supreme Being as the first author of it.

I may take some other opportunity of considering those particular forms and methods of devotion which are taught us by Christianity; but shall here observe into what errors even this divine principle may sometimes lead us, when it is not moderated by that right reason which was given us as the guide of all our actions.

The two great errors into which a mistaken devotion may betray us, are enthusiasm and superstition.

There is not a more melancholy object than a man who has his head turned with a religious enthusiasm. A person that is crazed, though with pride or malice, is a sight very mortifying to human nature; but when the distemper arises from any indiscreet fervours of devotion, or too intense an application of the mind to its mistaken duties, it deserves our compassion in a more particular manner. We may however learn this lesson from it, that since devotion itself (which one would be apt to think could not be too warm) may disorder the mind, unless its heats are tempered with caution and prudence, we should be particularly careful to keep our reason as cool as possible, and to guard ourselves in all parts of life against the influence of passion, imagination, and constitution.

Devotion, when it does not lie under the check of reason, is very apt to degenerate into enthusiasm. When the mind finds herself very much inflamed with her devotions, she is too much inclined to think they are not of her own kindling, but blown up by something divine within her. If she indul-

ges this thought too far, and humours the growing passion, she at last flings herself into imaginary raptures, and ecstacies; and when once she fancies herself under the influence of a divine impulse, it is no wonder if she slights human ordinances, and refuses to comply with any established form of religion, as thinking herself directed by a much superior guide.

As enthusiasm is a kind of excess in devotion, superstition is the excess not only of devotion, but of religion in general, according to an old heathen saying, quoted by Aulus Gellius,[m] '*Religentem esse oportet, religiosum nefas;*' 'A man should be religious, not superstitious.' For, as that author tells us, Nigidius observed upon this passage, that the Latin words which terminate in *osus* generally imply vicious characters, and the having of any quality to an excess.

An enthusiast in religion is like an obstinate clown, a superstitious man like an insipid courtier. Enthusiasm has something in it of madness, superstition of folly. Most of the sects that fall short of the church of England have in them strong tinctures of enthusiasm, as the Roman catholic religion is one huge overgrown body of childish and idle superstitions.

The Roman catholic church seems indeed irrecoverably lost in this particular. If an absurd dress or behaviour be introduced in the world, it will soon be found out and discarded. On the contrary, a habit or ceremony, though never so ridiculous, which has taken sanctuary in the church, sticks in it for ever. A Gothic bishop perhaps thought it

[m] Noctes Atticæ, lib. iv. cap. 9.

proper to repeat such a form in such particular shoes or slippers; another fancied it would be very decent if such a part of public devotions were performed with a mitre on his head and a crosier in his hand. To this a brother Vandal, as wise as the others, adds an antic dress, which he conceived would allude very aptly to such and such mysteries, till by degrees the whole office has degenerated into an empty show.

Their successors see the vanity and inconvenience of these ceremonies; but, instead of reforming, perhaps add others, which they think more significant, and which take possession in the same manner, and are never to be driven out after they have been once admitted. I have seen the pope officiate at St. Peter's, where for two hours together he was busied in putting on or off his different accoutrements, according to the different parts he was to act in them.

Nothing is so glorious in the eyes of mankind, and ornamental to human nature, setting aside the infinite advantages which arise from it, as a strong, steady, masculine piety; but enthusiasm and superstition are the weaknesses of human reason, that expose us to the scorn and derision of infidels, and sink us even below the beasts that perish.

Idolatry may be looked upon as another error arising from mistaken devotion; but because reflections on that subject would be of no use to an English reader, I shall not enlarge upon it. L.[n]

[n] By Addison, supposed to be dated London. See No. 7, *ad fin.* note on Addison's signatures.

No. 202. MONDAY, October 22, 1711.

Sæpe decem vitiis instructior odit et horret.
Hor. 1 Ep. xviii. 25.

Tho' ten times worse themselves, you'll frequent view
Those who with keenest rage will censure you. P.

The other day as I passed along the street, I saw a sturdy 'prentice boy, disputing with an hackney-coachman; and in an instant, upon some word of provocation, throw off his hat and periwig, clench his fist, and strike the fellow a cut on the face: at the same time calling him rascal, and telling him he was a gentleman's son. The young gentleman was, it seems, bound to a blacksmith; and the debate arose about payment for some work done about a coach, near which they fought. His master, during the combat, was full of his boy's praises; and as he called to him to play with hand and foot, and throw in his head, he made all us who stood round him of his party, by declaring the boy had very good friends, and he could trust him with untold gold. As I am generally in the theory of mankind, I could not but make my reflections upon the sudden popularity which was raised about the lad; and perhaps, with my friend Tacitus, fell into observations upon it, which were too great for the occasion; or ascribed this general favour to causes which had nothing to do towards it. But the young blacksmith's being a gentleman was, methought, what created him good-will from his present equality with the mob about him; add to this, that he was not so much a gentleman, as not, at the same time that he called himself such, to use as rough methods for his defence as his antagonist. The ad-

vantage of his having good friends, as his master expressed it, was not lazily urged; but he showed himself superior to the coachman in the personal qualities of courage and activity, to confirm that of his being well allied, before his birth was of any service to him.

If one might moralize from this silly story, a man would say, that whatever advantages of fortune, birth, or any other good, people possess above the rest of the world, they should show collateral eminence besides those distinctions; or those distinctions will avail only to keep up common decencies and ceremonies, and not to preserve a real place of favour or esteem in the opinion and common sense of their fellow-creatures.

The folly of people's procedure, in imagining that nothing more is necessary than property and superior circumstances to support them in distinction, appears in no way so much as in the domestic part of life. It is ordinary to feed their humours into unnatural excrescences, if I may so speak, and make their whole being a wayward and uneasy condition, for want of the obvious reflection that all parts of human life is a commerce. It is not only paying wages, and giving commands, that constitutes a master of a family; but prudence, equal behaviour, with readiness to protect and cherish them, is what entitles a man to that character in their very hearts and sentiments. It is pleasant enough to observe, that men expect from their dependents, from their sole motive of fear, all the good effects which a liberal education, and affluent fortune, and every other advantage, cannot produce in themselves. A man will have his servant just, diligent, sober, and chaste, for no other reasons but the terror of losing his master's

favour; when all the laws divine and human cannot keep him whom he serves within bounds with relation to any one of those virtues. But both in great and ordinary affairs, all superiority, which is not founded on merit and virtue, is supported only by artifice and stratagem. Thus you see flatterers are the agents in families of humourists, and those who govern themselves by any thing but reason. Make-bates, distant relations, poor kinsmen, and indigent followers, are the fry which support the economy of an humoursome rich man. He is eternally whispered with intelligence of who are true or false to him in matters of no consequence; and he maintains twenty friends to defend him against the insinuations of one who would perhaps cheat him of an old coat.

I shall not enter into farther speculation upon this subject at present, but think the following letters and petition are made up of proper sentiments on this occasion.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM servant to an old lady who is governed by one she calls her friend; who is so familiar an one, that she takes upon her to advise her without being called to it, and makes her uneasy with all about her. Pray, Sir, be pleased to give us some remarks upon voluntary counsellors; and let these people know that to give any body advice, is to say to that person, "I am your betters." Pray, Sir, as near as you can, describe that eternal flirt and disturber of families, Mrs. Taperty, who is always visiting, and putting people in a way, as they call it. If you can make her stay at home one

evening, you will be a general benefactor to all the ladies' women in town, and particularly to

'Your loving friend,

'SUSAN CIVIL.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a footman, and live with one of those men, each of whom is said to be one of the best-humoured men in the world, but that he is passionate. Pray be pleased to inform them, that he who is passionate, and takes no care to command his hastiness, does more injury to his friends and servants in one half hour, than whole years can atone for. This master of mine, who is the best man alive in common fame, disobliges somebody every day he lives; and strikes me for the next thing I do, because he is out of humour at it. If these gentlemen know that they do all the mischief that is ever done in conversation, they would reform; and I who have been a Spectator of gentlemen at dinner for many years, have seen that indiscretion does ten times more mischief than ill-nature. But you will represent this better than

'Your abused humble servant,

'THOMAS SMOKY.'

'TO THE SPECTATOR.

'The humble petition of John Steward, Robert Butler, Harry Cook, and Abigail Chambers, in behalf of themselves and their relations belonging to and dispersed in the several services of most of the great families within the cities of London and Westminster;

'Sheweth,

'THAT in many of the families in which your petitioners live and are employed, the several heads of them are wholly unacquainted with what is business, and are very little judges when they are well or ill used by us your said petitioners.

'That for want of such skill in their own affairs, and by indulgence of their own laziness and pride, they continually keep about them certain mischievous animals called spies.

'That whenever a spy is entertained, the peace of that house is from that moment banished.

'That spies never give an account of good services, but represent our mirth and freedom by the words wantonness and disorder.

'That in all families where there are spies, there is a general jealousy and misunderstanding.

'That the masters and mistresses of such houses live in continual suspicion of their ingenuous and true servants, and are given up to the management of those who are false and perfidious.

'That such masters and mistresses who entertain spies, are no longer more than ciphers in their own families; and that we your petitioners are with great disdain obliged to pay all our respect, and expect all our maintenance from such spies.

'Your petitioners, therefore, most humbly pray, that you would represent the premises to all persons of condition; and your petitioners, as in duty bound, shall for ever pray, &c.'

T.°

° By Steele. See final note to No. 324.

No. 203. TUESDAY, October 23, 1711.

Phœbe pater, si das hujus mihi nominis usum,
Nec falsâ Clymene culpam sub imagine celat;
Pignora da, genitor———

Ovid. Met. ii. 36.

Illustrious parent! if I yet may claim
The name of son, O rescue me from shame;
My mother's truth confirm; all doubt remove
By tender pledges of a father's love. P.

There is a loose tribe of men whom I have not yet taken notice of, that ramble into all the corners of this great city, in order to seduce such unfortunate females as fall into their walks. These abandoned profligates raise up issue in every quarter of the town, and very often, for a valuable consideration, father it upon the churchwarden. By this means there are several married men who have a little family in most of the parishes of London and Westminster, and several bachelors who are undone by a charge of children.

When a man once gives himself this liberty of preying at large, and living upon the common, he finds so much game in a populous city, that it is surprising to consider the numbers which he sometimes propagates. We see many a young fellow who is scarce of age, that could lay his claim to the *jus trium liberorum*, or the privileges which were granted by the Roman laws to all such as were fathers of three children. Nay, I have heard a rake, who was not quite five and twenty, declare himself the father of a seventh son, and very prudently determine to breed him up a physician. In short, the town is full of these young patriarchs, not to mention several battered beaus, who, like heedless spendthrifts that squander away their estates before they are masters

of them, have raised up their whole stock of children before marriage.

I must not here omit the particular whim of an impudent libertine, that had a little smattering of heraldry; and observing how the genealogies of great families were often drawn up in the shape of trees, had taken a fancy to dispose of his own illegitimate issue in a figure of the same kind;

'————Nec longum tempus et ingens
Exiit ad cœlum ramis felicibus arbos,
Miraturque novas frondes, et non sua poma.'

VIRG. Georg. ii. 80.

'And in short space the laden boughs arise,
With happy fruit advancing to the skies:
The mother plant admires the leaves unknown
Of alien trees, and apples not her own.'

DRYDEN.

The trunk of the tree was marked with his own name, Will Maple. Out of the side of it grew a large barren branch, inscribed Mary Maple, the name of his unhappy wife. The head was adorned with five huge boughs. On the bottom of the first was written in capital characters Kate Cole, who branched out into three sprigs, viz. William, Richard, and Rebecca. Sall Twiford gave birth to another bough that shot up into Sarah, Tom, Will, and Frank. The third arm of the tree had only a single infant in it, with a space left for a second, the parent, from whom it sprung, being near her time when the author took this ingenious device into his head. The two other great boughs were very plentifully loaden with fruit of the same kind; besides which there were many ornamental branches that did not bear. In short, a more flourishing tree never came out of the herald's office.

What makes this generation of vermin so very prolific, is the indefatigable diligence with which they apply themselves to their business. A man does not undergo more watchings and fatigues in a campaign, than in the course of a vicious amour. As it is said of some men, that they make their business their pleasure, these sons of darkness may be said to make their pleasure their business. They might conquer their corrupt inclinations with half the pains they are at in gratifying them.

Nor is the invention of these men less to be admired than their industry and vigilance. There is a fragment of Apollodorus, the comic poet, (who was contemporary with Menander,) which is full of humour, as follows: 'Thou mayest shut up thy doors,' says he, 'with bars and bolts. It will be impossible for the blacksmith to make them so fast, but a cat and a whore-master will find a way through them.' In a word, there is no head so full of stratagems as that of a libidinous man.

Were I to propose a punishment for this infamous race of propagators, it should be to send them, after the second or third offence, into our American colonies, in order to people those parts of her majesty's dominions, where there is a want of inhabitants, and, in the phrase of Diogenes, to 'plant men.' Some countries punish this crime with death; but I think such a banishment would be sufficient, and might turn this generative faculty to the advantage of the public.

In the mean time, till these gentlemen may be thus disposed of, I would earnestly exhort them to take care of those unfortunate creatures whom they have brought into the world by these indirect methods, and to give their spurious children such an

education as may render them more virtuous than their parents. This is the best atonement they can make for their own crimes, and indeed the only method that is left them to repair their past miscarriages.

I would likewise desire them to consider, whether they are not bound in common humanity, as well as by all the obligations of religion and nature, to make some provision for those whom they have not only given life to, but entailed upon them, though very unreasonably, a degree of shame and disgrace. And here I cannot but take notice of those depraved notions which prevail among us, and which must have taken rise from our natural inclination to favour a vice to which we are so very prone, namely, that bastardy and cuckoldom should be looked upon as reproaches; and that the ignominy which is only due to lewdness and falsehood, should fall in so unreasonable a manner upon the persons who are innocent.

I have been insensibly drawn into this discourse by the following letter, which is drawn up with such a spirit of sincerity, that I question not but the writer of it has represented his case in a true and genuine light:

'SIR,

'I AM one of those people who by the general opinion of the world are counted both infamous and unhappy.

'My father is a very eminent man in this kingdom, and one who bears considerable offices in it. I am his son; but my misfortune is, that I dare not call him father, nor he, without shame, own me as his issue, I being illegitimate, and therefore deprived

of that endearing tenderness and unparalleled satisfaction which a good man finds in the love and conversation of a parent. Neither have I the opportunities to render him the duties of a son, he having always carried himself at so vast a distance, and with such superiority towards me, that by long use I have contracted a timorousness when before him, which hinders me from declaring my own necessities, and giving him to understand the inconveniences I undergo.

'It is my misfortune to have been neither bred a scholar, a soldier, nor to any kind of business, which renders me entirely incapable of making provision for myself without his assistance; and this creates a continual uneasiness in my mind, fearing I shall in time want bread; my father, if I may so call him, giving me but very faint assurances of doing any thing for me.

'I have hitherto lived somewhat like a gentleman, and it would be very hard for me to labour for my living. I am in continual anxiety for my future fortune, and under a great unhappiness in losing the sweet conversation and friendly advice of my parents; so that I cannot look upon myself otherwise than as a monster, strangely sprung up in nature, which every one is ashamed to own.

'I am thought to be a man of some natural parts, and, by the continual reading what you have offered the world, become an admirer thereof, which has drawn me to make this confession; at the same time hoping, if any thing herein shall touch you with a sense of pity, you would then allow me the favour of your opinion thereupon; as also what part I, being unlawfully born, may claim of the man's affection who begot me, and how far in your opinion I am to

be thought his son, or he acknowledged as my father. Your sentiments and advice herein will be a great consolation and satisfaction to,

'Sir, your admirer and humble servant,

C.[p] 'W. B.'

No. 204. WEDNESDAY, October 24, 1711.

Urit grata protervitas,
Et vultus nimiùm lubricus aspici.
Hor. 1 Od. xix. 7.

Her face too dazzling for the sight,
Her winning coyness fires my soul,
I feel a strange delight.

I am not at all displeased that I am become the courier of love, and that the distressed in that passion convey their complaints to each other by my means. The following letters have lately come into my hands, and shall have their place with great willingness. As to the reader's entertainment, he will, I hope, forgive the inserting such particulars as to him may perhaps seem frivolous, but are to the persons who wrote them of the highest consequence. I shall not trouble you with the prefaces, compliments, and apologies made to me before each epistle when it was desired to be inserted; but in general they tell me, that the persons to whom they are addressed have intimations, by phrases and allusions in them, from whence they came.

'TO THE SOTHADES.

'The word, by which I address you, gives you, who understand Portuguese,[q] a lively image of

[p] By Addison; dated, it is supposed from Chelsea. See No. 7, *ad finem*; note on Addison's signatures.

[q] The Portuguese word Saudades (here inaccurately written Sothades)

the tender regard I have for you. The Spectator's late letter from Statira[r] gave me the hint to use the same method of explaining myself to you. I am not affronted at the design your late behaviour discovered you had in your addresses to me; but I impute it to the degeneracy of the age, rather than your particular fault. As I aim at nothing more than being yours, I am willing to be a stranger to your name, your fortune, or any figure which your wife might expect to make in the world, provided my commerce with you is not to be a guilty one. I resign gay dress, the pleasure of visits, equipage, plays, balls, and operas, for that one satisfaction of having you for ever mine. I am willing you shall industriously conceal the only cause of triumph which I can know in this life. I wish only to have it my duty, as well as my inclination, to study your happiness. If this has not the effect this letter seems to aim at, you are to understand that I had a mind to be rid of you, and took the readiest way to pall you with an offer of what you would never desist pursuing, while you received ill usage. Be a true man; be my slave while you doubt me, and neglect me when you think I love you. I defy you to find out what is your present circumstance with me; but I know while I can keep this suspense,

'I am your admired BELINDA.'

signifies, the most refined, most tender, and ardent desires for something absent, accompanied with a solicitude and anxious regard, which cannot be expressed by one word in any other language. 'Saudade,' say the dictionaries, '*significa, Finissimo sentimiento del bien ansente, com deseo de posseerlo.*'—Hence the word Saudades comprehends every good wish: and Muitas Saudades is the highest wish and compliment that can be paid to another. So if a person is observed to be melancholy, and is asked 'What ails him:' if he answers, Tenho Saudades; it is understood to mean, 'I am under the most refined torment for the absence of my love; or from being absent from my country,' &c. P.

[r] No. 199. Let. 1, inclosing the letter to Oroondates.

'MADAM,

'It is a strange state of mind a man is in, when the very imperfections of a woman he loves turn into excellencies and advantages. I do assure you, I am very much afraid of venturing upon you. I now like you in spite of my reason, and think it an ill circumstance to owe one's happiness to nothing but infatuation. I can see you ogle all the young fellows who look at you, and observe your eye wander after new conquests every moment you are in a public place; and yet there is such a beauty in all your looks and gestures, that I cannot but admire you in the very act of endeavouring to gain the hearts of others. My condition is the same with that of the lover in the Way of the World.[8] I have studied your faults so long, that they are become as familiar to me, and I like them as well as I do my own. Look to it, madam, and consider whether you think this gay behaviour will appear to me as amiable when an husband, as it does now to me a lover. Things are so far advanced that we must proceed; and I hope you will lay it to heart, that it will be becoming in me to appear still your lover, but not in you to be still my mistress. Gaiety in the matrimonial life is graceful in one sex, but exceptionable in the other. As you improve these little hints, you will ascertain the happiness or uneasiness of,

MADAM,

'Your most obedient, most humble servant,

'T. D.'

'SIR,

'WHEN I sat at the window, and you at the other end of the room by my cousin, I saw you

[8] By Congreve. See act i. sc. 3.

catch me looking at you. Since you have the secret at last, which I am sure you should never have known but by inadvertency, what my eyes said was true. But it is too soon to confirm it with my hand, therefore shall not subscribe my name.'

'SIR,

'THERE were other gentlemen nearer, and I know no necessity you were under to take up that flippant creature's fan last night; but you shall never touch a stick of mine more, that's pos. PHILLIS.'

'TO COLONEL R———S IN SPAIN.[t]

'BEFORE this can reach the best of husbands and the fondest lover, those tender names will be no more of concern to me. The indisposition in which you, to obey the dictates of your honour and duty, left me, has increased upon me; and I am acquainted by my physicians I cannot live a week longer. At this time my spirits fail me; and it is the ardent love I have for you that carries me beyond my strength, and enables me to tell you the most painful thing in the prospect of death is, that I must part with you. But let it be a comfort to you, that I have no guilt hangs upon me, no unrepented folly that retards me; but I pass away my last hours in reflection upon the happiness we have lived in together, and in sorrow that it is so soon to have an end. This is a frailty which I hope is so far from criminal, that methinks there is a kind of piety in being so unwilling to be separated from a state which is the institution of heaven, and in which we have lived

[t] The person to whom this letter is addressed was generally believed to be col. Rivers, at the time when this paper was first published.

according to its laws. As we know no more of the next life, but that it will be an happy one to the good, and miserable to the wicked, why may we not please ourselves at least to alleviate the difficulty of resigning this being, in imagining that we shall have a sense of what passes below, and may possibly be employed in guiding the steps of those with whom we walked with innocence when mortal? Why may not I hope to go on in my usual work, and, though unknown to you, be assistant in all the conflicts of your mind? Give me leave to say to you, O best of men, that I cannot figure to myself a greater happiness than in such an employment. To be present at all the adventures to which human life is exposed; to administer slumber to thy eyelids in the agonies of a fever; to cover thy beloved face in the day of battle; to go with thee a guardian angel incapable of wound or pain, where I have longed to attend thee when a weak, a fearful woman: these, my dear, are the thoughts with which I warm my poor languid heart. But indeed I am not capable under my present weakness of bearing the strong agonies of mind I fall into, when I form to myself the grief you will be in upon your first hearing of my departure. I will not dwell upon this, because your kind and generous heart will be but the more afflicted, the more the person for whom you lament offers you consolation. My last breath will, if I am myself, expire in a prayer for you. I shall never see thy face again. Farewell for ever.'

T.[u]

[u] By Steele transcribed. See final note on No. 324.

No. 205. THURSDAY, October 25, 1711.

Decipimur specie recti——
Hor. Ars Poet. 25.
Deluded by a seeming excellence.
Roscommon.

When I meet with any vicious character that is not generally known, in order to prevent its doing mischief, I draw it at length, and set it up as a scarecrow; by which means I do not only make an example of the person to whom it belongs, but give warning to all her majesty's subjects, that they may not suffer by it. Thus, to change the allusion, I have marked out several of the shoals and quicksands of life; and am continually employed in discovering those which are still concealed, in order to keep the ignorant and unwary from running upon them. It is with this intention that I publish the following letter, which brings to light some secrets of this nature.

'Mr. Spectator,

'There are none of your speculations which I read over with greater delight, than those which are designed for the improvement of our sex. You have endeavoured to correct our unreasonable fears and superstitions, in your seventh and twelfth papers; our fancy for equipage, in your fifteenth; our love of puppet-shows, in your thirty-first; our notions of beauty, in your thirty-third; our inclination for romances, in your thirty-seventh; our passion for French fopperies, in your forty-fifth; our manhood and party-zeal, in your fifty-seventh; our abuse of dancing, in your sixty-sixth and sixty-seventh; our levity, in your hundred and twenty-

eighth; our love of coxcombs, in your hundred and fifty-fourth and hundred and fifty-seventh; our tyranny over the hen-peckt, in your hundred and seventy-sixth. You have described the Pict in your forty-first; the idol in your seventy-third; the demurrer, in your eighty-ninth; the salamander, in your hundred and ninety-eighth. You have likewise taken to pieces our dress, and represented to us the extravagancies we are often guilty of in that particular. You have fallen upon our patches in your fiftieth and eighty-first; our commodes, in your ninety-eighth; our fans, in your hundred and second; our riding habits, in your hundred and fourth; our hoop-petticoats, in your hundred and twenty-seventh; besides a great many little blemishes which you have touched upon in your several other papers, and in those many letters that are scattered up and down your works. At the same time we must own that the compliments you pay our sex are innumerable, and that those very faults which you represent in us, are neither black in themselves, nor, as you own, universal among us. But, Sir, it is plain that these your discourses are calculated for none but the fashionable part of womankind, and for the use of those who are rather indiscreet than vicious. But, Sir, there is a sort of prostitutes in the lower part of our sex, who are a scandal to us, and very well deserve to fall under your censure. I know it would debase your paper too much to enter into the behaviour of these female libertines; but, as your remarks on some part of it would be a doing of justice to several women of virtue and honour, whose reputations suffer by it, I hope you will not think it improper to give the public some accounts of this nature. You must know, Sir, I am provoked to

write you this letter, by the behaviour of an infamous woman, who, having passed her youth in a most shameless state of prostitution, is now one of those who gain their livelihood by seducing others that are younger than themselves, and by establishing a criminal commerce between the two sexes. Among several of her artifices to get money, she frequently persuades a vain young fellow, that such a woman of quality, or such a celebrated toast, entertains a secret passion for him, and wants nothing but an opportunity of revealing it. Nay, she has gone so far as to write letters in the name of a woman of figure, to borrow money of one of these foolish Roderigo's,[w] which she has afterwards appropriated to her own use. In the mean time, the person who has lent the money has thought a lady under obligations to him, who scarce knew his name; and wondered at her ingratitude, when he has been with her, that she has not owned the favour, though at the same time he was too much a man of honour to put her in mind of it.

'When this abandoned baggage meets with a man who has vanity enough to give credit to relations of this nature, she turns him to a very good account by repeating praises that were never uttered, and delivering messages that were never sent. As the house of this shameless creature is frequented by several foreigners, I have heard of another artifice, out of which she often raises money. The foreigner sighs after some British beauty, whom he only knows by fame; upon which she promises, if he can be secret, to procure him a meeting. The stranger, ravished at his good fortune, gives her a

[w] Alluding to the character so named in Shakspeare's Othello.

present, and in a little time is introduced to some imaginary title; for you must know that this cunning purveyor has her representatives upon this occasion of some of the finest ladies in the kingdom. By this means, as I am informed, it is usual enough to meet with a German count in foreign countries, that shall make his boasts of favours he has received from women of the highest ranks and the most unblemished characters. Now, Sir, what safety is there for a woman's reputation, when a lady may be thus prostituted as it were by proxy, and be reputed an unchaste woman; as the Hero in the ninth book of Dryden's Virgil is looked upon as a coward, because the phantom which appeared in his likeness ran away from Turnus? You may depend upon what I relate to you to be matter of fact, and the practice of more than one of these female panders. If you print this letter, I may give you some farther accounts of this vicious race of women.

'Your humble servant,

'BELVIDERA.'

I shall add two other letters on different subjects to fill up my paper.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a country clergyman, and hope you will lend me your assistance in ridiculing some little indecencies which cannot so properly be exposed from the pulpit.

'A widow lady, who straggled this summer from London into my parish for the benefit of the air, as she says, appears every Sunday at church with many fashionable extravagancies, to the great astonishment of my congregation.

'But what gives us the most offence is her theatrical manner of singing the psalms. She introduces about fifty Italian airs into the hundredth psalm; and whilst we begin "All people" in the old solemn tune of our forefathers, she in a quite different key runs divisions on the vowels, and adorns them with the graces of Nicolini: if she meets with "eke" or "aye," which are frequent in the metre of Hopkins and Sternhold, we are certain to hear her quavering them half a minute after us to some sprightly airs of the opera.

'I am very far from being an enemy to church music; but fear this abuse of it may make my parish ridiculous, who already look on the singing psalms as an entertainment, and not part of their devotion: besides, I am apprehensive that the infection may spread; for 'squire Squeekum, who by his voice seems (if I may use the expression) to be cut out for an Italian singer, was last Sunday practising the same airs.

'I know the lady's principles, and that she will plead the toleration, which (as she fancies) allows her nonconformity in this particular; but I beg you to acquaint her, that singing the psalms in a different tune from the rest of the congregation is a sort of schism not tolerated by that act.

'I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

'R. S.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'IN your paper upon temperance,[x] you prescribe to us a rule for drinking, out of sir William Temple, in the following words: "The first glass

[x] No. 195.

for myself, the second for my friends, the third for good-humour, and the fourth for mine enemies." Now, Sir, you must know, that I have read this your Spectator in a club whereof I am a member; when our president told us there was certainly an error in the print, and that the word glass should be bottle; and therefore has ordered me to inform you of this mistake, and to desire you to publish the following erratum: In the paper of Saturday, Octob. 13, col. 3, line 11, for "glass," read "bottle."

'Yours,

L.[y] 'Robin Goodfellow.'

*** At Drury-lane, on this evening, acted but twice for fifteen years, Philaster, or Love lies a Bleeding. Philaster, by Mr. Wilks; Bellario, by Miss Sherborn; the King, Mr. Keen; Arethusa, Mrs. Porter; Pharamond, Mr. Cibber; L. Dion, Mr. Mills; Citizens, Messrs. Bullock, Pack, Norris, Leigh, Burkhead, and Spiller. Farce, The Country Wake. Hob, by Mr. Dogget; Flora, Mrs. Santlow, &c.—Spect. in folio.

No. 206. FRIDAY, October 26, 1711.

Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit,
A Diis plura ferit——

Hor. 3. Od. xvi. 21.

They that do much themselves deny,
Receive more blessings from the sky.

Creech.

There is a call upon mankind to value and esteem those who set a moderate price upon their own merit; and self-denial is frequently attended with unexpected blessings, which in the end abundantly recompense such losses as the modest seem to suffer in the ordinary occurrences of life. The curious tell us, a determination in our favour or to our disadvantage is made upon our first appearance, even

[y] By Addison, dated, it seems, from London. See final note on No. 334; and No. 7, note on Addison's signatures in the Spectator.

before they know any thing of our characters, but from the intimations men gather from our aspect. A man, they say, wears the picture of his mind in his countenance: and one man's eyes are spectacles to his who looks at him to read his heart. But though that way of raising an opinion of those we behold in public is very fallacious, certain it is, that those, who by their words and actions take as much upon themselves as they can but barely demand in the strict scrutiny of their deserts, will find their account lessen every day. A modest man preserves his character, as a frugal man does his fortune; if either of them live to the height of either, one will find losses, the other errors, which he has not stock by him to make up. It were therefore a just rule, to keep your desires, your words and actions, within the regard you observe your friends have for you; and never, if it were in a man's power, to take as much as he possibly might, either in preferment or reputation. My walks have lately been among the mercantile part of the world; and one gets phrases naturally from those with whom one converses. I say then, he that in his air, his treatment of others, or an habitual arrogance to himself, gives himself credit for the least article of more wit, wisdom, goodness, or valour, than he can possibly produce if he is called upon, will find the world break in upon him, and consider him as one who has cheated them of all the esteem they had before allowed him. This brings a commission of bankruptcy upon him; and he that might have gone on to his life's end in a prosperous way, by aiming at more than he should, is no longer proprietor of what he really had before, but his pretensions fare as all things do which are torn instead of being divided.

There is no one living would deny Cinna the applause of an agreeable and facetious wit; or could possibly pretend that there is not something inimitably unforced and diverting in his manner of delivering all his sentiments in his conversation, if he were able to conceal the strong desire of applause which he betrays in every syllable he utters. But they who converse with him see, that all the civilities they could do to him, or the kind things they could say to him, would fall short of what he expects; and therefore, instead of showing him the esteem they have for his merit, their reflections turn only upon that they observe he has of it himself.

If you go among the women, and behold Gloriana trip into a room with that theatrical ostentation of her charms, Mirtilla with that soft regularity in her motion, Chloe with such an indifferent familiarity, Corinna with such a fond approach, and Roxana with such a demand of respect in the great gravity of her entrance; you find all the sex, who understand themselves and act naturally, wait only for their absence, to tell you that all these ladies would impose themselves upon you; and each of them carry in their behaviour a consciousness of so much more than they should pretend to, that they lose what would otherwise be given them.

I remember the last time I saw Macbeth, I was wonderfully taken with the skill of the poet, in making the murderer form fears to himself from the moderation of the prince whose life he was going to take away. He says of the king: 'He bore his faculties so meekly;' and justly inferred from thence, that all divine and human power would join to avenge his death, who had made such an abstinent use of dominion. All that is in a man's power to do

to advance his own pomp and glory, and forbears, is so much laid up against the day of distress; and pity will always be his portion in adversity who acted with gentleness in prosperity.

The great officer who foregoes the advantages he might take to himself, and renounces all prudential regards to his own person in danger, has so far the merit of a volunteer; and all his honors and glories are unenvied, for sharing the common fate with the same frankness as they do who have no such endearing circumstances to part with. But if there were no such considerations as the good effect which self-denial has upon the sense of other men towards us, it is of all qualities the most desirable for the agreeable disposition in which it places our own minds. I cannot tell what better to say of it, than that it is the very contrary of ambition; and that modesty allays all those passions and inquietudes to which that vice exposes us. He that is moderate in his wishes from reason and choice, and not resigned from sourness, distaste, or disappointment, doubles all the pleasures of his life. The air, the season, a sun-shiny day, or a fair prospect, are instances of happiness; and that which he enjoys in common with all the world (by his exemption from the enchantments with which all the world are bewitched) are to him uncommon benefits and new acquisitions. Health is not eaten up with care, nor pleasure interrupted by envy. It is not to him of any consequence what this man is famed for, or for what the other is preferred. He knows there is in such a place an uninterrupted walk; he can meet in such a company an agreeable conversation. He has no emulation, he is no man's rival, but every man's well-wisher; can look at a prosperous man, with a pleasure in re-

flecting that he hopes he is as happy as himself; and has his mind and his fortune (as far as prudence will allow) open to the unhappy and to the stranger.

Lucceius has learning, wit, humour, eloquence, but no ambitious prospects to pursue with these advantages; therefore to the ordinary world he is perhaps thought to want spirit, but known among his friends to have a mind of the most consummate greatness. He wants no man's admiration, is in no need of pomp. His clothes please him if they are fashionable and warm; his companions are agreeable if they are civil and well-natured. There is with him no occasion for superfluity at meals, or jollity in company; in a word, for any thing extraordinary to administer delight to him. Want of prejudice and command of appetite are the companions which make his journey of life so easy, that he in all places meets with more wit, more good cheer, and more good-humour, than is necessary to make him enjoy himself with pleasure and satisfaction. T.[z]

*** This evening, The Rehearsal. Bays, Mr. Estcourt; Johnson, Mr. Wilks; Smith, Mr. Mills; Prettyman, Mr. Powell; Volscius, Mr. Cibber; two kings of Brentford, Bullock and Bowen; Gent. Usher, Mr. Pinkethman; Physician, Mr. Cross; T. Thimble, Mr. Dogget; Fisherman, Mr. Johnson; Pallas, Mr. Bullock; and Hey-ho, by Mr. Norris.—Spect. in folio.

[z] By Steele. See No. 324, note on signature T, *ad fin.*

No. 207. SATURDAY, October 27, 1711.

Omnibus in terris, quæ sunt à Gadibus usque
Auroram et Gangem, pauci dignoscere possunt
Vera bona, atque illis multum diversa, remotâ
Erorris nebulâ———

Juv. Sat. x. 1.

Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good, or knowing it, pursue?
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Prompts the fond wish, or lifts the suppliant voice?

Dryd. Johnson, &c.

In my last Saturday's paper[a] I laid down some thoughts upon devotion in general, and shall here show what were the notions of the most refined heathens on this subject, as they are represented in Plato's dialogue upon prayer, intitled Alcibiades the second, which doubtless gave occasion to Juvenal's tenth satire, and to the second satire of Persius; as the last of these authors has almost transcribed the preceding dialogue, intitled Alcibiades the First, in his fourth satire.

The speakers in this dialogue upon prayer, are Socrates and Alcibiades; and the substance of it (when drawn together out of the intricacies and digressions) as follows:

Socrates meeting his pupil Alcibiades, as he was going to his devotions, and observing his eyes to be fixed upon the earth with great seriousness and attention, tells him that he had reason to be thoughtful on that occasion, since it was possible for a man to bring down evils upon himself by his own prayers, and that those things which the gods send him in answer to his petitions might turn to his destruction. This, says he, may not only happen when a man prays for what he knows is mischievous in its

[a] No. 201.

own nature, as Œdipus implored the gods to sow dissension between his sons; but when he prays for what he believes would be for his good, and against what he believes would be to his detriment. This the philosopher shows must necessarily happen among us, since most men are blinded with ignorance, prejudice, or passion, which hinder them from seeing such things as are really beneficial to them. For an instance, he asks Alcibiades whether he would not be thoroughly pleased and satisfied if that god to whom he was going to address himself should promise to make him the sovereign of the whole earth? Alcibiades answers, that he should doubtless look upon such a promise as the greatest favour that could be bestowed upon him. Socrates then asks him, if after receiving this great favour he would be contented to lose his life? Or if he would receive it, though he was sure he should make an ill use of it? To both which questions Alcibiades answers in the negative. Socrates then shows him, from the examples of others, how these might very probably be the effects of such a blessing. He then adds, that other reputed pieces of good-fortune, as that of having a son, or procuring the highest post in a government, are subject to the like fatal consequences; which nevertheless, says he, men ardently desire, and would not fail to pray for, if they thought their prayers might be effectual for the obtaining of them.

Having established this great point, that all the most apparent blessings in this life are obnoxious to such dreadful consequences, and that no man knows what in its events would prove to him a blessing or a curse, he teaches Alcibiades after what manner he ought to pray.

In the first place, he recommends to him as the model of his devotions, a short prayer which a Greek poet composed for the use of his friends, in the following words: 'O Jupiter, give us those things which are good for us, whether they are such things as we pray for, or such things as we do not pray for: and remove from us those things which are hurtful, though they are such things as we pray for.'

In the second place, that his disciple may ask such things as are expedient for him, he shows him, that it is absolutely necessary to apply himself to the study of true wisdom, and to the knowledge of that which is his chief good, and the most suitable to the excellency of his nature.

In the third and last place, he informs him, that the best methods he could make use of to draw down blessings upon himself, and to render his prayers acceptable, would be to live in a constant practice of his duty towards the gods and towards men. Under this head he very much recommends a form of prayer the Lacedemonians made use of, in which they petition the gods, 'to give them all good things so long as they were virtuous.' Under this head likewise he gives a very remarkable account of an oracle to the following purpose.

When the Athenians in the war with the Lacedemonians received many defeats both by sea and land, they sent a message to the oracle of Jupiter Ammon, to ask the reason why they, who erected so many temples to the gods, and adorned them with such costly offerings; why they who had instituted so many festivals, and accompanied them with such pomps and ceremonies; in short, why they who had slain so many hecatombs at their altars, should be less successful than the Lacedemonians, who fell so

short of them in all these particulars? To this, says he, the oracle made the following reply: 'I am better pleased with the prayer of the Lacedemonians than with all the oblations of the Greeks.' As this prayer implied and encouraged virtue in those who made it, the philosopher proceeds to show how the most vicious man might be devout, so far as victims could make him, but that his offerings were regarded by the gods as bribes, and his petitions as blasphemies. He likewise quotes on this occasion two verses out of Homer,[b] in which the poet says, 'that the scent of the Trojan sacrifices was carried up to heaven by the winds; but that it was not acceptable to the gods, who were displeased with Priam and all his people.'

The conclusion of this dialogue is very remarkable. Socrates having deterred Alcibiades from the prayers and sacrifice which he was going to offer, by setting forth the above-mentioned difficulties of performing that duty as he ought, adds these words, 'We must therefore wait till such time as we may learn how we ought to behave ourselves towards the gods and towards men.' 'But when will that time come,' says Alcibiades; 'and who is it that will instruct us? for I would fain see this man, whoever he is.' 'It is one,' says Socrates, 'who takes care of you; but as Homer tells us, that Minerva removed the mist from Diomede's eyes that he might plainly discover both gods and men,[c] so the darkness that hangs upon your mind must be removed before you are able to discern what is good and what is evil.' 'Let him remove from my mind,' says Alcibiades, 'the darkness and what else he pleases, I

[b] Iliad viii. 548, &c. Vid. edit. Barnes.
[c] Iliad v. 127.

am determined to refuse nothing he shall order me, whoever he is, so that I may become the better man by it.' The remaining part of this dialogue is very obscure; there is something in it that would make us think Socrates hinted at himself, when he spoke of this divine teacher who was to come into the world, did not he own that he himself was in this respect as much at a loss, and in as great distress as the rest of mankind.

Some learned men look upon this conclusion as a prediction of our Saviour, or at least that Socrates, like the high-priest,[d] prophesied unknowingly, and pointed at that Divine Teacher who was to come into the world some ages after him. However that may be, we find that this great philosopher saw, by the light of reason, that it was suitable to the goodness of the Divine Nature, to send a person into the world who should instruct mankind in the duties of religion, and, in particular, teach them how to pray.

Whoever reads this abstract of Plato's discourse on prayer will, I believe, naturally make this reflection, 'That the great Founder of our religion, as well by his own example, as in the form of prayer which he taught his disciples,[e] did not only keep up to those rules which the light of nature had suggested to this great philosopher, but instructed his disciples in the whole extent of this duty, as well as of all others. He directed them to the proper object of adoration, and taught them, according to the third rule above-mentioned, to apply themselves to him in their closets, without show or ostentation, and to worship him in spirit and in truth.' As the

[d] Caiaphas, John xi. 49.
[e] Matt. vi. 9, &c. Luke xi. 2.

Lacedemonians in their form of prayer implored the gods in general to give them all good things so long as they were virtuous, we ask in particular 'that our offences may be forgiven, as we forgive those of others.' If we look into the second rule which Socrates has prescribed, namely, that we should apply ourselves to the knowledge of such things as are best for us, this too is explained at large in the doctrines of the Gospel, where we are taught in several instances to regard those things as curses which appear as blessings in the eye of the world; and, on the contrary, to esteem those things as blessings which to the generality of mankind appear as curses. Thus in the form which is prescribed to us, we only pray for that happiness which is our chief good, and the great end of our existence, when we petition the Supreme Being for the coming of his kingdom, being solicitous for no other temporal blessings, but our daily sustenance. On the other side, we pray against nothing but sin, and against evil in general, leaving it with Omniscience to determine what is really such. If we look into the first of Socrates 'his' rules of prayer, in which he recommends the above-mentioned form of the ancient poet, we find that form not only comprehended, but very much improved in the petition, wherein we pray to the Supreme Being that his will may be done; which is of the same force with that form which our Saviour used, when he prayed against the most painful and most ignominious of deaths, 'Nevertheless not my will, but thine be done.'[f] This comprehensive petition is the most humble, as well as the most prudent, that can be

[f] Luke xxii. 42. Matt. xxvi. 39.

offered up from the creature to his Creator, as it supposes the Supreme Being wills nothing but what is for our good, and that he knows better than ourselves what is so. L.[g]

No. 208. MONDAY, October 29, 1711.

———Veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ.
Ovid. Ars Am. l. i. 99.
To be themselves a spectacle they come.

I have several letters from people of good sense, who lament the depravity or poverty of taste the town is fallen into with relation to plays and public spectacles. A lady in particular observes, that there is such a levity in the minds of her own sex, that they seldom attend to any thing but impertinences. It is indeed prodigious to observe how little notice is taken of the most exalted parts of the best tragedies in Shakspeare; nay, it is not only visible that sensuality has devoured all greatness of soul, but the under-passion (as I may so call it) of a noble spirit, Pity, seems to be a stranger to the generality of an audience. The minds of men are indeed very differently disposed; and the reliefs from care and attention are of one sort in a great spirit, and of another in an ordinary one. The man of a great heart and a serious complexion is more pleased with instances of generosity and pity, than the light and ludicrous spirit can possibly be with the highest strains of mirth and laughter. It is therefore a melancholy prospect when we see a numerous assembly

[g] By Addison, dated, it seems, from London. See final note to No. 334, on L; and No. 7, *ad finem*.

lost to all serious entertainments, and such incidents as should move one sort of concern excite in them a quite contrary one. In the tragedy of Macbeth,[h] the other night, when the lady, who is conscious of the crime of murdering the king, seems utterly astonished at the news, and makes an exclamation at it, instead of the indignation which is natural to the occasion, that expression is received with a loud laugh. They were as merry when a criminal was stabbed. It is certainly an occasion of rejoicing when the wicked are seized in their designs; but I think it is not such a triumph as is exerted by laughter.

You may generally observe, that the appetites are sooner moved than the passions. A sly expression, which alludes to bawdry, puts a whole row into a pleasing smirk; when a good sentence that describes an inward sentiment of the soul, is received with the greatest coldness and indifference. A correspondent of mine, upon this subject, has divided the female part of the audience, and accounts for their prepossession against this reasonable delight, in the following manner: 'The prude,' says he, 'as she acts always in contradiction, so she is gravely sullen at a comedy, and extravagantly gay at a tragedy. The coquette is so much taken up with throwing her eyes around the audience, and considering the effect of them, that she cannot be expected to observe the actors but as they are her rivals, and take off the observation of the men from herself. Besides these species of women, there are the Examples, or the first of the mode. These are to be supposed too well acquainted with what the

[h] Acted Saturday, Oct. 20, as appears from the advertisements of that time.

actor is going to say to be moved at it. After these one might mention a certain flippant set of females who are mimics, and are wonderfully diverted with the conduct of all the people around them, and are spectators only of the audience. But what is of all the most to be lamented, is the loss of a party whom it would be worth preserving in their right senses upon all occasions, and these are those whom we may indifferently call the innocent, or the unaffected. You may sometimes see one of these sensibly touched with a well-wrought incident; but then she is immediately so impertinently observed by the men, and frowned at by some insensible superior of her own sex, that she is ashamed, and loses the enjoyment of the most laudable concern, pity. Thus the whole audience is afraid of letting fall a tear, and shun as a weakness the best and worthiest part of our sense.'

'SIR,

'As you are one that doth not only pretend to reform, but effects it amongst people of any sense; makes me (who are one of the greatest of your admirers) give you this trouble, to desire you will settle the method of us females knowing when one another is in town: for they have now got a trick of never sending to their acquaintance when they first come; and if one does not visit them within the week which they stay at home, it is a mortal quarrel. Now, dear Mr. Spec, either command them to put it in the advertisement of your paper, which is generally read by our sex, or else order them to breathe their saucy footmen (who are good for nothing else) by sending them to tell all their acquaintance. If you think to print this, pray

put it into a better stile as to the spelling part. The town is now filling every day, and it cannot be deferred, because people take advantage of one another by this means, and break off acquaintance, and are rude. Therefore pray put this in your paper as soon as you can possibly, to prevent any future miscarriages of this nature. I am, as I ever shall be, dear Spec,

'Your most obedient humble servant,

'MARY MEANWELL.

'Pray settle what is to be a proper notification of a person's being in town, and how that differs according to people's quality.'

'MR. SPECTATOR, October 20.

'I HAVE been out of town, so did not meet with your paper dated September 28th,[1] wherein you, to my heart's desire, expose that cursed vice of insnaring poor young girls, and drawing them from their friends. I assure you without flattery it has saved a 'prentice of mine from ruin; and in token of gratitude, as well as for the benefit of my family, I have put it in a frame and glass, and hung it behind my counter. I shall take care to make my young ones read it every morning, to fortify them against such pernicious rascals. I know not whether what you write was matter of fact, or your own invention; but this I will take my oath on, the first part is so exactly like what happened to my 'prentice, that had I read your paper then, I should have taken your method to have secured a villain. Go on and prosper.

'Your most obedient humble servant.'

[1] No. 182.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'WITHOUT raillery, I desire you to insert this, word for word, in your next, as you value a lover's prayers. You see it is an hue and cry after a stray heart (with the marks and blemishes underwritten); which whoever shall bring to you shall receive satisfaction. Let me beg of you not to fail, as you remember the passion you had for her to whom you lately ended a paper:[k]

'Noble, generous, great and good,
But never to be understood;
Fickle as the wind, still changing,
After every female ranging,
Panting, trembling, sighing, dying,
But addicted much to lying:
When the Siren songs repeats,
Equal measures still it beats;
Whoe'er shall wear it, it will smart her,
And whoe'er takes it, takes a Tartar.' T.[l]

No. 209. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1711.

Γυναικὸς οὐδὲ χρῆμ' ἀνὴρ λήίζεται
Ἐσθλῆς ἄμεινον, οὐδὲ βίγιον κακῆς.
SIMONIDES.
Of earthly goods, the best is a good wife;
A bad, the bitterest curse of human life.

THERE are no authors I am more pleased with, than those who show human nature in a variety of views, and describe the several ages of the world in their different manners. A reader cannot be more rationally entertained, than by comparing the virtues and vices of his own times with those which pre-

[k] I cannot find any paper to which this can be supposed to refer, except perhaps No. 188, or No. 41.

[l] By Steele. See final note to No. 324.

vailed in the times of his forefathers; and drawing a parallel in his mind between his own private character, and that of other persons, whether of his own age, or of the ages that went before him. The contemplation of mankind, under these changeable colours, is apt to shame us out of any particular vice, or animate us to any particular virtue; to make us pleased or displeased with ourselves in the most proper points; to clear our minds of prejudice and prepossession; and rectify that narrowness of temper which inclines us to think amiss of those who differ from ourselves.

If we look into the manners of the most remote ages of the world, we discover human nature in her simplicity; and, the more we come downward towards our own times, may observe her hiding herself in artifices and refinements, polished insensibly out of her original plainness, and at length entirely lost under form and ceremony, and (what we call) good-breeding. Read the accounts of men and women as they are given us by the most ancient writers, both sacred and profane, and you would think you were reading the history of another species.

Among the writers of antiquity, there are none who instruct us more openly in the manners of their respective times in which they lived, than those who have employed themselves in satire, under what dress soever it may appear; as there are no other authors whose province it is to enter so directly into the ways of men, and set their miscarriages in so strong a light.

Simonides, a poet famous in his generation, is, I think, author of the oldest satire that is now extant; and, as some say, of the first that was ever written. This poet flourished about four hundred years after

the siege of Troy; and shows, by his way of writing, the simplicity, or rather coarseness, of the age in which he lived. I have taken notice, in my hundred and sixty-first speculation, that the rule of observing what the French call the *Bienseance* in an allusion, has been found out of later years; and that the ancients, provided there was a likeness in their similitudes, did not much trouble themselves about the decency of the comparison. The satires or iambics of Simonides, with which I shall entertain my readers in the present paper, are a remarkable instance of what I formerly advanced. The subject of this satire is woman. He describes the sex in their several characters, which he derives to them from a fanciful supposition raised upon the doctrine of pre-existence. He tells us, that the gods formed the souls of women out of those seeds and principles which compose several kinds of animals and elements; and that their good or bad dispositions arise in them according as such and such seeds and principles predominate in their constitutions. I have translated the author very faithfully, and if not word for word (which our language would not bear), at least so as to comprehend every one of his sentiments, without adding any thing of my own. I have already apologized for this author's want of delicacy, and must farther premise, that the following satire affects only some of the lower part of the sex, and not those who have been refined by a polite education, which was not so common in the age of this poet.

'In the beginning God made the souls of womankind out of different materials, and in a separate state from their bodies.

'The souls of one kind of women were formed

out of those ingredients which compose a swine. A woman of this make is a slut in her house, and a glutton at her table. She is uncleanly in her person, a slattern in her dress, and her family is no better than a dunghill.

'A second sort of female soul was formed out of the same materials that enter into the composition of a fox. Such an one is what we call a notable discerning woman, who has an insight into every thing whether it be good or bad. In this species of females there are some virtuous and some vicious.

'A third kind of women were made up of canine particles. These are what we commonly call scolds, who imitate the animals out of which they were taken, that are always busy and barking, that snarl at every one who comes in their way, and live in perpetual clamour.

'The fourth kind of women were made out of the earth. These are your sluggards, who pass away their time in indolence and ignorance, hover over the fire a whole winter, and apply themselves with alacrity to no kind of business but eating.

'The fifth species of females were made out of the sea. These are women of variable uneven tempers, sometimes all storm and tempests, sometimes all calm and sun-shine. The stranger who sees one of these in her smiles and smoothness, would cry her up for a miracle of good-humour; but on a sudden her looks and words are changed, she is nothing but fury and outrage, noise and hurricane.

'The sixth species were made up of the ingredients which compose an ass, or a beast of burden. These are naturally exceeding slothful, but, upon the husband's exerting his authority, will live upon hard fare, and do every thing to please him. They

are, however, far from being averse to venereal pleasure, and seldom refuse a male companion.

'The cat furnished materials for a seventh species of women, who are of a melancholy, froward, unamiable nature, and so repugnant to the offers of love, that they fly in the face of their husband when he approaches them with conjugal endearments. This species of women are likewise subject to little thefts, cheats, and pilferings.

'The mare with a flowing mane, which was never broke to any servile toil and labour, composed an eighth species of women. These are they who have little regard for their husbands; who pass away their time in dressing, bathing, and perfuming; who throw their hair into the nicest curls, and trick it up with the fairest flowers and garlands. A woman of this species is a very pretty thing for a stranger to look upon, but very detrimental to the owner, unless it be a king or a prince who takes a fancy to such a toy.

'The ninth species of females were taken out of the ape. These are such as are both ugly and ill-natured, who have nothing beautiful in themselves, and endeavour to detract from or ridicule every thing which appears so in others.

'The tenth and last species of women were made out of the bee; and happy is the man who gets such an one for his wife. She is altogether faultless and unblameable. Her family flourishes and improves by her good management. She loves her husband, and is beloved by him. She brings him a race of beautiful and virtuous children. She distinguishes herself among her sex. She is surrounded with graces. She never sits among the loose tribe of women, nor passes away her time with

them in wanton discourses. She is full of virtue and prudence, and is the best wife that Jupiter can bestow on man.'

I shall conclude these iambics with the motto of this paper, which is a fragment of the same author: 'A man cannot possess any thing that is better than a good woman, nor any thing that is worse than a bad one.'

As the poet has shown great penetration in this diversity of female characters, he has avoided the fault which Juvenal and monsieur Boileau are guilty of, the former in his sixth, and the other in his last satire, where they have endeavoured to expose the sex in general, without doing justice to the valuable part of it. Such levelling satires are of no use to the world; and for this reason I have often wondered how the French author, above-mentioned, who was a man of exquisite judgment, and a lover of virtue, could think human nature a proper subject for satire in another of his celebrated pieces, which is called The Satire upon Man. What vice or frailty can a discourse correct which censures the whole species alike, and endeavours to show, by some superficial strokes of wit, that brutes are the more excellent creatures of the two? A satire should expose nothing but what is corrigible, and make a due discrimination between those who are, and those who are not the proper object of it. L.[m]

[m] By Addison, dated, it seems, London. See final note to No. 7, on Addison's signatures, No. 221 and note. See a sequel to this paper in No. 211.

No. 210. WEDNESDAY, October 31, 1711.

Nescio quomodo inhæret in mentibus quasi sæculorum quoddam augurium futurorum idque in maximis ingeniis altissimisque animis et existit maximè et apparet facillimè.
Cic. Tusc. Quæst.

There is, I know not how, in minds a certain presage, as it were, of a future existence; and this has the deepest root, and is most discoverable in the greatest geniuses and most exalted souls.

'TO THE SPECTATOR.

'SIR,

'I am fully persuaded that one of the best springs of generous and worthy actions, is the having generous and worthy thoughts of ourselves. Whoever has a mean opinion of the dignity of his nature, will act in no higher a rank than he has allotted himself in his own estimation. If he considers his being as circumscribed by the uncertain term of a few years, his designs will be contracted into the same narrow span he imagines is to bound his existence. How can he exalt his thoughts to any thing great and noble, who only believes that, after a short turn on the stage of this world, he is to sink into oblivion, and to lose his consciousness for ever?

'For this reason I am of opinion, that so useful and elevated a contemplation as that of the soul's immortality, cannot be resumed too often. There is not a more improving exercise to the human mind than to be frequently reviewing its own great privileges and endowments; nor a more effectual means[n] to awaken in us an ambition raised above low objects and little pursuits, than to value ourselves as heirs of eternity.

'It is a very great satisfaction to consider the best and wisest of mankind in all nations and ages

[n] Mean.

asserting, as with one voice, this their birthright, and to find it ratified by an express revelation. At the same time, if we turn our thoughts inward upon ourselves, we may meet with a kind of secret sense concurring with the proofs of our own immortality.

'You have, in my opinion, raised a good presumptive argument from the increasing appetite the mind has to knowledge,[o] and to the extending its own faculties, which cannot be accomplished, as the more restrained perfection of lower creatures may, in the limits of a short life. I think another probable conjecture may be raised from our appetite to duration itself, and from a reflection on our progress through the several stages of it. "We are complaining," as you observe in a former speculation,[p] "of the shortness of life, and yet are perpetually hurrying over the parts of it, to arrive at certain little settlements, or imaginary points of rest, which are dispersed up and down in it."

'Now let us consider what happens to us when we arrive at these imaginary points of rest. Do we stop our motion, and sit down satisfied in the settlement we have gained? or are we not removing the boundary, and marking out new points of rest, to which we press forward with the like eagerness, and which cease to be such as fast as we attain them? Our case is like that of a traveller upon the Alps, who should fancy that the top of the next hill must end his journey because it terminates his prospect; but he no sooner arrives at it, than he sees new ground and other hills beyond it, and continues to travel on as before.[q]

[o] No. 111. [p] No. 93.

[q] This illustration seems to be borrowed by Mr. John Hughes, from Pope's Essay on Criticism (just then newly published), v. 225:

'This is so plainly every man's condition in life, that there is no one who has observed any thing but may observe, that as fast as his time wears away, his appetite to something future remains. The use therefore I would make of it is this, that since Nature (as some love to express it) does nothing in vain, or to speak properly, since the Author of our being has planted no wandering passion in it, no desire which has not its object, futurity is the proper object of the passion so constantly exercised about it; and this restlessness in the present, this assigning ourselves over to farther stages of duration, this successive grasping at somewhat still to come, appears to me (whatever it may to others) as a kind of instinct or natural symptom which the mind of man has of its own immortality.

'I take it at the same time for granted, that the immortality of the soul is sufficiently established by other arguments: and if so, this appetite, which otherwise would be very unaccountable and absurd, seems very reasonable, and adds strength to the conclusion. But I am amazed when I consider there are creatures capable of thought, who, in spite of every argument, can form to themselves a sullen satisfaction in thinking otherwise. There is something so pitifully mean in the inverted ambition of that man who can hope for annihilation, and please himself to think that his whole fabric shall one day

'So pleas'd at first the towering Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,
Th' eternal snow appears already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
But those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way,
Th' increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise.' P.

crumble into dust, and mix with the mass of inanimate beings, that it equally deserves our admiration and pity. The mystery of such men's unbelief is not hard to be penetrated; and indeed amounts to nothing more than a sordid hope that they shall not be immortal, because they dare not be so.

'This brings me back to my first observation, and gives me occasion to say farther, that as worthy actions spring from worthy thoughts, so worthy thoughts are likewise the consequence of worthy actions. But the wretch who has degraded himself below the character of immortality, is very willing to resign his pretensions to it, and to substitute in its room a dark negative happiness in the extinction of his being.

'The admirable Shakspeare has given us a strong image of the unsupported condition of such a person in his last minutes in the second part of King Henry the Sixth, where Cardinal Beaufort, who had been concerned in the murder of the good Duke Humphry, is represented on his death-bed. After some short confused speeches, which show an imagination disturbed with guilt, just as he is expiring, King Henry standing by him, full of compassion, says,

> "Lord Cardinal! if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
> Hold up thy hand, make signal of that hope!—
> He dies, and makes no sign!———"

'The despair which is here shown, without a word or action on the part of the dying person, is beyond what could be painted by the most forcible expressions whatever.

'I shall not pursue this thought farther, but only add, that as annihilation is not to be had with a wish, so it is the most abject thing in the world to wish it.

What are honour, fame, wealth, or power, when compared with the generous expectation of a being without end, and a happiness adequate to that being?

'I shall trouble you no farther; but with a certain gravity, which these thoughts have given me, I reflect upon some things people say of you, (as they will of all men who distinguish themselves,) which I hope are not true; and wish you as good a man as you are an author.

'I am, SIR, your most obedient humble servant,
T.[r] 'T. D.'

*** At Drury-lane on Tuesday, Oct. 30, Timon of Athens. Timon the Manhater, by Mr. Powell; Alcibiades, Mr. Booth; Apemantus, Mr. Keen; Ælius, Mr. Johnson; Pheax, Mr. Bullock; Cleon, Mr. Norris; Isander, Mr. Leigh; Evandra, Mrs. Knight; Melissa, Mrs. Bradshaw; and Poet, by Mr. Pinkethman. Spectator in folio. No. 209.

No. 211. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1711.

Fictis meminerit nos jocari Fabulis.
PHÆDR. l. 1. Prol.
Let it be remembered that we sport in fabled stories.

HAVING lately[s] translated the fragment of an old poet, which describes woman-kind under several characters, and supposes them to have drawn their different manners and dispositions from those animals and elements out of which he tells us they were com-

[r] This letter was written by Mr. John Hughes, and concludes with a pleasing instance of true and delicate friendship. The signature of Steele seems to signify that he transcribed it: but in the edition in 8vo. of 1712, No. 210 has the signature of Z, though it is marked T in the 12mo. of the same year, as it likewise is in the Spect. in folio. The signature put to it by Steele himself, in the 8vo. edition of 1712, gives some ground to think, that all the papers marked with the signature Z were likewise written by Mr. John Hughes.

[s] No. 209. Fragment of Simonides.

pounded; I had some thoughts of giving the sex their revenge, by laying together, in another paper, the many vicious characters which prevail in the male world, and showing the different ingredients that go to the making up of such different humours and constitutions. Horace has a thought which is something akin to this, when, in order to excuse himself to his mistress for an invective which he had written against her, and to account for that unreasonable fury with which the heart of man is often transported, he tells us, that when Prometheus made his man of clay, in the kneading up of the heart he seasoned it with some furious particles of the lion.[t] But upon turning this plan to and fro in my thoughts, I observed so many unaccountable humours in man, that I did not know out of what animals to fetch them. Male souls are diversified with so many characters, that the world has not variety of materials sufficient to furnish out their different tempers and inclinations. The creation, with all its animals and elements, would not be large enough to supply their several extravagancies.

Instead, therefore, of pursuing the thought of Simonides, I shall observe, that as he has exposed the vicious part of women from the doctrine of pre-existence, some of the ancient philosophers have, in a manner, satirized the vicious part of the human species in general from a notion of the soul's post-existence, if I may so call it; and that as Simonides describes brutes entering into the composition of

[t] Lib. i. ode xvi. Thus rendered by Mr. Duncombe:

'Tis said, when Japhet's son began
To mould the clay, and fashion man,
He stole from every beast a part,
And fix'd the lion in his heart.'

women, others have represented human souls as entering into brutes. This is commonly termed the doctrine of transmigration, which supposes that human souls, upon their leaving the body, become the souls of such kinds of brutes as they most resemble in their manners; or to give an account of it as Mr. Dryden has described it in his translation of Pythagoras's speech in the fifteenth book of Ovid, where that philosopher dissuades his hearers from eating flesh:

'Thus all things are but alter'd, nothing dies,
And here and there th' unbodied spirit flies:
By time, or force, or sickness dispossess'd,
And lodges where it lights, in bird or beast;
Or hunts without till ready limbs it find,
And actuates those according to their kind:
From tenement to tenement is toss'd,
The soul is still the same, the figure only lost.

'Then let not piety be put to flight,
To please the taste of glutton appetite;
But suffer inmate souls secure to dwell,
Lest from their seats your parents you expel;
With rabid hunger feed upon your kind,
Or from a beast dislodge a brother's mind.'

Plato, in the vision of Erus the Armenian, which I may possibly make the subject of a future speculation, records some beautiful transmigrations; as that the soul of Orpheus, who was musical, melancholy, and a woman-hater, entered into a swan; the soul of Ajax, which was all wrath and fierceness, into a lion; the soul of Agamemnon, that was rapacious and imperial, into an eagle; and the soul of Thersites, who was a mimic and a buffoon, into a monkey.

Mr. Congreve, in a prologue to one of his comedies, has touched upon this doctrine with great humour:

'Thus Aristotle's soul of old that was,
May now be damn'd to animate an ass;
Or in this very house, for aught we know,
Is doing painful penance in some beau.'

I shall fill up this paper with some letters which my last Tuesday's speculation has produced. My following correspondents will show, what I there observed, that the speculation of that day affects only the lower part of the sex.

'From my house in the Strand, October 30, 1711.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'UPON reading your Tuesday's paper, I find, by several symptoms in my constitution, that I am a bee. My shop, or if you please to call it so, my cell, is in that great hive of females which goes by the name of the New-Exchange; where I am daily employed in gathering together a little stock of gain from the finest flowers about the town; I mean, the ladies and the beaus. I have a numerous swarm of children, to whom I give the best education I am able. But, Sir, it is my misfortune to be married to a drone, who lives upon what I get, without bringing any thing into the common stock. Now, Sir, as on the one hand I take care not to behave myself towards him like a wasp, so likewise I would not have him look upon me as an humble bee; for which reason I do all I can to put him upon laying up provisions for a bad day, and frequently represent to him the fatal effects his sloth and negligence may bring upon us in our old age. I must beg that you will join with me in your good advice upon this occasion, and you will for ever oblige your humble servant,

MELISSA.'

'SIR, Piccadilly, October 31, 1711.

'I AM joined in wedlock for my sins to one of those fillies who are described in the old poet with that hard name you gave us the other day. She has a flowing mane, and a skin as soft as silk. But, Sir, she passes half her life at her glass, and almost ruins me in ribands. For my own part, I am a plain handicraft man, and in danger of breaking by her laziness and expensiveness. Pray, master, tell me, in your next paper, whether I may not expect of her so much drudgery as to take care of her family, and curry her hide in case of refusal.

'Your loving friend,

'BARNABY BRITTLE.'

'MR. SPECTATOR, 'Cheapside, October 30.

'I AM mightily pleased with the humour of the cat; be so kind as to enlarge upon that subject. 'Yours till death,

JOSIAH HENPECK.

'P. S. You must know I am married to a grimalkin.'

'SIR, 'Wapping, October, 31, 1711.

'EVER since your Spectator of Tuesday last[n] came into our family, my husband is pleased to call me his Oceana, because the foolish old poet that you have translated says that the souls of some women are made of sea-water. This, it seems, has encouraged my saucebox to be witty upon me. When I am angry, he cries, "Prithee, my dear, be calm;" when I chide one of my servants, "Prithee, child, do not bluster." He had the impudence, about an hour ago, to tell me that he was a seafaring man, and must expect to divide his life between storm

[n] No. 209.

and sunshine. When I bestir myself with any spirit in my family, it is "high sea" in his house; and when I sit still without doing any thing, his affairs, forsooth, are "windbound." When I ask him whether it rains, he makes answer, "It is no matter, so that it be fair weather within doors." In short, Sir, I cannot speak my mind freely to him, but I either swell or rage, or do something that is not fit for a civil woman to hear. Pray, Mr. Spectator, since you are so sharp upon other women, let us know what materials your wife is made of, if you have one.[w] I suppose you would make us a parcel of poor-spirited, tame, insipid creatures; but, Sir, I would have you to know we have as good passions in us as yourself, and that a woman was never designed to be a milk-sop.

L.[x] 'MARTHA TEMPEST.'

No. 212. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1711.

——Eripe turpi
Colla jugo; Liber, liber sum, dic age—
HOR. 3 Sat. vii. 92.
——Loose thy neck from this ignoble chain,
And boldly say thou'rt free.
CREECH.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I NEVER look upon my dear wife, but I think of the happiness sir Roger de Coverley enjoys in having such a friend as you to expose, in proper

[w] Steele seems to have thought his wife a bee, but she was certainly of the grimalkin family. See Steele's Letters, vol. i. *ubique*. Addison's was an Oceana, but he was at this time unmarried, and probably would have lived longer if he had continued so.

[x] By Addison, dated, it seems, from London. See No. 334, and No. 7, final notes on Addison's signatures.

colours, the cruelty and perverseness of his mistress. I have very often wished you visited in our family, and were acquainted with my spouse; she would afford you, for some months at least, matter enough for one Spectator a week. Since we are not so happy as to be of your acquaintance, give me leave to represent to you our present circumstances as well as I can in writing. You are to know then that I am not of a very different constitution from Nathaniel Henroost, whom you have lately recorded in your speculations;[y] and have a wife who makes a more tyrannical use of the knowledge of my easy temper than that lady ever pretended to. We had not been a month married when she found in me a certain pain to give offence, and an indolence that made me bear little inconveniences rather than dispute about them. From this observation it soon came to pass, that if I offered to go abroad, she would get between me and the door, kiss me, and say she could not part with me; then down again I sat. In a day or two after this first pleasant step towards confining me, she declared to me, that I was all the world to her, and she thought she ought to be all the world to me. "If," said she, "my dear loves me as much as I love him, he will never be tired of my company." This declaration was followed by my being denied to all my acquaintance; and it very soon came to that pass, that to give an answer at the door, before my face the servants would ask her whether I was within or not; and she would answer "No," with great fondness, and tell me I was a good dear. I will not enumerate more little circumstances to give you a livelier sense of my condition; but tell you in general, that from such steps as these at first, I now live the life

[y] No. 176.

of a prisoner of state; my letters are opened, and I have not the use of pen, ink, and paper, but in her presence. I never go abroad, except she sometimes takes me with her in her coach, to take the air, if it may be called so, when we drive, as we generally do, with the glasses up. I have overheard my servants lament my condition; but they dare not bring me messages without her knowledge, because they doubt my resolution to stand by them. In the midst of this insipid way of life, an old acquaintance of mine, Tom Meggot, who is a favourite with her, and allowed to visit me in her company because he sings prettily, has roused me to rebel, and conveyed his intelligence to me in the following manner. My wife is a great pretender to music, and very ignorant of it; but far gone in the Italian taste. Tom goes to Armstrong, the famous fine writer of music, and desires him to put this sentence of Tully in the scale of an Italian air, and write it out for my spouse from him. "*An ille mihi liber cui mulier imperat? Cui leges imponit, præ scribit, jubet, vetat quod videtur? Qui nihil imperanti negare, nihil recusare audet? Poscit? dandum est. Vocat? veniendum. Ejicit? abeundum. Minitatur? extimescendum.*" "Does he live like a gentleman who is commanded by a woman? He to whom she gives law, grants and denies what she pleases? who can neither deny her any thing she asks, or refuse to do any thing she commands?"

'To be short, my wife was extremely pleased with it; said the Italian was the only language for music; and admired how wonderfully tender the sentiment was, and how pretty the accent is of that language; with the rest that is said by rote on that occasion. Mr. Meggot is sent for to sing this air,

which he performs with mighty applause; and my wife is in ecstacy on the occasion, and glad to find, by my being so much pleased, that I was at last come into the notion of the Italian; "for," said she, "it grows upon one when one once comes to know a little of the language; and pray, Mr. Meggot, sing again those notes, "*Nihil Imperanti negare, nihil recusare.*" You may believe I was not a little delighted with my friend Tom's expedient to alarm me, and in obedience to his summons I give all this story thus at large; and I am resolved, when this appears in the Spectator, to declare for myself. The manner of the insurrection I contrive by your means; which shall be no other than that Tom Meggot, who is at our tea-table every morning, shall read it to us; and if my dear can take the hint, and say not one word, but let this be the beginning of a new life, without farther explanation, it is very well; for as soon as the Spectator is read out, I shall, without more ado, call for the coach, name the hour when I shall be at home, if I come at all; if I do not, they may go to dinner. If my spouse only swells and says nothing, Tom and I go out together, and all is well, as I said before; but if she begins to command or expostulate, you shall, in my next to you, receive a full account of her resistance and submission, for submit the dear thing must, to,

'Sir, your most obedient humble servant.

'Anthony Freeman.

'P. S. I hope I need not tell you that I desire this may be in your very next.'

T.[z]

[z] By Steele. See the sequel in No. 216, and No. 324, note on T.

No. 213. SATURDAY, November 3, 1711.

——Mens sibi conscia recti.
Virg. Æn. i. 608.
A good intention.

It is the great art and secret of Christianity, if I may use that phrase, to manage our actions to the best advantage, and direct them in such a manner, that every thing we do may turn to account at that great day when every thing we have done will be set before us.

In order to give this consideration its full weight, we may cast all our actions under the division of such as are in themselves either good, evil, or indifferent. If we divide our intentions after the same manner, and consider them with regard to our actions, we may discover that great art and secret of religion which I have here mentioned.

A good intention, joined to a good action, gives it its proper force and efficacy; joined to an evil action, extenuates its malignity, and in some cases may take it wholly away; and joined to an indifferent action, turns it to virtue, and makes it meritorious as far as human actions can be so.

In the next place, to consider in the same manner the influence of an evil intention upon our actions. An evil intention perverts the best of actions, and makes them, in reality, what the fathers, with a witty kind of zeal, have termed the virtues of the heathen world, so many shining sins.[a] It destroys the innocence of an indifferent action, and gives an evil action all possible blackness and horror;

[a] Splendida peccata.

or, in the emphatical language of sacred writ, makes 'sin exceeding sinful.'[b]

If, in the last place, we consider the nature of an indifferent intention, we shall find that it destroys the merit of a good action; abates, but never takes away, the malignity of an evil action; and leaves an indifferent action in its natural state of indifference.

It is therefore of unspeakable advantage to possess our minds with an habitual good intention, and to aim all our thoughts, words, and actions at some laudable end, whether it be the glory of our Maker, the good of mankind, or the benefit of our own souls.

This is a sort of thrift, or good-husbandry in moral life, which does not throw away any single action, but makes every one go as far as it can. It multiplies the means of salvation, increases the number of our virtues, and diminishes that of our vices.

There is something very devout, though not so solid, in Acosta's answer to Limborch, who objects to him the multiplicity of ceremonies in the Jewish religion, as washings, dresses, meats, purgations, and the like. The reply which the Jew makes upon this occasion, is, to the best of my remembrance, as follows: 'There are not duties enough,' says he, 'in the essential parts of the law for a zealous and active obedience. Time, place, and person are requisite, before you have an opportunity of putting a moral virtue into practice. We have, therefore,' says he, 'enlarged the sphere of our duty, and made many things, which are in themselves indifferent, a

[b] Rom. vii. 13.

part of our religion, that we may have more occasions of showing our love to God, and, in all the circumstances of life, be doing something to please him.

Monsieur St. Evremont has endeavoured to palliate the superstitions of the Roman catholic religion with the same kind of apology, where he pretends to consider the different spirit of the Papists and the Calvinists, as to the great points wherein they disagree. He tells us, that the former are actuated by love, and the other by fear; and that in their expressions of duty and devotion towards the Supreme Being, the former seem particularly careful to do every thing which may possibly please him, and the other to abstain from every thing which may possibly displease him.

But notwithstanding this plausible reason with which both the Jew and the Roman catholic would excuse their respective superstitions, it is certain there is something in them very pernicious to mankind, and destructive to religion; because the injunction of superfluous ceremonies makes such actions duties, as were before indifferent, and by that means renders religion more burdensome and difficult than it is in its own nature, betrays many into sins of omission which they would not otherwise be guilty of, and fixes the minds of the vulgar to the shadowy, unessential points, instead of the more weighty and more important matters of the law.

This zealous and active obedience however takes place in the great point we are recommending; for if, instead of prescribing to ourselves indifferent actions as duties, we apply a good intention to all our most indifferent actions, we make our very existence one continued act of obedience, we turn our diver-

sions and amusements to our eternal advantage, and are pleasing Him (whom we are made to please) in all the circumstances and occurrences of life.

It is this excellent frame of mind, this holy officiousness (if I may be allowed to call it such), which is recommended to us by the apostle in that uncommon precept wherein he directs us to propose to ourselves the glory of our Creator in all our most indifferent actions, 'whether we eat, or drink, or whatsoever we do.'[c]

A person, therefore, who is possessed with such an habitual good intention as that which I have been here speaking of, enters upon no single circumstance of life, without considering it as well-pleasing to the great Author of his being, conformable to the dictates of reason, suitable to human nature in general, or to that particular station in which Providence has placed him. He lives in the perpetual sense of the Divine Presence, regards himself as acting, in the whole course of his existence, under the observation and inspection of that Being, who is privy to all his motions and all his thoughts, who knows his 'down-sitting and his up-rising, who is about his path, and about his bed, and spieth out all his ways.'[d] In a word, he remembers that the eye of his Judge is always upon him, and, in every action, he reflects that he is doing what is commanded or allowed by Him who will hereafter either reward or punish it. This was the character of those holy men of old, who, in that beautiful phrase of scripture, are said to have 'walked with God.'[e]

When I employ myself upon a paper of morality, I generally consider how I may recommend the par-

[c] 1 Cor. x. 31. [d] Psal. cxxxix. 2, 3. [e] Gen. v. 22. vi. 9.

ticular virtue which I treat of, by the precepts or examples of the ancient heathens; by that means, if possible, to shame those who have greater advantages of knowing their duty, and, therefore, greater obligations to perform it, into a better course of life; besides, that many among us are unreasonably disposed to give a fairer hearing to a Pagan philosopher than to a Christian writer.

I shall therefore produce an instance of this excellent frame of mind in a speech of Socrates, which is quoted by Erasmus. This great philosopher on the day of his execution, a little before the draught of poison was brought to him, entertaining his friends with a discourse on the immortality of the soul, has these words: 'Whether or no God will approve of my actions, I know not; but this I am sure of, that I have at all times made it my endeavour to please him, and I have a good hope that this my endeavour will be accepted by him.' We find in these words of that great man the habitual good intention which I would here inculcate, and with which that divine philosopher always acted. I shall only add, that Erasmus, who was an unbigotted Roman catholic, was so much transported with this passage of Socrates, that he could scarce forbear looking upon him as a saint, and desiring him to pray for him; or, as that ingenious and learned writer has expressed himself in a much more lively manner: 'When I reflect on such a speech, pronounced by such a person, I can scarce forbear crying out, "*Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis:*" O holy Socrates, pray for us.' L.[f]

[f] By Addison, dated, it seems, from London. See final note to No. 334.

No. 214. MONDAY, November 5, 1711.

——Perierunt tempora longi
Servitii——
Juv. Sat. iii. 124.
A long dependence in an hour is lost.
Dryden.

I did some time ago lay before the world the unhappy condition of the trading part of mankind who suffer by want of punctuality in the dealings of persons above them: but there is a set of men who are much more the objects of compassion than even those; and these are the dependants on great men, whom they are pleased to take under their protection as such as are to share in their friendship and favour. These indeed, as well from the homage that is accepted from them, as the hopes which are given to them, are become a sort of creditors; and these debts, being debts of honour, ought, according to the accustomed maxim, to be first discharged.

When I speak of dependants, I would not be understood to mean those who are worthless in themselves, or who, without any call, will press into the company of their betters. Nor, when I speak of patrons, do I mean those who either have it not in their power, or have no obligation to assist their friends; but I speak of such leagues where there is power and obligation on the one part, and merit and expectation on the other.

The division of patron and client may, I believe, include a third of our nation; the want of merit and real worth in the client, will strike out about ninety-nine in a hundred of these; and the want of ability in patrons, as many of that kind. But,

however, I must beg leave to say, that he who will take up another's time and fortune in his service, though he has no prospect of rewarding his merit towards him, is as unjust in his dealings as he who takes up goods of a tradesman without intention or ability to pay him. Of the few of the class which I think fit to consider, there are not two in ten who succeed, insomuch that I know a man of good sense who put his son to a blacksmith, though an offer was made him of his being received as a page to a man of quality.[g] There are not more cripples come out of the wars than there are from those great services; some through discontent lose their speech, some their memories, others their senses, or their lives; and I seldom see a man thoroughly discontented, but I conclude he has had the favour of some great man. I have known of such as have been for twenty years together within a month of a good employment, but never arrived at the happiness of being possessed of any thing.

There is nothing more ordinary, than that a man,

[g] As the keeping of pages was a piece of state, that seems now to be disused by our nobility, a short account of this diminutive order of attendants may not be unacceptable. They were generally the sons of the inferior gentry, who were taken very young into the families of their lords; where they were considered upon a very reputable footing. They wore a livery of the same colours as the footmen, but of richer materials; as gold and silver lace where the others had worsted, silk instead of cloth, &c. They were the immediate attendants on their lord's person, to whom they delivered all letters and messages; no inferior servant being suffered to approach him: at table they stood behind his chair, and presented him with the cup, plate, &c. which they received at the hands of the footmen. In return, their lord took care of their education; and when they grew up towards manhood (at which time they were supposed to be superannuated for this office), he was expected to provide for them genteelly. This account was received from a lady of quality lately dead, who remembered her own lord's giving 500l. with one of his pages to fix him in a reputable business, wherein he afterwards acquired a handsome fortune. This was in the reign of king William. P.

who has got into a considerable station, shall immediately alter his manner of treating all his friends, and from that moment he is to deal with you as if he were your Fate. You are no longer to be consulted, even in matters which concern yourself; but your patron is of a species above you, and a free communication with you is not to be expected. This perhaps may be your condition all the while he bears office, and when that is at an end, you are as intimate as ever you were, and he will take it very ill if you keep the distance he prescribed you towards him in his grandeur. One would think this should be a behaviour a man could fall into with the worst grace imaginable; but they who know the world have seen it more than once. I have often, with secret pity, heard the same man who has professed his abhorrence against all kind of passive behaviour, lose minutes, hours, days, and years, in a fruitless attendance on one who had no inclination to befriend him. It is very much to be regarded, that the great have one particular privilege above the rest of the world, of being slow in receiving impressions of kindness, and quick in taking offence. The elevation above the rest of mankind, except in very great minds, makes men so giddy, that they do not see after the same manner they did before. Thus they despise their old friends, and strive to extend their interest to new pretenders. By this[h] means it often happens, that when you come to know how you lost such an employment, you will find the man who got it never dreamed of it; but, forsooth, he was to be surprized into it, or perhaps solicited to receive it. Upon such occasions as these a man

[h] These.

may perhaps grow out of humour. If you are so, all mankind will fall in with the patron, and you are an humourist and untractable if you are capable of being sour at a disappointment: but it is the same thing whether you do or do not resent ill usage, you will be used after the same manner; as some good mothers will be sure to whip their children till they cry, and then whip them for crying.

There are but two ways of doing any thing with great people, and those are by making yourself either considerable, or agreeable. The former is not to be attained but by finding a way to live without them, or concealing that you want them; the latter is only by falling into their taste and pleasures. This is of all the employments in the world the most servile, except it happens to be of your own natural humour. For to be agreeable to another, especially if he be above you, is not to be possessed of such qualities and accomplishments as should render you agreeable in yourself, but such as make you agreeable in respect to him. An imitation of his faults, or a compliance, if not subservience to his vices, must be the measures of your conduct.

When it comes to that, the unnatural state a man lives in, when the patron pleases, is ended; and his guilt and complaisance are objected to him, though the man who rejects him for his vices was not only his partner, but seducer. Thus the client (like a young woman who has given up the innocence which made her charming) has not only lost his time, but also the virtue which could render him capable of resenting the injury which is done him.

It would be endless to recount the tricks of turning you off from themselves to persons who have less power to serve you, the art of being sorry for

such an unaccountable accident in your behaviour, that such a one (who, perhaps, has never heard of you) opposes your advancement; and if you have any thing more than ordinary in you, you are flattered with a whisper, that it is no wonder people are so slow in doing for a man of your talents, and the like.

After all this treatment, I must still add the pleasantest insolence of all, which I have once or twice seen; to wit, that when a silly rogue has thrown away one part in three of his life in unprofitable attendance, it is taken wonderfully ill that he withdraws, and is resolved to employ the rest for himself.

When we consider these things, and reflect upon so many honest natures (which one, who makes observation of what passes, may have seen) that have miscarried by such sort of applications, it is too melancholy a scene to dwell upon; therefore I shall take another opportunity to discourse of good patrons, and distinguish such as have done their duty to those who have depended upon them, and were not able to act without their favour. Worthy patrons are like Plato's Guardian Angels, who are always doing good to their wards; but negligent patrons are like Epicurus's gods, that lie lolling on the clouds, and instead of blessings, pour down storms and tempests on the heads of those that are offering incense to them.[1] T.[k]

[1] The Spectator has not justly represented here the gods of Epicurus: they were supposed to be indolent and uninterested in the affairs of men, but not malignant or cruel beings. P.

[k] By Steele.

No. 215. TUESDAY, November 6, 1711.

———Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.
Ovid. de Ponto, II. ix. 47.

Ingenuous arts, where they an entrance find,
Soften the manners, and subdue the mind.

I consider a human soul without education like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties, until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which without such helps are never able to make their appearance.

If my reader will give me leave to change the allusion so soon upon him, I shall make use of the same instance to illustrate the force of education, which Aristotle has brought to explain his doctrine of substantial forms, when he tells us that a statue lies hid in a block of marble; and that the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter, and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone, the sculptor only finds it. What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to an human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or the hero, the wise, the good, or the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have disinterred, and have brought to light. I am therefore much delighted with reading the accounts of savage nations, and with contemplating those virtues which are wild and uncultivated; to see courage exerting itself in fierceness, resolution

in obstinacy, wisdom in cunning, patience in sullenness and despair.

Men's passions operate variously, and appear in different kinds of actions, according as they are more or less rectified and swayed by reason. When one hears of negroes, who upon the death of their masters, or upon changing their service, hang themselves upon the next tree, as it frequently happens in our American plantations, who can forbear admiring their fidelity, though it expresses itself in so dreadful a manner? What might not that savage greatness of soul which appears in these poor wretches on many occasions, be raised to, were it rightly cultivated? And what colour of excuse can there be for the contempt with which we treat this part of our species; that we should not put them upon the common foot of humanity; that we should only set an insignificant fine upon the man who murders them; nay, that we should, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the prospects of happiness in another world as well as in this, and deny them that which we look upon as the proper means for attaining it?

Since I am engaged on this subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a story which I have lately heard, and which is so well attested, that I have no manner of reason to suspect the truth of it. I may call it a kind of wild tragedy that passed about twelve years ago at Saint Christopher's, one of our British Leeward islands. The negroes, who were the persons concerned in it, were all of them the slaves of a gentleman who is now in England.

This gentleman among his negroes had a young woman, who was looked upon as a most extraordinary beauty by those of her own complexion. He had at the same time two young fellows who were

likewise negroes and slaves, remarkable for the comeliness of their persons, and for the friendship which they bore to one another. It unfortunately happened that both of then fell in love with the female negro above mentioned, who would have been very glad to have taken either of them for her husband, provided they could agree between themselves which should be the man. But they were both so passionately in love with her, that neither of them could think of giving her up to his rival; and at the same time were so true to one another, that neither of them would think of gaining her without his friend's consent. The torments of these two lovers were the discourse of the family to which they belonged, who could not forbear observing the strange complication of passions which perplexed the hearts of the poor negroes, that often dropped expressions of the uneasiness they underwent, and how impossible it was for either of them ever to be happy.

After a long struggle between love and friendship, truth and jealousy, they one day took a walk together into a wood, carrying their mistress along with them: where, after abundance of lamentations, they stabbed her to the heart, of which she immediately died. A slave, who was at his work not far from the place where this astonishing piece of cruelty was committed, hearing the shrieks of the dying person, ran to see what was the occasion of them. He there discovered the woman lying dead upon the ground, with the two negroes on each side of her, kissing the dead corpse, weeping over it, and beating their breasts in the utmost agonies of grief and despair. He immediately ran to the English family with the news of what he had seen; who, upon coming to the place, saw the woman dead, and the two negroes

expiring by her with wounds they had given themselves.

We see in this amazing instance of barbarity, what strange disorders are bred in the minds of those men whose passions are not regulated by virtue and disciplined by reason. Though the action which I have recited is in itself full of guilt and horror, it proceeded from a temper of mind which might have produced very noble fruits, had it been informed and guided by a suitable education.

It is therefore an unspeakable blessing to be born in those parts of the world where wisdom and knowledge flourish; though it must be confessed there are, even in these parts, several poor uninstructed persons, who are but litle above the inhabitants of those nations of which I have been here speaking; as those who have had the advantages of a more liberal education, rise above one another by several different degrees of perfection. For to return to our statue in the block of marble, we see it sometimes only begun to be chipped, sometimes rough-hewn, and but just sketched into an human figure; sometimes we see the man appearing distinctly in all his limbs and features; sometimes we find the figure wrought up to a great elegancy, but seldom meet with any to which the hand of a Phidias or Praxiteles could not give several nice touches and finishings.

Discourses of morality, and reflections upon human nature, are the best means we can make use of to improve our minds, and gain a true knowledge of ourselves, and consequently to recover our souls out of the vice, ignorance, and prejudice, which naturally cleave to them. I have all along professed myself in this paper a promoter of these great

ends; and I flatter myself that I do from day to day contribute something to the polishing of men's minds; at least my design is laudable, whatever the execution may be. I must confess I am not a little encouraged in it by many letters which I receive from unknown hands, in approbation of my endeavours: and must take this opportunity of returning my thanks to those who write them, and excusing myself for not inserting several of them in my papers, which I am sensible would be a very great ornament to them. Should I publish the praises which are so well penned, they would do honour to the persons who write them; but my publishing of them would, I fear, be a sufficient instance to the world that I did not deserve them.

C.[1]

No. 216. WEDNESDAY, November 7, 1711.

Siquidem herclé possis, nil prius, neque fortius;
Verúm si incipies neque perficies naviter,
Atque, ubi pati non poteris, cùm nemo expetet,
Infectâ pace, ultrô ad eam venies, indicans
Te amare, et ferre non posse: Actum est ilicet,
Persisti: eludet, ubi tę victum senserit.

Ter. Eun. Act. 1. Sc. 1.

O brave! oh excellent! if you maintain it!
But if you try, and can't go thro' with spirit,
And finding you can't bear it, uninvited,
Your peace unmade, all of your own accord,
You come and swear you love, and can't endure it,
Good night! all's over! ruin'd! and undone!
She'll jilt you, when she sees you in her power.

Colman.

'TO MR. SPECTATOR.

'SIR,

'This is to inform you, that Mr. Freeman had no sooner taken coach, but his lady was taken

[1] By Addison, dated, it seems, from Chelsea. See No. 7, note.

with a terrible fit of the vapours, which it is feared, will make her miscarry, if not endanger her life; therefore, dear Sir, if you know of any receipt that is good against this fashionable reigning distemper; be pleased to communicate it for the good of the public, and you will oblige Yours,

'A. NOEWILL.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THE uproar was so great as soon as I had read the Spectator concerning Mrs. Freeman,[m] that after many revolutions in her temper, of raging, swooning, railing, fainting, pitying herself, and reviling her husband, upon an accidental coming in of a neighbouring lady (who says she has writ to you also), she had nothing left for it but to fall in a fit. I had the honour to read the paper to her, and have a pretty good command of countenance and temper on such occasions; and soon found my historical name to be Tom Meggot in your writings, but concealed myself until I saw how it affected Mrs. Freeman. She looked frequently at her husband, as often at me; and she did not tremble as she filled tea, until she came to the circumstance of Armstrong's writing out a piece of Tully for an opera tune. Then she burst out; she was exposed, she was deceived, she was wronged and abused. The tea-cup was thrown in the fire; and without taking vengeance on her spouse, she said of me, that I was a pretending coxcomb, a meddler that knew not what it was to interpose in so nice an affair as between a man and his wife. To which Mr. Freeman: "Madam,

[m] See Mr. Freeman's letter in No. 217. Steele perhaps alludes in this, and the paper of which it is the sequel, to his own situation with his second wife. See Steele's Letter, &c. vol. i. *passim.*

were I less fond of you than I am, I should not have taken this way of writing to the Spectator, to inform a woman, whom God and nature has placed under my direction, with what I request of her: but since you are so indiscreet as not to take the hint which I gave you in that paper, I must tell you, Madam, in so many words, that you have for a long and tedious space of time acted a part unsuitable to the sense you ought to have of the subordination in which you are placed. And I must acquaint you once for all, that the fellow without—Ha Tom! (here the footman entered and answered, Madam): Sirrah, don't you know my voice? Look upon me when I speak to you.—I say, Madam, this fellow here is to know of me myself whether I am at leisure to see company or not. I am from this hour master of this house; and my business in it, and everywhere else, is to behave myself in such a manner, as it shall be hereafter an honour to you to bear my name; and your pride that you are the delight, the darling, and ornament of a man of honour, useful and esteemed by his friends; and I no longer one that has buried some merit in the world, in complaisance to a froward humour which has grown upon an agreeable woman by his indulgence." Mr. Freeman ended this with a tenderness in his aspect, and a downcast eye, which showed he was extremely moved at the anguish he saw her in; for she sat swelling with passion, and her eyes firmly fixed on the fire; when I, fearing he would lose all again, took upon me to provoke her out of that amiable sorrow she was in, to fall upon me; upon which I said very seasonably for my friend, that indeed Mr. Freeman was become the common talk of the town; and that nothing was so much a jest, as when it was

said in company Mr. Freeman had promised to come to such a place. Upon which the good lady turned her softness into downright rage, and threw the scalding tea-kettle upon your humble servant, flew into the middle of the room, and cried out she was the unfortunatest of all women. Others kept family dissatisfactions for hours of privacy and retirement. No apology was to be made to her, no expedient to be found, no previous manner of breaking what was amiss in her; but all the world was to be acquainted with her errors, without the least admonition. Mr. Freeman was going to make a softening speech, but I interposed: "Look you, Madam, I have nothing to say to this matter, but you ought to consider you are now past a chicken: this humour, which was well enough in a girl, is unsufferable in one of your motherly character." With that she lost all patience, and flew directly at her husband's periwig. I got her in my arms, and defended my friend; he making signs at the same time that it was too much; I beckoning, nodding, and frowning over her shoulder, that he was lost if he did not persist. In this manner we flew round and round the room in a moment, 'till the lady I spoke of above and servants entered; upon which she fell on a couch as breathless. I still kept up my friend: but he, with a very silly air, bid them bring the coach to the door, and we went off: I forced to bid the coachman drive on. We were no sooner come to my lodgings, but all his wife's relations came to inquire after him; and Mrs. Freeman's mother writ a note, wherein she thought never to have seen this day, and so forth.

'In a word, Sir, I am afraid we are upon a thing we have not talents for: and I can observe already,

my friend looks upon me rather as a man that knows a weakness of him that he is ashamed of, than one who has rescued him from slavery. Mr. Spectator, I am but a young fellow, and if Mr. Freeman submits, I shall be looked upon as an incendiary, and never get a wife as long as I breathe. He has indeed sent word home he shall lie at Hampstead to-night; but I believe fear of the first onset after this rupture has too great a place in this resolution. Mrs. Freeman has a very pretty sister; suppose I delivered him up, and articled with the mother for her bringing him home. If he has not courage to stand it (you are a great casuist), is it such an ill thing to bring myself off as well as I can? What makes me doubt my man is, that I find he thinks it reasonable to expostulate at least with her; and Capt. Sentry will tell you, if you let your orders be disputed, you are no longer a commander. I wish you could advise me how to get clear of this business handsomely, Yours,

T.[n] 'Tom Meggot.'

No. 217. THURSDAY, November 8, 1711.

——Tunc fœmina simplex,
Et pariter toto repetitur clamor ab antro.
Juv. Sat. vi. 326.

Then unrestrain'd by rules of decency, b
Th' assembled females raise a general cry.

I shall entertain my reader to-day with some letters from my correspondents. The first of them is the description of a club, whether real or imaginary I

[n] By Steele. See final note to No. 324, on signature T.

cannot determine; but am apt to fancy that the writer of it, whoever she is, has formed a kind of nocturnal orgie out of her own fancy. Whether this be so or not, her letter may conduce to the amendment of that kind of persons who are represented in it, and whose characters are frequent enough in the world.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'IN some of your first papers you were pleased to give the public a very diverting account of several clubs and nocturnal assemblies; but I am a member of a society which has wholly escaped your notice; I mean, a club of She-Romps. We take each a hackney-coach, and meet once a week in a large upper chamber, which we hire by the year for that purpose; our landlord and his family, who are quiet people, constantly contriving to be abroad on our club-night. We are no sooner come together, than we throw off all that modesty and reservedness with which our sex are obliged to disguise themselves in public places. I am not able to express the pleasure we enjoy from ten at night 'till four in the morning, in being as rude as you men can be for your lives. As our play runs high, the room is immediately filled with broken fans, torn petticoats, lappets of head-dresses, flounces, furbelows, garters, and working aprons. I had forgot to tell you at first, that besides the coaches we come in ourselves, there is one which stands always empty to carry off our dead men, for so we call all those fragments and tatters with which the room is strewed, and which we pack up together in bundles, and put into the aforesaid coach. It is no small diversion for us to meet the next night at some member's chamber,

where every one is to pick out what belonged to her from this confused bundle of silks, stuffs, laces, and ribands. I have hitherto given you an account of our diversion on ordinary club-nights; but must acquaint you farther, that once a month we demolish a prude, that is, we get some queer formal creature in among us, and unrig her in an instant. Our last month's prude was so armed and fortified in whalebone and buckram, that we had much ado to come at her; but you would have died with laughing to have seen how the sober awkward thing looked when she was forced out of her entrenchments. In short, Sir, it is impossible to give you a true notion of our sport, unless you would come one night amongst us; and though it be directly against the rules of our society to admit a male visitant, we repose so much confidence in your silence and taciturnity, that it was agreed by the whole club, at our last meeting, to give you entrance for one night as a Spectator.

'I am your humble Servant,

'KITTY TERMAGANT.

'P. S. We shall demolish a prude next Thursday.'

Though I thank Kitty for her kind offer, I do not at present find in myself any inclination to venture my person with her and her romping companions. I should regard myself as a second Clodius intruding on the mysterious rites of the Bona Dea, and should apprehend being demolished as much as the prude.

The following letter comes from a gentleman, whose taste I find is much too delicate to endure the least advance towards romping. I may perhaps

hereafter improve upon the hint he has given me, and make it the subject of a whole Spectator; in the mean time take it as it follows in his own words.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'IT is my misfortune to be in love with a young creature who is daily committing faults, which, though they give me the utmost uneasiness, I know not how to reprove her for, or even acquaint her with. She is pretty, dresses well, is rich, and good-humoured; but either wholly neglects, or has no notion of that which polite people have agreed to distinguish by the name of delicacy. After our return from a walk the other day she threw herself into an elbow-chair, and professed before a large company, that she was all over in a sweat. She told me this afternoon that her stomach ached; and was complaining yesterday at dinner of something that stuck in her teeth. I treated her with a basket of fruit last summer, which she eat so very greedily, as almost made me resolve never to see her more. In short, Sir, I begin to tremble whenever I see her about to speak or move. As she does not want sense, if she takes these hints I am happy; if not, I am more than afraid, that these things, which shock me even in the behaviour of a mistress, will appear insupportable in that of a wife.

'I am, Sir, Yours, &c.'

My next letter comes from a correspondent whom I cannot but very much value, upon the account which she gives of herself.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM happily arrived at a state of tranquillity, which few people envy; I mean, that of an

old maid; therefore being wholly unconcerned in all that medley of follies which our sex is apt to contract from the silly fondness of yours, I read you railleries on us without provocation. I can say with Hamlet,

——"Man delights not me,
Nor woman neither."

'Therefore, dear Sir, as you never spare your own sex, do not be afraid of reproving what is ridiculous in ours, and you will oblige at least one woman, who is 'Your humble Servant,

'SUSANNAH FROST.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM wife to a clergyman, and cannot help thinking that in your tenth or tithe character of womankind[o] you meant myself, therefore I have no quarrel against you for the other nine characters.

'Your humble Servant,

X.[p] 'A. B.'

No. 218. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1711.

Quid de quoque viro, et cui dicas, sæpe caveto.
HOR. 1 Ep. xviii. 68.

——— Have a care
Of whom you talk, to whom, and what, and where.
POOLEY.

I HAPPENED the other day, as my way is, to stroll into a little coffee-house beyond Aldgate; and as I sat there, two or three very plain sensible men were talking of the Spectator. One said, he had that

[o] See No. 209.
[p] By Mr. E. Budgell. See No. 555.

morning drawn the great benefit ticket; another wished he had; but a third shaked his head and said, it was pity that the writer of that paper was such a sort of man, that it was no matter whether he had it or no. He is, it seems, said the good man, the most extravagant creature in the world; has run through vast sums, and yet been in continual want; a man, for all he talks so well of economy, unfit for any of the offices of life by reason of his profuseness. It would be an unhappy thing to be his wife, his child, or his friend; and yet he talks as well of those duties of life as any one. Much reflection has brought me to so easy a contempt for every thing which is false, that this heavy accusation gave me no manner of uneasiness; but at the same time it threw me into deep thought upon the subject of fame in general; and I could not but pity such as were so weak, as to value what the common people say out of their own talkative temper to the advantage or diminution of those whom they mention, without being moved either by malice or good-will. It would be too long to expatiate upon the sense all mankind have of fame, and the inexpressible pleasure which there is in the approbation of worthy men, to all who are capable of worthy actions; but methinks one may divide the general word Fame into three different species, as it regards the different orders of mankind who have any thing to do with it. Fame therefore may be divided into glory, which respects the hero; reputation, which is preserved by every gentleman; and credit, which must be supported by every tradesman. These possessions in fame are dearer than life to those characters of men, or rather are the life of these characters. Glory, while the hero pursues great and noble enterprises, is impreg-

nable; and all the assailants of his renown do but show their pain and impatience of its brightness, without throwing the least shade upon it. If the foundation of an high name be virtue and service, all that is offered against it is but rumour, which is too short-lived to stand up in competition with glory, which is everlasting.

Reputation, which is the portion of every man who would live with the elegant and knowing part of mankind, is as stable as glory, if it be as well founded; and the common cause of human society is thought concerned when we hear a man of good behaviour calumniated. Besides which, according to a prevailing custom amongst us, every man has his defence in his own arm; and reproach is soon checked, put out of countenance, and overtaken by disgrace.

The most unhappy of all men, and the most exposed to the malignity or wantonness of the common voice, is the trader. Credit is undone in whispers. The tradesman's wound is received from one who is more private and more cruel than the ruffian with the lanthorn and dagger. The manner of repeating a man's name; as—'Mr. Cash, Oh! do you leave your money at his shop? Why, do you know Mr. Searoom? He is indeed a general merchant.' I say, I have seen, from the iteration of a man's name hiding one thought of him, and explaining what you hide, by saying something to his advantage when you speak, a merchant hurt in his credit; and him who, every day he lived, literally added to the value of his native country, undone by one who was only a burden and a blemish to it. Since every body who knows the world is sensible of this great evil, how careful ought a man to be in his language

of a merchant! It may possibly be in the power of a very shallow creature to lay the ruin of the best family in the most opulent city; and the more so, the more highly he deserves of his country; that is to say, the farther he places his wealth out of his hands, to draw home that of another climate.

In this case an ill word may change plenty into want, and, by a rash sentence, a free and generous fortune may in a few days be reduced to beggary. How little does a giddy prater imagine that an idle phrase, to the disfavour of a merchant, may be as pernicious in the consequence, as the forgery of a deed to bar an inheritance would be to a gentleman? Land stands where it did before a gentleman was calumniated, and the state of a great action is just as it was before calumny was offered to diminish it, and there is time, place, and occasion expected to unravel all that is contrived against those characters; but the trader, who is ready only for probable demands upon him, can have no armour against the inquisitive, the malicious, and the envious, who are prepared to fill the cry to his dishonour. Fire and sword are slow engines of destruction, in comparison of the babbler in the case of the merchant.

For this reason I thought it an imitable piece of humanity of a gentleman of my acquaintance, who had great variety of affairs, and used to talk with warmth enough against gentlemen by whom he thought himself ill dealt with; but he would never let any thing be urged against a merchant (with whom he had any difference), except in a court of justice. He used to say, that to speak ill of a merchant was to begin his suit with judgment and execution. One cannot, I think, say more on this occasion, than to repeat, that the merit of the merchant is above that

of all other subjects; for while he is untouched in his credit, his hand-writing is a more portable coin for the service of his fellow-citizens, and his word the gold of Ophir to the country wherein he resides.

T.[q]

No. 219. SATURDAY, November 10, 1711.

Vix ea nostra voco.—
Ovid. Met. xiii. 141.
These I scarce call our own.

There are but few men who are not ambitious of distinguishing themselves in the nation or country where they live, and of growing considerable among those with whom they converse. There is a kind of grandeur and respect which the meanest and most insignificant part of mankind endeavour to procure in the little circle of their friends and acquaintance. The poorest mechanic, nay, the man who lives upon common alms, gets him his set of admirers, and delights in that superiority which he enjoys over those who are in some respects beneath him. This ambition, which is natural to the soul of man, might, methinks, receive a very happy turn; and, if it were rightly directed, contribute as much to a person's advantage, as it generally does to his uneasiness and disquiet.

I shall therefore put together some thoughts on this subject, which I have not met with in other writers; and shall set them down as they have occurred to me, without being at the pains to connect or methodise them.

All superiority and pre-eminence that one man

[q] By Steele. See final note to No. 324, on signature T.

can have over another may be reduced to the notion of quality, which, considered at large, is either that of fortune, body, or mind. The first is that which consists in birth, title, or riches; and is the most foreign to our natures, and what we can the least call our own of any of the three kinds of quality. In relation to the body, quality arises from health, strength, or beauty; which are nearer to us, and more a part of ourselves than the former. Quality, as it regards the mind, has its rise from knowledge or virtue; and is that which is more essential to us, and more intimately united with us than either of the other two.

The quality of fortune, though a man has less reason to value himself upon it than on that of the body or mind, is however the kind of quality which makes the most shining figure in the eye of the world.

As virtue is the most reasonable and genuine source of honour, we generally find in titles an intimation of some particular merit that should recommend men to the high stations which they possess. Holiness is ascribed to the pope; majesty to kings; serenity or mildness of temper to princes; excellence or perfection to ambassadors; grace to archbishops; honour to peers; worship or venerable behaviour to magistrates; and reverence, which is of the same import as the former, to the inferior clergy.

In the founders of great families such attributes of honour are generally correspondent with the virtues of that person to whom they are applied; but in the descendants they are too often the marks rather of grandeur than of merit. The stamp and denomination still continues, but the intrinsic value is frequently lost.

The death-bed shows the emptiness of titles in a true light. A poor dispirited sinner lies trembling under the apprehensions of the state he is entering on; and is asked by a grave attendant how his holiness does. Another hears himself addressed to under the title of highness or excellency, who lies under such mean circumstances of mortality as are the disgrace of human nature. Titles at such a time look rather like insults and mockery than respect.

The truth of it is, honours are in this world under no regulation; true quality is neglected, virtue is oppressed, and vice triumphant. The last day will rectify this disorder, and assign to every one a station suitable to the dignity of his character. Ranks will be then adjusted, and precedency set right.

Methinks we should have an ambition, if not to advance ourselves in another world, at least to preserve our post in it, and outshine our inferiors in virtue here, that they may not be put above us in a state which is to settle the distinction for eternity.

Men in scripture are called strangers and sojourners upon earth, and life a pilgrimage. Several heathen, as well as Christian authors, under the same kind of metaphor, have represented the world as an inn, which was only designed to furnish us with accommodations in this our passage. It is therefore very absurd to think of setting up our rest before we come to our journey's end, and not rather to take care of the reception we shall there meet, than to fix our thoughts on the little conveniences and advantages which we enjoy one above another in the way to it.

Epictetus makes use of another kind of allusion, which is very beautiful, and wonderfully proper to

incline us to be satisfied with the post in which Providence has placed us. We are here, says he, as in a theatre, where every one has a part allotted to him. The great duty which lies upon a man is to act his part in perfection. We may indeed say, that our part does not suit us, and that we could act another better. But this, says the philosopher, is not our business. All that we are concerned in is to excel in the part which is given us. If it be an improper one, the fault is not in us, but in Him who has cast our several parts, and is the great disposer of the drama.[r]

The part that was acted by this philosopher himself was but a very indifferent one; for he lived and died a slave. His motive to contentment in this particular, receives a very great enforcement from the above-mentioned consideration, if we remember that our parts in the other world will be new cast, and that mankind will be there ranged in different stations of superiority and pre-eminence, in proportion as they have here excelled one another in virtue, and performed in their several posts of life the duties which belong to them.

There are many beautiful passages in the little apocryphal book, intitled The Wisdom of Solomon, to set forth the vanity of honour, and the like temporal blessings which are in so great repute among men, and to comfort those who have not the possession of them. It represents in very warm and noble terms this advancement of a good man in the other world, and the great surprise which it will produce among those who are his superiors in this. 'Then shall the righteous man stand in great boldness be-

[r] Vid. Epicteti Enchirid. cap. 23.

fore the face of such as have afflicted him, and made no account of his labours. When they see it, they shall be troubled with terrible fear, and shall be amazed at the strangeness of his salvation, so far beyond all that they looked for. And they repenting and groaning for anguish of spirit, shall say within themselves, This was he whom we had sometime in derision, and a proverb of reproach. We fools accounted his life madness, and his end to be without honour. How is he numbered among the children of God, and his lot is among the saints!'[s]

If the reader would see the description of a life that is passed away in vanity and among the shadows of pomp and greatness, he may see it very finely drawn in the same place.[t] In the mean time, since it is necessary, in the present constitution of things, that order and distinction should be kept up in the world, we should be happy, if those who enjoy the upper stations in it would endeavour to surpass others in virtue as much as in rank, and by their humanity and condescension make their superiority easy and acceptable to those who are beneath them; and if, on the contrary, those who are in meaner posts of life would consider how they may better their condition hereafter, and, by a just deference and submission to their superiors, make them happy in those blessings with which Providence has thought fit to distinguish them. C.[u]

[s] Wisd. ch. v. 1—5. [t] Ch. v. 8—14.

[u] By Addison, dated perhaps from Chelsea. See final note to No. 7, on the signatures C, L, I, O; and No. 221.

No. 220. MONDAY, November 12, 1711.

Rumoresque serit varios———
Virg. Æn. xii. 228.
A thousand rumours spreads.

'SIR,

'Why will you apply to my father for my love? I cannot help it if he will give you my person; but I assure you it is not in his power, nor even in my own, to give you my heart. Dear Sir, do but consider the ill consequences of such a match; you are fifty-five, I twenty-one. You are a man of business, and mightily conversant in arithmetic and making calculations; be pleased therefore to consider what proportion your spirits bear to mine; and when you have made a just estimate of the necessary decay on one side, and the redundance on the other, you will act accordingly. This perhaps is such language as you may not expect from a young lady; but my happiness is at stake, and I must talk plainly. I mortally hate you; and so, as you and my father agree, you may take me or leave me; but if you will be so good as never to see me more you will for ever oblige,

'Sir, your most humble servant,

'Henrietta.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'There are so many artifices and modes of false wit, and such a variety of humour discovers itself among its votaries, that it would be impossible to exhaust so fertile a subject, if you would think fit to resume it. The following instances may, if

you think fit, be added by way of appendix to your discourses on that subject.[w]

'That feat of poetical activity, mentioned by Horace, of an author who could compose two hundred verses while he stood upon one leg, has been imitated (as I have heard) by a modern writer, who, priding himself on the hurry of his invention, thought it no small addition to his fame to have each piece minuted with the exact number of hours or days it cost him in the composition. He could taste no praise until he had acquainted you in how short a space of time he had deserved it; and was not so much led to an ostentation of his art, as of his despatch:

——"Accipe si vis,
Accipe jam tabulas; detur nobis locus, et hora,
Custodes: videamus uter plus scribere possit."
HOR. 1 Sat. iv. 14.

"Here's pen and ink, and time, and place; let's try,
Who can write most, and fastest, you or I."
CREECH.

'This was the whole of his ambition; and therefore I cannot but think the flights of this rapid author very proper to be opposed to those laborious nothings which you have observed were the delight of the German wits, and in which they so happily get rid of such a tedious quantity of their time.

'I have known a gentleman of another turn of humour, who, despising the name of an author, never printed his works, but contracted his talent, and by the help of a very fine diamond, which he wore on his little finger, was a considerable poet upon glass. He had a very good epigrammatic wit; and there

[w] See Nos. 58—63.

was not a parlour or tavern window where he visited or dined for some years, which did not receive some sketches or memorials of it. It was his misfortune at last to lose his genius and his ring to a sharper at play, and he has not attempted to make a verse since.

But of all contractions or expedients for wit, I admire that of an ingenious projector whose book I have seen. This virtuoso, being a mathematician, has, according to his taste, thrown the art of poetry into a short problem, and contrived tables, by which any one, without knowing a word of grammar or sense, may, to his great comfort, be able to compose or rather to erect Latin verses.[x] His tables are a kind of poetical logarithms, which being divided into several squares, and all inscribed with so many incoherent words, appear to the eye somewhat like a fortune-telling screen. What a joy must it be to the unlearned operator, to find that these words being carefully collected and writ down in order, according to the problem, start of themselves into hexameter and pentameter verses! A friend of mine, who is a student in astrology, meeting with this book, performed the operation by the rules there set down; he showed his verses to the next of his acquaintance, who happened to understand Latin; and being informed they described a tempest of wind, very luckily prefixed them, together with a translation, to an almanack he was just then printing,

[x] This is no fiction of the Spectator's, as might naturally be imagined. There was a projector of this kind named John Peter, who published a very thin pamphlet in 8vo. intitled Artificial Versifying, a new way to make Latin Verses. Lond. 1678. I believe it is a plan of his scheme which is given in Nat. Bailey's Dictionary, folio, under the word Hexameter. P.

and was supposed to have foretold the last great storm.[y]

I think the only improvement beyond this would be that which the late duke of Buckingham[z] mentioned to a stupid pretender to poetry, as a project of a Dutch mechanic, viz. a mill to make verses. This being the most compendious method of all which have yet been proposed, may deserve the thoughts of our modern virtuosi who are employed in new discoveries for the public good; and it may be worth the while to consider, whether, in an island where few are content without being thought wits, it will not be a common benefit, that wit as well as labour should be made cheap.

'I am, SIR, your humble servant, &c.'[a]

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I OFTEN dine at a gentleman's house where there are two young ladies in themselves very agreeable, but very cold in their behaviour, because they understand me for a person that is to "break my mind," as the phrase is, very suddenly to one of them. But I take this way to acquaint them that I am not in love with either of them, in hopes they will use me with that agreeable freedom and indifference which they do all the rest of the world, and not to drink to one another only, but sometimes cast a kind look, with their service to,

'SIR, your humble servant.'

[y] Viz. November 26, 1703. See Tat. No. 43, and note.

[z] George Villiers, author of the Rehearsal, who died in 1687. Swift seems to have borrowed from hence his wooden engine for making books in Gulliver's Travels, p. 3, ch. 5.

[a] This letter was written by Mr. John Hughes.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a young gentleman, and take it for a piece of good breeding to pull off my hat when I see any thing peculiarly charming in any woman, whether I know her or not. I take care that there is nothing ludicrous or arch in my manner, as if I were to betray a woman into a salutation by way of jest or humour; and yet, except I am acquainted with her, I find she ever takes it for a rule that she is to look upon this civility and homage I pay to her supposed merit, as an impertinence or forwardness which she is to observe and neglect. I wish, Sir, you would settle the business of salutation; and please to inform me how I shall resist the sudden impulse I have to be civil to what gives an idea of merit, or tell these creatures how to behave themselves in return to the esteem I have for them. My affairs are such, that your decision will be a favour to me, if it be only to save the unnecessary expense of wearing out my hat so fast as I do at present.

'I am, SIR, yours, T. D.'

'P. S. There are some that do know me, and won't bow to me.'

T.

*** Nov. 10, King Lear. The King, by Mr. Powell; Gloster, Mr. Cibber; Edgar, Mr. Wilks; Edmund, Mr. Mills; Kent, Mr. Keen. Cordelia, Miss Sherbourn; and Gentleman Usher, Mr. Pinkethman.—Spect. in folio.

††† On the preceding evening was presented at Drury-lane theatre, a comedy, written by sir G. Etheridge, called She Wou'd if she Cou'd. Sir O. Cockwood, by Mr. Dogget; Sir Joshua Jolly, Mr. Estcourt; Courtall, Mr. Wilks; Freeman, Mr. Mills; Rakehell, Mr. Bickerstaff. L. Cockwood, Mrs. Knight; Ariana, Mrs. Porter; Gatty, Mrs. Santlow; and Sentry, by Mrs. Saunders.—Spect. in folio.

No. 221. TUESDAY, November 13, 1711.

—Ab ovo
Usque ad mala—

Hor. Sat. 3, l. 1, v. 6.

From eggs, which first are set upon the board,
To apples ripe, with which it last is stor'd.

When I have finished any of my speculations, it is my method to consider which of the ancient authors have touched upon the subject that I treat of. By this means I meet with some celebrated thought upon it, or a thought of my own expressed in better words, or some similitude for the illustration of my subject. This is what gives birth to the motto of a speculation, which I rather choose to take out of the poets than the prose writers, as the former generally give a finer turn to a thought than the latter, and, by couching it in few words and in harmonious numbers, make it more portable to the memory.

My reader is therefore sure to meet with at least one good line in every paper, and very often finds his imagination entertained by a hint that awakens in his memory some beautiful passage of a classic author.

It was a saying of an ancient philosopher,[b] which I find some of our writers have ascribed to queen Elizabeth, who perhaps might have taken occasion to repeat it, that a good face is a letter of recommendation. It naturally makes the beholders inquisitive into the person who is the owner of it, and generally prepossesses them in his favour. A handsome motto has the same effect. Besides that it

[b] Aristotle; or, according to some, Diogenes. See Diogenes Laertius, lib. 5, cap. 1, n. 11.

always gives a supernumerary beauty to a paper, and is sometimes in a manner necessary, when the writer is engaged in what may appear a paradox to vulgar minds, as it shows that he is supported by good authorities, and is not singular in his opinion.

I must confess the motto is of little use to an unlearned reader; for which reason I consider it only as 'a word to the wise.' But as for my unlearned friends, if they cannot relish the motto, I take care to make provision for them in the body of my paper. If they do not understand the sign that is hung out, they know very well by it that they may meet with entertainment in the house; and I think I was never better pleased than with a plain man's compliment, who, upon his friend's telling him that he would like the Spectator much better if he understood the motto, replied that 'good wine needs no bush.'

I have heard of a couple of preachers in a country town who endeavoured which should outshine one another, and draw together the greatest congregation. One of them being well versed in the Fathers, used to quote every now and then a Latin sentence to his illiterate hearers, who, it seems, found themselves so edified by it, that they flocked in greater numbers to this learned man than to his rival. The other finding his congregation mouldering every Sunday, and hearing at length what was the occasion of it, resolved to give his parish a little Latin in his turn; but being unacquainted with any of the Fathers, he digested into his sermons the whole book of *Quæ Genus*, adding, however, such explications to it as he thought might be for the benefit of his people. He afterwards entered upon *As in præsenti*, which he converted in the same manner to the use of his parishioners. This in a very little time

thickened his audience, filled his church, and routed his antagonist.

The natural love to Latin which is so prevalent in our common people, makes me think that my speculations fare never the worse among them for that little scrap which appears at the head of them; and what the more encourages me in the use of quotations in an unknown tongue is, that I hear the ladies, whose approbation I value more than that of the whole learned world, declare themselves in a more particular manner pleased with my Greek mottos.

Designing this day's work for a dissertation upon the two extremities of my paper, and having already despatched my motto, I shall in the next place, discourse upon these single capital letters which are placed at the end of it, and which have afforded great matter of speculation to the curious. I have heard various conjectures upon this subject. Some tell us that C is the mark of those papers that are written by the clergyman, though others ascribe them to the club in general: that the papers marked with R were written by my friend sir Roger: that L signifies the lawyer whom I have described in my second speculation; and that T stands for the trader or merchant. But the letter X, which is placed at the end of some few of my papers, is that which has puzzled the whole town, as they cannot think of any name which begins with that letter, except Xenophon and Xerxes, who can neither of them be supposed to have had any hand in these speculations.

In answer to these inquisitive gentlemen, who have many of them made inquiries of me by letter, I must tell them the reply of an ancient philosopher,

who carried something hidden under his cloak. A certain acquaintance desiring him to let him know what it was he carried so carefully: 'I cover it,' says he, 'on purpose that you should not know.' I have made use of these obscure marks for the same purpose. They are, perhaps, little amulets or charms to preserve the paper against the fascination and malice of evil eyes, for which reason I would not have my reader surprised if, hereafter, he sees any of my papers marked with a Q, a Z, a Y, an &c. or with the word Abracadabra.[c]

I shall, however, so far explain myself to the reader, as to let him know that the letters C, L, and X, are cabalistical, and carry more in them than it is proper for the world to be acquainted with, Those who are versed in the philosophy of Pythagoras, and swear by the Tetrachtys, that is, the number four,[d] will know very well that the number ten, which is signified by the letter X, (and which has so much perplexed the town,) has in it many particular powers; that it is called by Platonic writers the complete number; that one, two, three, and four, put together make up the number ten; and that ten is all. But these are not mysteries for ordinary readers to be let into. A man must have spent many years in hard study before he can arrive at the knowledge of them.

We had a rabbinical divine in England, who was chaplain to the earl of Essex in queen Elizabeth's time, that had an admirable head for secrets of this

[c] A noted charm for agues: said to have been invented by Basilides, an heretic of the second century, who taught, that very sublime mysteries were contained in the number 365, (viz. not only the days of the year, but the different orders of celestial beings, &c.) to which number the Hebrew letters that compose the word Abracadabra are said to amount.

[d] See Stanley's Lives of the Philosophers, page 527, 2d edit. 1687, folio.

nature. Upon his taking the doctor of divinity's degree, he preached before the university of Cambridge, upon the first verse of the first chapter of the first book of Chronicles, 'in which,' says he, 'you will see the three following words:

'Adam, Sheth, Enosh.'

He divided this short text into many parts, and by discovering several mysteries in each word, made a most learned and elaborate discourse. The name of this profound preacher was Dr. Alabaster, of whom the reader may find a more particular Account in Dr. Fuller's book of English Worthies.[e] This instance will, I hope, convince my readers that there may be a great deal of fine writing in the capital letters which bring up the rear of my paper, and give them some satisfaction in that particular. But as for the full explications of these matters, I must refer them to time, which discovers all things.

C.[f]

[e] It seems the word Adam signifies in the Hebrew language, 'man;' Sheth signifies 'placed;' and Enoch, 'misery:' hence this profound doctor (to use the words of the historian referred to) 'mined for a mystical meaning,' and dug out this moral inference, that, 'Man is placed in misery or pain.' See Fuller's Worthies of Suffolk, p. 70.

[f] By Addison, dated, it is thought, from Chelsea. See final note to No. 7.

The following passage in Steele's dedication of The Drummer to Mr. Congreve, on the subject of the capital letters at the ends of the half sheets in which the Spectators were first published, is here faithfully transcribed, and left free to the judgment of the reader. 'The editor [of Addison's Works in 4to, Mr. Thomas Tickell] will not let me or any body else obey Mr. Addison's commands, in hiding any thing he desires should be concealed.—The circumstance of marking his Spectators, which I did not know till I had done with the work, I made my own act, because I thought it too great a sensibility of my friend, and thought it, since it was done, better to be supposed marked by me than the author himself, the real state of which this zealot rashly and injudiciously exposes. I ask the reader whether any thing but an earnestness to disparage me could provoke the editor, in

No. 222. WEDNESDAY, November 14, 1711.

Cur alter fratrum cessare, et ludere, et ungi,
Præferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus—
Hor. 2 Ep. ii. 183.

Why, of two brothers, one his pleasure loves,
Prefers his sports to Herod's fragrant groves.
Creech.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'There is one thing I have often looked for in your papers, and have as often wondered to find myself disappointed; the rather because I think it a subject every way agreeable to your design, and, by being left unattempted by others, it seems reserved as a proper employment for you; I mean, a Disquisition, from whence it proceeds that men of the brightest parts and most comprehensive genius, completely furnished with talents for any province in human affairs, such as by their wise lessons of economy to others have made it evident that they have the justest notions of life, and of true sense in the conduct of it—from what unhappy contradictious cause it proceeds that persons, thus finished by nature and by art, should so often fail in the management of that which they so well understand, and want the address to make a right application of their own rules. This is certainly a prodigious inconsistency in behaviour, and makes much such a figure in morals, as a monstrous birth in naturals; with this difference only, which greatly aggravates the won-

behalf of Mr. Addison, to say, that he marked it out of caution against me, when I had taken it upon me to say, it was I that did it out of tenderness to him.' It seems difficult to ascertain the sense of this involved passage, here given in its original punctuation: perhaps Steele put the ☞ as a mark to distinguish Addison's papers in the Guardian.

der, that it happens much more frequently: and what a blemish does it cast upon wit and learning in the general account of the world? And in how disadvantageous a light does it expose them to the busy class of mankind, that there should be so many instances of persons who have so conducted their lives in spite of these transcendent advantages, as neither to be happy in themselves, nor useful to their friends; when every body sees it was entirely in their own power to be eminent in both these characters? For my part I think there is no reflection more astonishing than to consider one of these gentlemen spending a fair fortune, running in every body's debt without the least apprehension of a future reckoning, and at last leaving not only his own children, but possibly those of other people, by his means, in starving circumstances; while a fellow, whom no one would scarce suspect to have a human soul, shall perhaps raise a vast estate out of nothing, and be the founder of a family capable of being very considerable in their country, and doing many illustrious services to it. That this observation is just, experience has put beyond all dispute. But though the fact be so evident and glaring, yet the causes of it are still in the dark; which makes me persuade myself, that it would be no unacceptable piece of entertainment to the town to inquire into the hidden sources of so unaccountable an evil.

'I am, SIR, your most humble servant.'

What this correspondent wonders at has been matter of admiration ever since there was any such thing as human life. Horace reflects upon this inconsistency very agreeably in the character of Tigel-

[h] See No. 162.

lius,[h] whom he makes a mighty pretender to economy, and tells you, you might one day hear him speak the most philosophic things imaginable concerning being contented with a little, and his contempt of every thing but mere necessaries; and in half a week after spend a thousand pounds. When he says this of him with relation to expense, he describes him as unequal to himself in every other circumstance of life. And, indeed, if we consider lavish men carefully, we shall find it always proceeds from a certain incapacity of possessing themselves, and finding enjoyment in their own minds. Mr. Dryden has expressed this very excellently in the character of Zimri:

'A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.
Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong,
Was every thing by starts, and nothing long;
But in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman and buffoon.
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking;
Blest madman who could every hour employ
In something new to wish, or to enjoy!
In squand'ring wealth was his peculiar art,
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.'

This loose state of the soul hurries the extravagant from one pursuit to another; and the reason that his expenses are greater than another's is, that his wants are also more numerous. But what makes so many go on in this way to their lives' end is, that they certainly do not know how contemptible they are in the eyes of the rest of mankind, or rather, that indeed they are not so contemptible as they deserve. Tully says, it is the greatest of wickedness to lessen your paternal estate. And if a man would thoroughly consider how much worse

than banishment it must be to his child, to ride by the estate which should have been his had it not been for his father's injustice to him, he would be smitten with the reflection more deeply than can be understood by any but one who is a father. Sure there can be nothing more afflicting than to think it had been happier for his son to have been born of any other man living than himself.

It is not, perhaps, much thought of, but it is certainly a very important lesson, to learn how to enjoy ordinary life, and to be able to relish your being without the transport of some passion, or gratification of some appetite. For want of this capacity, the world is filled with whetters, tipplers, cutters, sippers, and all the numerous train of those who, for want of thinking, are forced to be ever exercising their feeling or tasting. It would be hard on this occasion to mention the harmless smokers of tobacco and takers of snuff.

The slower part of mankind, whom my correspondent wonders should get estates, are the more immediately formed for that pursuit. They can expect distant things without impatience, because they are not carried out of their way either by violent passion or keen appetite to any thing. To men addicted to delights, business is an interruption; to such as are cold to delights, business is an entertainment. For which reason it was said by one who commended a dull man for his application, 'No thanks to him; if he had no business, he would have nothing to do.'[i] T.[k]

[i] See Mr. Baynes's remarks on this paper in Hughes's Correspondence, Vol. i. let. xvi. p. 56.

[k] By Steele. See final notes to Nos. 6, and 324.

No. 223. THURSDAY, November 15, 1711.

O suavis Anima! qualem te dicam bonam
Antehac fuisse, tales cùm sint reliquiæ!
Phædr. iii. i. 5.

O sweet soul! how good must you have been heretofore, when your remains are so delicious!

When I reflect upon the various fate of those multitudes of ancient writers who flourished in Greece and Italy, I consider time as an immense ocean in which many noble authors are entirely swallowed up, many very much shattered and damaged, some quite disjointed and broken into pieces, while some have wholly escaped the common wreck; but the number of the last is very small.

'Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.'
Virg. Æn. i. 122.
'One here and there floats on the vast abyss.'

Among the mutilated poets of antiquity, there is none whose fragments are so beautiful as those of Sappho. They give us a taste of her way of writing, which is perfectly conformable with that extraordinary character we find of her in the remarks of those great critics who were conversant with her works when they were entire. One may see, by what is left of them, that she followed nature in all her thoughts, without descending to those little points, conceits, and turns of wit with which many of our modern lyrics are so miserably infected. Her soul seems to have been made up of love and poetry. She felt the passion in all its warmth, and described it in all its symptoms. She is called by ancient authors the tenth muse; and by Plutarch is compared to Cacus, the son of Vulcan, who breathed out nothing but flame. I do not know, by the char-

acter that is given of her works, whether it is not for the benefit of mankind that they are lost. They were filled with such bewitching tenderness and rapture, that it might have been dangerous to have given them a reading.[1]

An inconstant lover, called Phaon, occasioned great calamities to this poetical lady. She fell desperately in love with him, and took a voyage into Sicily in pursuit of him, he having withdrawn himself thither on purpose to avoid her. It was in that island, and on this occasion, she is supposed to have made the Hymn to Venus, with a translation of which I shall present my reader. Her hymn was ineffectual for the procuring that happiness which she prayed for in it. Phaon was still obdurate; and Sappho so transported with the violence of her passion, that she was resolved to get rid of it at any price.

There was a promontory in Acarnania, called Leucate, on the top of which was a little temple dedicated to Apollo. In this temple it was usual for despairing lovers to make their vows in secret, and afterwards to fling themselves from the top of the precipice into the sea, where they were sometimes taken up alive. This place was therefore called The Lover's Leap; and whether or no the fright they had been in, or the resolution that could push them to so dreadful a remedy, or the bruises which they often received in their fall, banished all the tender sentiments of love, and gave their spirits another turn; those who had taken this leap were

[1] 'In applying to the poetical remains of Sappho the two lines of Phædrus contained in this motto, Mr. Addison has hit upon one of the most elegant and happy applications that perhaps ever was made from any classic author.'—Essay on the Genius of Pope.

observed never to relapse into that passion. Sappho tried the cure, but perished in the experiment.

After having given this short account of Sappho, so far as it regards the following Ode, I shall subjoin the translation of it as it was sent me by a friend,[m] whose admirable pastorals and Winter Piece have been already so well received. The reader will find in it that pathetic simplicity which is so peculiar to him, and so suitable to the ode he has here translated. This ode in the Greek (besides those beauties observed by madam Dacier) has several harmonious turns in the words which are not lost in the English. I must farther add, that the translation has preserved every image and sentiment of Sappho, notwithstanding it has all the ease and spirit of an original. In a word, if the ladies have a mind to know the manner of writing practised by the so much celebrated Sappho, they may here see it in its genuine and natural beauty, without any foreign or affected ornaments.

AN HYMN TO VENUS.

I.

'O Venus, beauty of the skies,
To whom a thousand temples rise,
Gaily false in gentle smiles,
Full of love-perplexing wiles;
O goddess! from my heart remove
The wasting cares and pains of love.

II.

'If ever thou hast kindly heard
A song in soft distress preferr'd,

[m] Ambrose Phillips.—The author of the Essay on the Writings of Pope thinks both this and Phillips's other translation in No. 229, were revised and altered by Addison himself.—The Winter Piece is in Tat. No. 12. See also Spect. No. 366.

Propitious to my tuneful vow,
O gentle goddess! hear me now.
Descend, thou bright, immortal guest,
In all thy radiant charms confest.

III.

'Thou once didst leave almighty Jove,
And all the golden roofs above:
The car thy wanton sparrows drew,
Hovering in air they lightly flew;
As to my bower they wing'd their way,
I saw their quivering pinions play.

IV.

'The birds dismist (while you remain)
Bore back their empty car again:
Then you, with looks divinely mild,
In every heavenly feature smil'd,
And ask'd what new complaints I made,
And why I call you to my aid?

V.

'What phrenzy in my bosom rag'd,
And by what cure to be assuag'd?
What gentle youth I would allure,
Whom in thy artful toils secure?
Who does thy tender heart subdue,
Tell me, my Sappho, tell me who?

VI.

'Tho' now he shuns thy longing arms,
He soon shall court thy slighted charms·
Tho' now thy offerings he despise,
He soon to thee shall sacrifice;
Tho' now he freeze, he soon shall burn,
And be thy victim in his turn.

VII.

'Celestial visitant, once more
Thy needful presence I implore!
In pity come, and ease my grief,
Bring my distemper'd soul relief,
Favour thy suppliant's hidden fires,
And give me all my heart desires.'

Madam Dacier observes there is something very pretty in that circumstance of this ode, wherein

Venus is described as sending away her chariot upon her arrival at Sappho's lodgings, to denote that it was not a short transient visit which she intended to make her. This ode was preserved by an eminent Greek critic,[n] who inserted it entire in his works as a pattern of perfection in the structure of it.

Longinus has quoted another ode of this great poetess, which is likewise admirable in its kind, and has been translated by the same hand with the foregoing one. I shall oblige my reader with it in another paper.[o] In the mean while, I cannot but wonder that these two finished pieces have never been attempted before by any of our countrymen. But the truth of it is, the compositions of the ancients, which have not in them any of those unnatural witticisms that are the delight of ordinary readers, are extremely difficult to render into another tongue, so as the beauties of the original may not appear weak and faded in the translation. C.[p]

No. 224. FRIDAY, November 16, 1711.

—Fulgente trahit constrictos gloria curru
Non minus ignotos generosis—
Hor. 1 Sat. vi. 23.
Chain'd to her shining car, Fame draws along,
With equal whirl, the great and vulgar throng.

If we look abroad upon the great multitude of mankind, and endeavour to trace out the principles of

[n] Dionysius of Halicarnassus, in his book De Structura Orationis, p. 202. Lond. 1702.

[o] See No. 229.

[p] By Addison, dated, it seems, from Chelsea. See final notes to No. 6, No. 221, and penult. note.

action in every individual, it will, I think, seem highly probable that ambition runs through the whole species, and that every man in proportion to the vigour of his complexion is more or less actuated by it. It is indeed no uncommon thing to meet with men, who, by the natural bent of their inclinations, and without the discipline of philosophy, aspire not to the heights of power and grandeur: who never set their hearts upon a numerous train of clients and dependences, nor other gay appendages of greatness; who are contented with a competency, and will not molest their tranquillity to gain an abundance. But it is not therefore to be concluded that such a man is not ambitious; his desires may have cut out another channel, and determined him to other pursuits; the motive however may be still the same; and in these cases likewise the man may be equally pushed on with the desire of distinction.

Though the pure consciousness of worthy actions, abstracted from the views of popular applause, be to a generous mind an ample reward, yet the desire of distinction was doubtless implanted in our natures as an additional incentive to exert ourselves in virtuous excellence.

This passion indeed, like all others, is frequently perverted to evil and ignoble purposes; so that we may account for many of the excellences and follies of life upon the same innate principle, to wit, the desire of being remarkable; for this, as it has been differently cultivated by education, study, and converse, will bring forth suitable effects as it falls in with an ingenuous disposition or a corrupt mind. It does accordingly express itself in acts of magnanimity or selfish cunning, as it meets with a good or a weak understanding. As it has been employed in

embellishing the mind, or adorning the outside, it renders the man eminently praiseworthy or ridiculous. Ambition therefore is not to be confined only to one passion or pursuit; for as the same humours, in constitutions otherwise different, affect the body after different manners, so the same aspiring principle within us sometimes breaks forth upon one object, sometimes upon another.

It cannot be doubted, but that there is as great a desire of glory in a ring of wrestlers or cudgel-players, as in any other more refined competition for superiority. No man that could avoid it would ever suffer his head to be broken but out of a principle of honour. This is the secret spring that pushes them forward; and the superiority which they gain above the undistinguished many does more than repair those wounds they have received in the combat. It is Mr. Waller's opinion, that Julius Cæsar, had he not been master of the Roman empire, would in all probability have made an excellent wrestler:

> 'Great Julius on the mountains bred,
> A flock perhaps or herd had led;
> He that the world subdu'd had been
> But the best wrestler on the green.'

That he subdued the world was owing to the accidents of art and knowledge; had he not met with those advantages, the same sparks of emulation would have kindled within him, and prompted him to distinguish himself in some enterprise of a lower nature. Since therefore no man's lot is so unalterably fixed in this life, but that a thousand accidents may either forward or disappoint his advancement, it is, methinks, a pleasant and inoffensive Specula-

tion, to consider a great man as divested of all the adventitious circumstances of fortune, and to bring him down in one's imagination to that low station of life, the nature of which bears some distant resemblance to that high one he is at present possessed of. Thus one may view him exercising in miniature those talents of nature, which, being drawn out by education to their full length, enable him for the discharge of some important employment. On the other hand, one may raise uneducated merit to such a pitch of greatness as may seem equal to the possible extent of his improved capacity.[q]

Thus nature furnishes a man with a general appetite of glory, education determines it to this or that particular object. The desire of distinction is not, I think, in any instance, more observable than in the variety of outsides and new appearances which the modish part of the world are obliged to provide in order to make themselves remarkable; for any thing glaring and particular, either in behaviour or apparel, is known to have this good effect, that it catches the eye, and will not suffer you to pass over the person so adorned without due notice and observation. It has likewise, upon this account, been frequently resented as a very great slight, to leave any gentleman out of a lampoon or satire, who has as much right to be there as his neighbour, because it supposes the person not eminent enough to be taken notice of. To this passionate fondness for distinction are owing various frolicsome and irregular practices, as sallying out into nocturnal exploits, breaking of windows, singing of catches, beating the watch, getting drunk twice a-day, killing a great

[q] See Gray's Elegy, &c.

number of horses; with many other enterprises of the like fiery nature: for certainly many a man is more rakish and extravagant than he would willingly be, were there not others to look on and give their approbation.

One very common, and at the same time the most absurd ambition that ever showed itself in human nature, is that which comes upon a man with experience and old age, the season when it might be expected he should be wisest; and therefore it cannot receive any of those lessening circumstances which do, in some measure, excuse the disorderly ferments of youthful blood: I mean, the passion for getting money exclusive of the character of the provident father, the affectionate husband, or the generous friend. It may be remarked, for the comfort of honest poverty, that this desire reigns most in those who have but few good qualities to recommend them. This is a weed that will grow in a barren soil. Humanity, good-nature, and the advantages of a liberal education, are incompatible with avarice. It is strange to see how suddenly this abject passion kills all the noble sentiments and generous ambitions that adorn human nature; it renders the man who is over-run with it a peevish and cruel master, a severe parent, an unsociable husband, a distant and mistrustful friend. But it is more to the present purpose to consider it as an absurd passion of the heart, rather than as a vicious affection of the mind. As there are frequent instances to be met with of a proud humility, so this passion, contrary to most others, affects applause, by avoiding all show and appearance; for this reason it will not sometimes endure even the common decencies of apparel. 'A covetous man will call himself poor, that you may

sooth his vanity by contradicting him.' Love and the desire of glory, as they are the most natural, so they are capable of being refined into the most delicate and rational passions. It is true, the wise man who strikes out of the secret paths of a private life for honour and dignity, allured by the splendour of a court, and the unfelt weight of public employment, whether he succeeds in his attempts or no, usually comes near enough to this painted greatness to discern the daubing; he is then desirous of extricating himself out of the hurry of life, that he may pass away the remainder of his days in tranquillity and retirement.

It may be thought then but common prudence in a man not to change a better state for a worse, nor ever to quit that which he knows he shall take up again with pleasure; and yet, if human life be not a little moved with the gentle gales of hopes and fears, there may be some danger of its stagnating in an unmanly indolence and security. It is a known story of Domitian, that, after he had possessed himself of the Roman empire, his desires turned upon catching flies. Active and masculine spirits in the vigour of youth neither can nor ought to remain at rest. If they debar themselves from aiming at a noble object, their desires will move downwards, and they will feel themselves actuated by some low and abject passion. Thus if you cut off the top branches of a tree, and will not suffer it to grow any higher, it will not therefore cease to grow, but will quickly shoot out at the bottom. The man indeed who goes into the world only with the narrow views of self-interest, who catches at the applause of an idle multitude, as he can find no solid contentment at the end of his journey, so he de-

serves to meet with disappointments in his way; but he who is actuated by a nobler principle; whose mind is so far enlarged as to take in the prospect of his country's good; who is enamoured with that praise which is one of the fair attendants of virtue, and values not those acclamations which are not seconded by the impartial testimony of his own mind; who repines not at the low station which Providence has at present allotted him, but yet would willingly advance himself by justifiable means to a more rising and advantageous ground; such a man is warmed with a generous emulation; it is a virtuous movement in him to wish and to endeavour that his power of doing good may be equal to his will.

The man who is fitted out by nature, and sent into the world with great abilities, is capable of doing great good or mischief in it. It ought therefore to be the care of education to infuse into the untainted youth early notices of justice and honour, that so the possible advantages of good parts may not take an evil turn, nor be perverted to base and unworthy purposes. It is the business of religion and philosophy not so much to extinguish our passions, as to regulate and direct them to valuable well-chosen objects. When these have pointed out to us which course we may lawfully steer, it is no harm to set out all our sail; if the storms and tempests of adversity should rise upon us, and not suffer us to make the haven where we would be, it will however prove no small consolation to us in these circumstances, that we have neither mistaken our course, nor fallen into calamities of our own procuring.

Religion therefore (were we to consider it no

farther than as it interposes in the affairs of this life) is highly valuable, and worthy of great veneration; as it settles the various pretensions and otherwise interfering interests of mortal men, and thereby consults the harmony and order of the great community; as it gives a man room to play his part and exert his abilities; as it animates to actions truly laudable in themselves, in their effects beneficial to society; as it inspires rational ambitions, correct love, and elegant desires. Z.[r]

*** JUST PUBLISHED,

'The Spectator Inspected: or, a Letter to the Spectator, from an officer of the army in Flanders, touching the use of French terms, in relations from the army. Occasioned by the Spectator of the 8th of Sept. 1711. Written by the author of the Spy on the Spectator.'

No. 225. SATURDAY, November 17, 1711.

Nullum numen abest si sit prudentia.——
Juv. Sat. x. 365.
Prudence supplies the want of every god.

I have often thought if the minds of men were laid open, we should see but little difference between that of the wise man and that of the fool. There are infinite reveries, numberless extravagances, and a perpetual train of vanities which pass through both. The great difference is, that the first knows how to pick and cull his thoughts for conversation, by suppressing some and communicating others;

[r] By Mr. John Hughes. No. 467, lettered Z, suggests a conjecture that the fine character of Manilius there drawn, was the tribute of Mr. John Hughes's gratitude and friendship to lord Cowper. See No. 537, *ad finem* text; No. 541; No. 544, *ad finem* note; and Hughes's Correspondence, Vol. i. Letters to and from Lord Cowper.

whereas the other lets them all indifferently fly out in words.[s] This sort of discretion, however, has no place in private conversation between intimate friends. On such occasions the wisest men very often talk like the weakest; for indeed the talking with a friend is nothing else but thinking aloud.

Tully has therefore very justly exposed a precept delivered by some ancient writers, that a man should live with his enemy in such a manner as might leave him room to become his friend; and with his friend, in such a manner that, if he became his enemy, it should not be in his power to hurt him. The first part of this rule, which regards our behaviour towards an enemy, is indeed very reasonable, as well as very prudential; but the latter part of it, which regards our behaviour towards a friend, savours more of cunning than of discretion, and would cut a man off from the greatest pleasures of life, which are the freedoms of conversation with a bosom friend. Besides that when a friend is turned into an enemy, and, as the son of Sirach calls him,[t] 'a bewrayer of secrets,' the world is just enough to accuse the perfidiousness of the friend, rather than the indiscretion of the person who confided in him.

Discretion does not only show itself in words, but in all the circumstances of action, and is like an under-agent of Providence, to guide and direct us in the ordinary concerns of life.

There are many more shining qualities in the mind of man, but there is none so useful as discretion; it is this indeed which gives a value to all the

[s] The meaning is, a wise man thinks all that he says, and a fool says all that he thinks.

[t] Ecclus. vi. 9, xxvii. 17.

rest, which sets them at work in their proper times and places, and turns them to the advantage of the person who is possessed of them. Without it, learning is pedantry, and wit impertinence; virtue itself looks like weakness; the best parts only qualify a man to be more sprightly in errors, and active to his own prejudice.

Nor does discretion only make a man the master of his own parts, but of other men's. The discreet man finds out the talents of those he converses with, and knows how to apply them to proper uses. Accordingly, if we look into particular communities and divisions of men, we may observe that it is the discreet man, not the witty, nor the learned, nor the brave, who guides the conversation, and gives measures to the society. A man with great talents, but void of discretion, is like Polyphemus in the fable, strong and blind, endued with an irresistible force, which for want of sight is of no use to him.

Though a man has all other perfections, and wants discretion, he will be of no great consequence in the world; but if he has this single talent in perfection, and but a common share of others, he may do what he pleases in his particular station of life.

At the same time that I think discretion the most useful talent a man can be master of, I look upon cunning to be the accomplishment of little, mean, ungenerous minds. Discretion points out the noblest ends to us, and pursues the most proper and laudable methods of attaining them: cunning has only private selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed. Discretion has large and extended views, and, like a well-formed eye, commands a whole horizon: cunning is a kind of shortsightedness, that discovers the minutest

objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance. Discretion, the more it is discovered, gives a greater authority to the person who possesses it: cunning, when it is once detected, loses its force, and makes a man incapable of bringing about even those events which he might have done, had he passed only for a plain man. Discretion is the perfection of reason, and a guide to us in all the duties of life: cunning is a kind of instinct, that only looks out after our immediate interest and welfare. Discretion is only found in men of strong sense and good understandings: cunning is often to be met with in brutes themselves, and in persons who are but the fewest removes from them. In short, cunning is only the mimic of discretion, and may pass upon weak men, in the same manner as vivacity is often mistaken for wit, and gravity for wisdom.

The cast of mind which is natural to a discreet man, makes him look forward into futurity, and consider what will be his condition millions of ages hence, as well as what it is at present. He knows that the misery or happiness which are reserved for him in another world, lose nothing of their reality by being placed at so great a distance from him. The objects do not appear little to him because they are remote. He considers that those pleasures and pains which lie hid in eternity approach nearer to him every moment, and will be present with him in their full weight and measure, as much as those pains and pleasures which he feels at this very instant. For this reason he is careful to secure to himself that which is the proper happiness of his nature, and the ultimate design of his being. He carries his thoughts to the end of every action, and

considers the most distant as well as the most immediate effects of it. He supersedes every little prospect of gain and advantage which offers itself here, if he does not find it consistent with his views of an hereafter. In a word, his hopes are full of immortality, his schemes are large and glorious, and his conduct suitable to one who knows his true interest, and how to pursue it by proper methods.

I have, in this essay upon Discretion, considered it both as an accomplishment and as a virtue, and have therefore described it in its full extent; not only as it is conversant about worldly affairs, but as it regards our whole existence; not only as it is the guide of a mortal creature, but as it is in general the director of a reasonable being. It is in this light that Discretion is represented by the wise man, who sometimes mentions it under the name of Discretion, and sometimes under that of Wisdom. It is indeed (as described in the latter part of this paper) the greatest wisdom, but at the same time in the power of every one to attain. Its advantages are infinite, but its acquisition easy; or, to speak of her in the words of the apocryphal writer whom I quoted in my last Saturday's paper,[n] 'Wisdom is glorious, and never fadeth away; yet she is easily seen of them that love her, and found of such as seek her. She preventeth them that desire her, in making herself first known unto them. He that seeketh her early, shall have no great travel; for he shall find her sitting at his doors. To think therefore upon her is the perfection of wisdom; and whoso watcheth for her shall quickly be without care. For she goeth about seeking such as are wor-

[n] Wisdom of Solomon, ch. vi. ver. 12—16.

thy of her, showeth herself favourably unto them in the ways, and meeteth them in every thought.'

C.[w]

No. 226. MONDAY, November 19, 1711.[x]

— Mutum est pictura poema.
A picture is a poem without words.

[y] I have very often lamented and hinted my sorrow in several speculations, that the art of painting is made so little use of to the improvement of our manners. When we consider that it places the action of the person represented in the most agreeable aspect imaginable; that it does not only express the passion or concern as it sits upon him who is drawn, but has under those features the height of the painter's imagination: what strong images of virtue and humanity might we not expect would be instilled into the mind from the labours of the pencil? This is a poetry which would be understood with much less capacity, and less expense of time, than what is

[w] By Addison, dated, it seems, from Chelsea. See No. 7, note; No. 221, and note.

[x] 'Do you read the Spectators? I never do; they never come in my way; I go to no coffee-houses. They say abundance of them are very pretty; they are going to be printed in small volumes; I'll bring them over with me.'—*Letter of Swift to Mrs. Johnson, dated Nov.* 18, 1711.

[y] This speculation was written with the generous design of promoting a subscription just then set on foot, for having the cartoons of Raphael copied and engraved by signior Nicola Dorigny, who had been invited over from Rome by several of the nobility, and to whom the queen had given her licence for that purpose. In his proposals (printed at the end of some of the original Spectators), this artist offers to deliver eight plates, nineteen inches high, and from twenty-five to thirty inches long, for four guineas subscription; although, he says, the prints of Alexander's Battles after Le Brun, being but five in number, were frequently sold for twenty guineas.

taught by writings; but the use of it is generally perverted, and that admirable skill prostituted to the basest and most unworthy ends. Who is the better man for beholding the most beautiful Venus, the best wrought Bacchanal, the images of sleeping Cupids, languishing nymphs, or any of the representations of gods, goddesses, demi-gods, satyrs, Polyphemes, sphinxes, or fauns? But if the virtues and vices, which are sometimes pretended to be represented under such draughts, were given us by the painter in the characters of real life and the persons of men and women whose actions have rendered them laudable or infamous, we should not see a good history-piece without receiving an instructive lecture. There needs no other proof of this truth than the testimony of every reasonable creature who has seen the cartoons in her majesty's gallery at Hampton Court: these are representations of no less actions than those of our blessed Saviour and his apostles. As I now sit and recollect the warm images which the admirable Raphael has raised, it is impossible, even from the faint traces in one's memory of what one has not seen these two years, to be unmoved at the horror and reverence which appear in the whole assembly when the mercenary man fell down dead; at the amazement of the man born blind when he first receives sight; or at the graceless indignation of the sorcerer when he is struck blind. The lame, when they first find strength in their feet, stand doubtful of their new vigour. The heavenly apostles appear acting these great things, with a deep sense of the infirmities which they relieve, but no value of themselves who administer to their weakness. They know themselves to be but instruments: and the generous distress they are painted in when divine honours are

offered to them, is a representation in the most exquisite degree of the Beauty of Holiness. When St. Paul is preaching to the Athenians, with what wonderful art are almost all the different tempers of mankind represented in that elegant audience? You see one credulous of all that is said; another wrapt up in deep suspense; another saying there is some reason in what he says; another angry that the apostle destroys a favourite opinion which he is unwilling to give up; another wholly convinced, and holding out his hands in rapture; while the generality attend, and wait for the opinion of those who are of leading characters in the assembly. I will not pretend so much as to mention that chart on which is drawn the appearance of our blessed Lord after his resurrection. Present authority, late suffering, humility and majesty, despotic command, and divine love, are at once seated in his celestial aspect. The figures of the eleven apostles are all in the same passion of admiration, but discover it differently according to their characters. Peter receives his master's orders on his knees with an admiration mixed with a more particular attention: the two next with a more open ecstacy, though still constrained by the awe of the Divine presence. The beloved disciple, whom I take to be the right of the two first figures, has in his countenance wonder drowned in love; and the last personage, whose back is towards the spectator, and his side towards the presence, one would fancy to be St. Thomas, as abashed by the conscience of his former diffidence; which perplexed concern it is possible Raphael thought too hard a task to draw but by this acknowledgment of the difficulty to describe it.

The whole work is an exercise of the highest piety

in the painter; and all the touches of a religious mind are expressed in a manner much more forcible than can possibly be performed by the most moving eloquence. These invaluable pieces are very justly in the hands of the greatest and most pious sovereign in the world; and cannot be the frequent object of every one at their own leisure: but as an engraver is to the painter what a printer is to the author, it is worthy her majesty's name that she has encouraged that noble artist monsieur Dorigny, to publish these works of Raphael. We have of this gentleman a piece of the transfiguration, which, I think, is held a work second to none in the world.

Methinks it would be ridiculous in our people of condition, after their large bounties to foreigners of no name or merit, should they overlook this occasion of having, for a trifling subscription, a work which it is impossible for a man of sense to behold without being warmed with the noblest sentiments that can be inspired by love, admiration, compassion, contempt of this world, and expectation of a better.

It is certainly the greatest honour we can do our country to distinguish strangers of merit who apply to us with modesty and diffidence, which generally accompanies merit. No opportunity of this kind ought to be neglected; and a modest behaviour should alarm us to examine whether we do not lose something excellent under that disadvantage in the possessor of that quality. My skill in paintings, where one is not directed by the passion of the pictures, is so inconsiderable, that I am in very great perplexity when I offer to speak of any performances of painters of landscapes, buildings or single figures. This makes me at a loss how to mention the pieces

which Mr. Boul exposes to sale by auction on Wednesday next in Chandos-street: but having heard him commended by those who have bought of him heretofore for great integrity in his dealing, and overheard him himself (though a laudable painter) say nothing of his own was fit to come into the room with those he had to sell, I feared I should lose an occasion of serving a man of worth in omitting to speak of his auction. T.[z]

ADVERTISEMENT.

There is arrived from Italy a painter, who acknowledges himself the greatest master of the age in that art, and is willing to be as renowned in this island as he declares he is in foreign parts. The doctor paints the poor for nothing.—Spect. in folio.

No. 227. TUESDAY, November 20, 1711.

Ὦ μοι ἐγώ, τι πάθω; τί ὁ δύσσους; οὐχ ὑπακούεις;
Τὰν βαίταν ἀποδὺς εἰς κύματα τῆνα ἁλεῦμαι
Ὅπερ τὼς Δύννως σκοπιάζεται Ὄλπις ὁ γριπεύς·
Κἤκα μὴ 'ποθάνω, τό γε μὰν τεὸν ἁδὺ τέτυκται.

Theocr. Idyl. iii. 24.

Wretch that I am! ah, whither shall I go?
Will you not hear me nor regard my woe?
I'll strip, and throw me from yon rock so high,
Where Olpis sits to watch the scaly fry.
Should I be drown'd, or 'scape with life away,
If cur'd of love, you, tyrant, would be gay. P.

In my last Thursday's paper,[a] I made mention of a place called The Lover's Leap, which I find has raised a great curiosity among several of my correspondents. I there told them that this leap was used

[z] By Steele. See No. 324, final note.
[a] No. 223.

to be taken from a promontory of Leucas. This Leucas was formerly a part of Acarnania, being joined to it by a narrow neck of land, which the sea has by length of time overflowed and washed away; so that at present Leucas is divided from the continent, and is a little island in the Ionian sea. The promontory of this island, from whence the lover took his leap, was formerly called Leucate. If the reader has a mind to know both the island and the promontory by their modern titles, he will find in his map the ancient island of Leucas under the name of St. Mauro, and the ancient promontory of Leucate under the name of The Cape of St Mauro.

Since I am engaged thus far in antiquity, I must observe, that Theocritus, in the motto prefixed to my paper, describes one of the despairing shepherds addressing himself to his mistress after the following manner: 'Alas! What will become of me! wretch that I am! Will you not hear me! I will throw off my clothes, and take a leap into that part of the sea which is so much frequented by Olphis the fisher man. And though I should escape with my life, I know you will be pleased with it.' I shall leave it with the critics to determine whether the place, which this shepherd so particularly points out, was not the above-mentioned Leucate, or at least some other lover's leap which was supposed to have the same effect. I cannot believe, as all the interpreters do, that the shepherd means nothing farther here than that he would drown himself, since he represents the issue of his leap as doubtful, by adding, that, if he should escape with life, he knows his mistress would be pleased with it: which is, according to our interpretation, that she would rejoice

any way to get rid of a lover who was so troublesome to her.

After this short preface, I shall present my reader with some letters which I have received upon this subject. The first is sent me by a physician.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THE lover's leap, which you mention in your 223d paper, was generally, I believe, a very effectual cure for love, and not only for love, but for all other evils. In short, Sir, I am afraid it was such a leap as that which Hero took to get rid of her passion for Leander. A man is in no danger of breaking his heart who breaks his neck to prevent it. I know very well the wonders which ancient authors relate concerning this leap; and, in particular, that very many persons who tried it escaped not only with their lives but their limbs. If by this means they got rid of their love, though it may in part be ascribed to the reasons you give for it; why may not we suppose that the cold bath, into which they plunged themselves, had also some share in their cure? A leap into the sea, or into any creek of salt water, very often gives a new motion to the spirits, and a new turn to the blood; for which reason we prescribe it in distempers which no other medicine will reach. I could produce a quotation out of a very venerable author, in which the frenzy produced by love is compared to that which is produced by the biting of a mad dog. But as this comparison is a little too coarse for your paper, and might look as if it were cited to ridicule the author who has made use of it, I shall only hint at it, and desire you to consider whether, if the frenzy produced by these two different causes be of the same

nature, it may not very properly be cured by the same means.

'I am, SIR,

'Your most humble servant, and well-wisher,

'ÆSCULAPIUS.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a young woman crossed in love. My story is very long and melancholy. To give you the heads of it:—A young gentleman, after having made his applications to me for three years together, and filled my head with a thousand dreams of happiness, some few days since married another. Pray tell me in what part of the world your promontory lies, which you call the Lover's Leap, and whether one may go to it by land? But, alas! I am afraid it has lost its virtue, and that a woman of our times would find no more relief in taking such a leap, than in singing an hymn to Venus.[b] So that I must cry out with Dido, in Dryden's Virgil,

"Ah! cruel Heav'n, that made no cure for love!"

'Your disconsolate servant,

'ATHENAIS.'

'MISTER SPICTATUR,

'MY heart is so full of lofes and passions for Mrs. Gwinifrid, and she is so pettish and overrun with cholers against me, that if I had the good happiness to have my dwelling (which is placed by my creat-crandfather upon the pottom of an hill) no farther distance but twenty mile from the Lofer's Leap, I could indeed indeafour to preak my neck upon it

[b] See No. 223. Sappho's Hymn to Venus.

on purpose. Now, good Mister Spictatur of Crete Prittain, you must know it, there iss in Caernarvanshire a fery pig mountain, the clory of all Wales, which iss named Penmainmaure, and you must also know, it iss no great journey on foot from me; but the road iss stony and bad for shooes. Now there is upon the forehead of this mountain a very high rock, (like a parish steeple,) that cometh a huge deal over the sea; so when I am in my melancholies, and I do throw myself from it, I do desire my fery good friend to tell me in his Spictatur if I shall be cure of my griefous lofes; for there is the sea clear as the glass, and ass creen as the leek. Then likewise, if I be drown, and preak my neck, if Mrs. Gwinifrid will not lofe me afterwards. Pray be speedy in your answers, for I am in crete haste, and it is my tesires to do my pusiness without loss of time. I remain, with cordial affections, your ever lofing friend,

'Davyth ap Shenkyn.

'P. S. My law-suits have brought me to London, but I have lost my causes; and so have made my resolutions to go down and leap before the frosts begin; for I am apt to take colds.'

Ridicule, perhaps, is a better expedient against love than sober advice; and I am of opinion that Hudibras and Don Quixote may be as effectual to cure the extravagances of this passion as any of the old philosophers. I shall therefore publish very speedily the translation of a little Greek manuscript which is sent me by a learned friend. It appears to have been a piece of those records which were kept in the little temple of Apollo that stood upon the

promontory of Leucate. The reader will find it to be a summary account of several persons who tried the lover's leap, and of the success they found in it. As there seems to be in it some anachronisms, and deviations from the ancient orthography, I am not wholly satisfied myself that it is authentic, and not rather the production of one of those Grecian sophisters who have imposed upon the world several spurious works of this nature. I speak this by way of precaution, because I know there are several writers of uncommon erudition, who would not fail to expose my ignorance if they caught me tripping in a matter of so great moment. C.[c]

ADVERTISEMENT.

There is now printing by subscription two volumes of the Spectators on a large character, in 8vo. the price of the two volumes, well bound and gilt, two guineas. Those who are inclined to subscribe, are desired to make their first payments to J. Tonson, bookseller in the Strand: the books being so near finished, that they will be ready for the subscribers at or before Christmas next.

The third and fourth volumes of The Lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff, esq. are ready to be delivered at the same place.—Spect. in folio, Nos. 227, 228, 229, *et seq.*

No. 228. WEDNESDAY, November 21, 1711.

Percunctatorem fugito, nam garrulus idem est.
Hor. 1 Ep. xviii. 69.

Th' inquisitive will blab; from such refrain:
Their leaky ears no secret can retain.
Shard.

There is a creature who has all the organs of speech, a tolerable good capacity for conceiving what is said to it, together with a pretty proper behaviour in all

[c] By Addison, dated, it seems, from Chelsea. See final note to No. 7, No. 221, and note on signatures.

the occurrences of common life; but naturally very vacant of thought in itself, and therefore forced to apply itself to foreign assistances. Of this make is that man who is very inquisitive. You may often observe, that though he speaks as good sense as any man upon any thing with which he is well acquainted, he cannot trust to the range of his own fancy to entertain himself upon that foundation, but goes on still to new inquiries. Thus, though you know he is fit for the most polite conversation, you shall see him very well contented to sit by a jockey, giving an account of the very many revolutions in his horse's health, what potion he made him take, how that agreed with him, how afterwards he came to his stomach and his exercise, or any the like impertinence; and be as well pleased as if you talked to him on the most important truths. This humour is far from making a man unhappy, though it may subject him to raillery; for he generally falls in with a person who seems to be born for him, which is your talkative fellow. It is so ordered, that there is a secret bent, as natural as the meeting of different sexes, in these two characters, to supply each other's wants. I had the honour the other day to sit in a public room, and saw an inquisitive man look with an air of satisfaction upon the approach of one of these talkers. The man of ready utterance sat down by him, and rubbing his head, leaning on his arm, and making an uneasy countenance, he began:—There is no manner of news to-day. I cannot tell what is the matter with me, but I slept very ill last night; whether, I caught cold or no, I know not, but I fancy I do not wear shoes thick enough for the weather, and I have coughed all this week. It must be so; for the custom of washing my

head winter and summer, with cold water, prevents any injury from the season entering that way; so it must come in at my feet; but I take no notice of it: as it comes, so it goes. Most of our evils proceed from too much tenderness; and our faces are naturally as little able to resist the cold as other parts. The Indian answered very well to an European, who asked him how he could go naked; "I am all face."'

I observed this discourse was as welcome to my general inquirer, as any other of more consequence could have been; but somebody calling our talker to another part of the room, the inquirer told the next man who sat by him, that Mr. such-a-one, who was just gone from him, used to wash his head in cold water every morning; and so repeated, almost verbatim, all that had been said to him. The truth is, the inquisitive are the funnels of conversation; they do not take in any thing for their own use, but merely to pass it to another. They are the channels through which all the good and evil that is spoken in town are conveyed. Such as are offended at them, or think they suffer by their behaviour, may themselves mend that inconvenience; for they are not a malicious people, and if you will supply them, you may contradict any thing they have said before by their own mouths. A farther account of a thing is one of the gratefullest goods that can arrive to them; and it is seldom that they are more particular than to say, 'The town will have it, or I have it from a good hand;' so that there is room for the town to know the matter more particularly, and for a better hand to contradict what was said by a good one.

I have not known this humour more ridiculous than in a father who has been earnestly solicitous to

have an account how his son has passed his leisure hours; if it be in a way thoroughly insignificant, there cannot be a greater joy than an inquirer discovers in seeing him follow so hopefully his own steps. But this humour among men is most pleasant when they are saying something which is not wholly proper for a third person to hear, and yet is in itself indifferent. The other day there came in a well-dressed young fellow, and two gentlemen of this species immediately fell a whispering his pedigree. I could overhear, by breaks, 'She was his aunt;' then an answer, 'Ay, she was of the mother's side;' then again, in a little lower voice, 'His father wore generally a darker wig.' Answer, 'Not much, but this gentleman wears higher heels to his shoes.'

As the inquisitive, in my opinion, are such merely from a vacancy in their own imaginations, there is nothing, methinks, so dangerous as to communicate secrets to them; for the same temper of inquiry makes them as impertinently communicative: but no man, though he converses with them, need put himself in their power, for they will be contented with matters of less moment as well. When there is full fuel enough, no matter what it is—Thus the ends of sentences in the newspapers, as, 'This wants confirmation;'—'This occasions many speculations;' and 'Time will discover the event;' are read by them, and considered not as mere expletives.

One may see now and then this humour accompanied with an insatiable desire of knowing what passes, without turning it to any use in the world but merely their own entertainment. A mind which is gratified this way is adapted to humour and pleasantry, and formed for an unconcerned character in the world; and like myself, to be a mere Spectator.

This curiosity, without malice or self-interest, lays up in the imagination a magazine of circumstances which cannot but entertain when they are produced in conversation. If one were to know from the man of the first quality to the meanest servant, the different intrigues, sentiments, pleasures, and interests of mankind, would it not be the most pleasing entertainment imaginable to enjoy so constant a farce, as the observing mankind much more different from themselves in their secret thoughts and public actions than in their night-caps and long periwigs?[d]

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'PLUTARCH tells us, that Caius Gracchus, the Roman, was frequently hurried by his passion into so loud and tumultuous a way of speaking, and so strained his voice, as not to be able to proceed. To remedy this excess, he had an ingenious servant, by name Licinius, always attending him with a pitch-pipe, or instrument to regulate the voice; who, whenever he heard his master begin to be high, immediately touched a soft note, at which, 'tis said, Caius would presently abate and grow calm.

'Upon recollecting this story, I have frequently wondered that this useful instrument should have been so long discontinued; especially since we find

[d] When the Spectator wrote, large full-bottomed wigs were worn by all men of fashion. They seem to have answered the high commodes mentioned in No. 98. It is said those long perukes were the invention of a French barber, whose name was Duviller, in order to conceal a deformity in the shoulder either of the dauphin, or the duke of Burgundy; hence they were likewise called Duvillers.

There was also a sort of peruke in fashion at that time called night-cap-wigs; which had short tyes, with very small close round heads.—These, however, are not meant in the text, but simply night-caps.—See Tatler, No. 26, and note.

that this good office of Licinius has preserved his memory for many hundred years, which, methinks, should have encouraged some one to have revived it, if not for the public good, yet for his own credit. It may be objected, that our loud talkers are so fond of their own noise, that they would not take it well to be checked by their servants. But, granting this to be true, surely any of their hearers have a very good title to play a soft note in their own defence. To be short, no Licinius appearing, and the noise increasing, I was resolved to give the late long vacation to the good of my country; and I have at length, by the assistance of an ingenious artist, (who works for the Royal Society,) almost completed my design, and shall be ready, in a short time, to furnish the public with what number of these instruments they please, either to lodge at coffee-houses, or carry for their own private use. In the mean time I shall pay that respect to several gentlemen who I know will be in danger of offending against this instrument, to give them notice of it by private letters, in which I shall only write, "Get a Licinius."

'I should now trouble you no longer, but that I must not conclude without desiring you to accept one of these pipes, which shall be left for you with Buckley; and which I hope will be serviceable to you, since, as you are silent yourself, you are most open to the insults of the noisy.

'I am, Sir, &c. W. B.

'I had almost forgot to inform you, that as an improvement in this instrument, there will be a particular note, which I call a hush-note: and this

is to be made use of against a long story, swearing, obsceneness, and the like.'

T.*

*** At Drury-lane, Nov. 22, the last revived play called Philaster; or, Love lies a Bleeding. Philaster, by Mr. Wilkes; Bellario, by Miss Sherborn; the King, by Mr. Keen; Arethusa, by Mrs. Porter; Pharamond, by Mr. Cibber; Lord Dion, by Mr. Mills; Citizens, by Messrs. Bullock, Pack, Norris, Lee, Burkhead, and Spiller.—Spect. in folio.

No. 229. THURSDAY, November 22, 1711.

—Spirat adhuc amor
Vivuntque commissi calores
Æoliæ fidibus puellæ.
Hor. 4 Od. ix. 10.

Nor Sappho's amorous flames decay,
Her living songs preserve their charming art,
Her verse still breathes the passions of her heart.
Francis.

Among the many famous pieces of antiquity which are still to be seen at Rome, there is the trunk of a statue which has lost the arms, legs, and head; but discovers such an exquisite workmanship in what remains of it, that Michael Angelo declared he had learned his whole art from it. Indeed he studied it so attentively, that he made most of his statues, and even his pictures in that gusto, to make use of the Italian phrase; for which reason this maimed statue is still called Michael Angelo's School.

A fragment of Sappho, which I design for the subject of this paper, is in as great reputation among the poets and critics as the mutilated figure above-mentioned is among the statuaries and painters. Several of our countrymen, and Mr. Dryden

* By Steele. See final note to No. 324, on signature T.

in particular, seem very often to have copied after it in their dramatic writings, and in their poems upon love.

Whatever might have been the occasion of this ode, the English reader will enter into the beauties of it if he supposes it to have been written in the person of a lover sitting by his mistress. I shall set to view three different copies of this beautiful original: the first is a translation by Catullus, the second by monsieur Boileau, and the last by a gentleman whose translation of the Hymn to Venus has been so deservedly admired.[f]

AD LESBIAM.

'Ille mî par esse deo videtur,
Ille, si fas est, superare divos,
Qui sedens adversus identidem te
Spectat, et audit

'Dulce ridentem: misero quod omnis
Eripit sensus mihi: nam simul te,
Lesbia, adspexi, nihil est super mî
Quod loquar amens.

'Lingua sed torpet: tenuis sub artus
Flamma dimanat: sonitu suopte
Tinniunt aures: gemina teguntur
Lumina nocte.'

My learned reader will know very well the reason why one of these verses is printed in *Italic* letter;[g] and, if he compares this translation with the original, will find that the three first stanzas are rendered almost word for word, and not only with

[f] Ambrose Phillips.—See above No. 223, and note; No. 366; and Tatler, No. 12.

[g] It is wanting in the old copies, and has been supplied by conjecture as above. But in a curious edition of Catullus, published at Venice in 1738, said to be printed from an ancient MS. newly discovered, this line is given thus—'*Voce loquendum.*'

the same elegance, but with the same short turn of expression which is so remarkable in the Greek, and so peculiar to the sapphic ode. I cannot imagine for what reason madam Dacier has told us that this ode of Sappo is preserved entire in Longinus, since it is manifest to any one who looks into that author's quotation of it, that there must at least have been another stanza, which is not transmitted to us.

The second translation of this fragment, which I shall here cite, is that of monsieur Boileau.

'Heureux! qui près de toi, pour toi seule soûpire:
Qui jouït du plaisir de t'entendre parler:
Qui te voit quelquefois doucement lui soûrire.
Les dieux, dans son bonheur, peuvent-ils l'égaler?

'Je sens de veine en veine une subtile flamme
Couir par tout mon corps, si tôt que je te vois:
Et dans les doux trnnsports, où s'egare mon ame,
Je ne sçaurois trouver de langue, ni de voix.

'Un nuage confus se répand sur ma vuë,
Je n'entens plus, je tombe en de douces langueurs:
Et pâle, sans haleine, interdite, esperduë,
Un frisson me saisit, je tremble, je me meurs.'

The reader will see that this is rather an imitation than a translation. The circumstances do not lie so thick together, and follow one another with that vehemence and emotion as in the original. In short, monsieur Boileau has given us all the poetry, but not all the passion of this famous fragment. I shall, in the last place, present my reader with the English translation.

I.

'Blest as th' immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

II.

'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast:
For while I gaz'd, in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost:

III.

My bosom glow'd: the subtle flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung;
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

IV.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd;
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
My feeble pulse forgot to play;
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.'

Instead of giving any character of this last translation, I shall desire my learned reader to look into the criticisms which Longinus has made upon the original. By that means he will know to which of the translations he ought to give the preference. I shall only add that this translation is written in the very spirit of Sappho, and as near the Greek as the genius of our language will possibly suffer.

Longinus has observed, that this description of love in Sappho is an exact copy of nature, and that all the circumstances which follow one another in such an hurry of sentiments, notwithstanding they appear repugnant to each other, are really such as happen in the phrenzies of love.

I wonder that not one of the critics or editors, through whose hands this ode has passed, has taken occasion from it to mention a circumstance related by Plutarch. That author, in the famous story of Antiochus, who fell in love with Stratonice, his mother-in-law, and (not daring to discover his passion)

pretended to be confined to his bed by sickness, tells us, that Erasistratus, the physician, found out the nature of his distemper by those symptoms of love which he had learnt from Sappho's writings. Stratonice was in the room of the love-sick prince when these symptoms discovered themselves to his physician; and it is probable that they were not very different from those which Sappho here describes in a lover sitting by his mistress. The story of Antiochus is so well known that I need not add the sequel of it, which has no relation to my present subject. C.[h]

No. 230. FRIDAY, November 23, 1711.

Homines ad Deos nullâ re propius accedunt, quàm salutem hominibus dando.
Tull.

Men resemble the gods in nothing so much as in doing good to their fellow-creatures.

Human nature appears a very deformed, or a very beautiful object, according to the different lights in which it is viewed. When we see men of inflamed passions, or of wicked designs, tearing one another to pieces by open violence, or undermining each other by secret treachery; when we observe base and narrow ends pursued by ignominious and dishonest means; when we behold men mixed in society as if it were for the destruction of it; we are even ashamed of our species, and out of humour with our own being. But in another light, when we behold them mild, good, and benevolent, full of a generous regard for the public prosperity, compassionating each other's distresses, and relieving

[h] By Addison, dated, it is thought, from Chelsea. See final note to No. 7.

each other's wants, we can hardly believe they are creatures of the same kind. In this view they appear gods to each other in the exercise of the noblest power, that of doing good; and the greatest compliment we have ever been able to make to our own being, has been by calling this disposition of mind humanity. We cannot but observe a pleasure arising in our own breast upon the seeing or hearing of a generous action, even when we are wholly disinterested in it. I cannot give a more proper instance of this than by a letter from Pliny, in which he recommends a friend, in the most handsome manner; and, methinks, it would be a great pleasure to know the success of this epistle, though each party concerned in it has been so many hundred years in his grave.

'TO MAXIMUS.

'WHAT I should gladly do for any friend of yours, I think I may now with confidence request for a friend of mine. Arrianus Maturius is the most considerable man of his country: when I call him so, I do not speak with relation to his fortune, though that is very plentiful, but to his integrity, justice, gravity, and prudence; his advice is useful to me in business, and his judgment in matters of learning. His fidelity, truth, and good understanding, are very great; besides this, he loves me as you do, than which I cannot say any thing that signifies a warmer affection. He has nothing that's aspiring; and, though he might rise to the highest order of nobility, he keeps himself in an inferior rank; yet I think myself bound to use my endeavours to serve and promote him; and would there-

fore find the means of adding something to his honours while he neither expects nor knows it, nay, though he should refuse it. Something, in short, I would have for him that may be honourable, but not troublesome; and I entreat that you will procure him the first thing of that kind that offers, by which you will not only oblige me, but him also; for though he does not covet it, I know he will be as grateful in acknowledging your favour as if he had asked it.'[1]

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THE reflections in some of your papers on the servile manner of education now in use, have given birth to an ambition, which, unless you discountenance it, will, I doubt, engage me in a very difficult, though not ungrateful adventure. I am about to undertake, for the sake of the British youth, to instruct them in such a manner that the most dangerous page in Virgil or Homer may be read by them with much pleasure, and with perfect safety to their persons.

'Could I prevail so far as to be honoured with the protection of some few of them, (for I am not hero enough to rescue many,) my design is to retire with them to an agreeable solitude, though within the neighbourhood of a city, for the convenience of their being instructed in music, dancing, drawing, designing, or any other such accomplishments, which it is conceived may make as proper diversions for them, and almost as pleasant as the little sordid games which dirty school-boys are so much delighted with. It may easily be imagined how such a

[1] Thus far by Mr. John Hughes.

pretty society, conversing with none beneath themselves, and sometimes admitted, as perhaps not unentertaining parties, amongst better company, commended and caressed for their little performances, and turned by such conversations to a certain gallantry of soul, might be brought early acquainted with some of the most polite English writers. Thus having given them some tolerable taste of books, they would make themselves masters of the Latin tongue by methods far easier than those in Lilly, with as little difficulty or reluctance as young ladies learn to speak French, or to sing Italian operas. When they had advanced thus far, it would be time to form their taste something more exactly. One that had any true relish of fine writing, might, with great pleasure, both to himself and them, run over together with them the best Roman historians, poets, and orators, and point out their more remarkable beauties; give them a short scheme of chronology, a little view of geography, medals, astronomy, or what else might best feed the busy inquisitive humour so natural to that age. Such of them as had the least spark of genius, when it was once awakened by the shining thoughts and great sentiments of those admired writers, could not, I believe, be easily withheld from attempting that more difficult sister language, whose exalted beauties they would have heard so often celebrated as the pride and wonder of the whole learned world. In the mean while, it would be requisite to exercise their style in writing any light pieces that ask more of fancy than of judgment; and that frequently in their native language, which every one, methinks, should be most concerned to cultivate, especially letters, in which a gentleman must have so frequent

occasions to distinguish himself. A set of genteel, good-natured youths fallen into such a manner of life, would form almost a little academy, and, doubtless, prove no such contemptible companions as might not often tempt a wiser man to mingle himself in their diversions, and draw them into such serious sports as might prove nothing less instructing than the gravest lessons. I doubt not but it might be made some of their favourite plays to contend which of them should recite a beautiful part of a poem or oration most gracefully, or sometimes to join in acting a scene of Terence, Sophocles, or our own Shakspeare. The cause of Milo might again be pleaded before more favourable judges, Cæsar a second time be taught to tremble, and another race of Athenians be fresh enraged at the ambition of another Philip. Amidst these noble amusements we could hope to see the early dawnings of their imagination daily brighten into sense, their innocence improve into virtue, and their unexperienced good-nature directed to a generous love of their country.

T.[k] 'I am, &c.'

*** This day is published, 'A State of the Bewdley Case.'—Spect. in folio.

No. 231. SATURDAY, November 24, 1711.

O pudor! O pietas!—
MART.
O modesty! O piety!

Looking over the letters which I have lately received from my correspondents, I met with the following

[k] By Steele. See final note to No. 324, on the signature T.

one, which is written with such a spirit of politeness, that I could not but be very much pleased with it myself, and question not but it will be as acceptable to the reader.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'You, who are no stranger to public assemblies, cannot but have observed the awe they often strike on such as are obliged to exert any talent before them. This is a sort of elegant distress, to which ingenuous minds are the most liable, and may therefore deserve some remarks in your paper. Many a brave fellow, who has put his enemy to flight in the field, has been in the utmost disorder upon making a speech before a body of his friends at home. One would think there was some kind of fascination in the eyes of a large circle of people, when darting all together upon one person. I have seen a new actor in a tragedy so bound up by it as to be scarce able to speak or move, and have expected he would have died above three acts before the dagger or cup of poison were brought in. It would not be amiss, if such an one were at first introduced as a ghost, or a statue, until he recovered his spirits, and grew fit for some living part.

'As this sudden desertion of one's self shows a diffidence, which is not displeasing, it implies at the same time the greatest respect to an audience that can be. It is a sort of mute eloquence, which pleads for their favour much better than words could do; and we find their generosity naturally moved to support those who are in so much perplexity to entertain them. I was extremely pleased with a late instance of this kind at the opera of Almahide, in the encour-

agement given to a young singer,[1] whose more than ordinary concern on her first appearance, recommended her no less than her agreeable voice, and just performance. Mere bashfulness without merit is awkward; and merit without modesty insolent. But modest merit has a double claim to acceptance, and generally meets with as many patrons as beholders.

'I am, &c.'[m]

It is impossible that a person should exert himself to advantage in an assembly, whether it be his part either to sing or speak, who lies under too great oppressions of modesty. I remember, upon talking with a friend of mine concerning the force of pronunciation, our discourse led us into the enumeration of the several organs of speech which an orator ought to have in perfection, as the tongue, the teeth, the lips, the nose, the palate, and the windpipe. 'Upon which,' says my friend, 'you have omitted the most material organ of them all, and that is the forehead.'

But notwithstanding an excess of modesty obstructs the tongue, and renders it unfit for its offices, a due proportion of it is thought so requisite to an orator, that rhetoricians have recommended it to their disciples as a particular in their art. Cicero tells us that he never liked an orator who did not appear in some little confusion at the beginning of his speech, and confesses that he himself never entered upon an oration without trembling and concern. It is indeed a kind of deference which is due to a great assembly, and seldom fails to raise a benevolence in the audience towards the person who speaks. My corre-

[1] Mrs. Barbier. See a curious account of this lady, in sir John Hawkins's History of Music. Vol. v. p. 156.

[m] This letter was written by Mr. John Hughes.

spondent has taken notice that the bravest men often appear timorous upon these occasions, as indeed we may observe, that there is generally no creature more impudent than a coward:

> —'Linguâ melior, sed frigida bello
> Dextera—' VIRG. Æn. xi. 338.
>
> 'Bold at the council-board;
> But cautious in the field, he shunn'd the sword.'
> DRYDEN.

A bold tongue and a feeble arm are the qualifications of Drances in Virgil; as Homer, to express a man both timorous and saucy, makes use of a kind of point, which is very rarely to be met with in his writings; namely, that he had the eyes of a dog, but the heart of a deer.[n]

A just and reasonable modesty does not only recommend eloquence, but sets off every great talent which a man can be possessed of. It heightens all the virtues which it accompanies; like the shades in paintings, it raises and rounds every figure, and makes the colours more beautiful, though not so glaring as they would be without it.

Modesty is not only an ornament, but also a guard to virtue. It is a kind of quick and delicate feeling in the soul which makes her shrink and withdraw herself from every thing that has danger in it. It is such an exquisite sensibility, as warns her to shun the first appearance of every thing which is hurtful.

I cannot at present recollect either the place or time of what I am going to mention; but I have read somewhere in the history of ancient Greece, that the women of the country were seized with an

[n] Iliad, i. 225.

unaccountable melancholy, which disposed several of them to make away with themselves. The senate, after having tried many expedients to prevent this self-murder, which was so frequent among them, published an edict, that if any woman whatever should lay violent hands upon herself, her corpse should be exposed naked in the street, and dragged about the city in the most public manner. This edict immediately put a stop to the practice which was before so common. We may see in this instance the strength of female modesty, which was able to overcome the violence even of madness and despair. The fear of shame in the fair sex, was in those days more prevalent than that of death.

If modesty has so great an influence over our actions, and is in many cases so impregnable a fence to virtue; what can more undermine morality than that politeness which reigns among the unthinking part of mankind, and treats as unfashionable the most ingenuous part of our behaviour; which recommends impudence as good-breeding, and keeps a man always in countenance, not because he is innocent, but because he is shameless?

Seneca thought modesty so great a check to vice, that he prescribes to us the practice of it in secret, and advises us to raise it in ourselves upon imaginary occasions, when such as are real do not offer themselves; for this is the meaning of his precept, That when we are by ourselves, and in our greatest solitudes, we should fancy that Cato stands before us and sees every thing we do. In short, if you banish Modesty out of the world, she carries away with her half the virtue that is in it.

After these reflections on modesty, as it is a virtue; I must observe, that there is a vicious modesty,

which justly deserves to be ridiculed, and which those persons very often discover, who value themselves most upon a well-bred confidence. This happens when a man is ashamed to act up to his reason, and would not upon any consideration be surprised in the practice of those duties, for the performance of which he was sent into the world. Many an impudent libertine would blush to be caught in a serious discourse, and would scarce be able to show his head, after having disclosed a religious thought. Decency of behaviour, all outward show of virtue, and abhorrence of vice, are carefully avoided by this set of shamefaced people, as what would disparage their gaiety of temper, and infallibly bring them to dishonour. This is such a poorness of spirit, such a despicable cowardice, such a degenerate abject state of mind, as one would think human nature incapable of, did we not meet with frequent instances of it in ordinary conversation.

There is another kind of vicious modesty which makes a man ashamed of his person, his birth, his profession, his poverty, or the like misfortunes, which it was not in his choice to prevent, and is not in his power to rectify. If a man appears ridiculous by any of the afore-mentioned circumstances, he becomes much more so by being out of countenance for them. They should rather give him occasion to exert a noble spirit, and to palliate these imperfections which are not in his power, by those perfections which are; or, to use a very witty allusion of an eminent author, he should imitate Cæsar, who, because his head was bald, covered that defect with laurels. C.°

° By Addison, dated, as supposed, from Chelsea. See final note to No. 7.

No. 232. MONDAY, November 26, 1711.

Nihil largiundo gloriam adeptus est.
SALLUST. Bel. Cat.
By bestowing nothing he acquired glory.

My wise and good friend, sir Andrew Freeport, divides himself almost equally between the town and the country. His time in town is given up to the public, and the management of his private fortune; and after every three or four days spent in this manner, he retires for as many to his seat within a few miles of the town, to the enjoyment of himself, his family, and his friend. Thus business and pleasure, or rather, in sir Andrew, labour and rest, recommend each other. They take their turns with so quick a vicissitude, that neither becomes a habit, or takes possession of the whole man; nor is it possible he should be surfeited with either. I often see him at our club in good humour, and yet sometimes too with an air of care in his looks: but in his country retreat he is always unbent, and such a companion as I could desire; and therefore I seldom fail to make one with him when he is pleased to invite me.

The other day, as soon as we were got into his chariot, two or three beggars on each side hung upon the doors, and solicited our charity with the usual rhetoric of a sick wife or husband at home, three or four helpless little children, all starving with cold and hunger. We were forced to part with some money to get rid of their importunity; and then we proceeded on our journey, with the blessings and acclamations of these people.

'Well then,' says sir Andrew, 'we go off with the prayers and good wishes of the beggars, and per-

haps too our healths will be drunk at the next alehouse: so all we shall be able to value ourselves upon is, that we have promoted the trade of the victualler and the excises of the government. But how few ounces of wool do we see upon the backs of those poor creatures? And when they shall next fall in our way, they will hardly be better dressed; they must always live in rags to look like objects of compassion. If their families too are such as they are represented, 'tis certain they cannot be better clothed, and must be a great deal worse fed. One would think potatoes should be all their bread, and their drink the pure element; and then what goodly customers are the farmers like to have for their wool, corn, and cattle? Such customers and such a consumption cannot choose but advance the landed interests, and hold up the rents of the gentlemen.

'But of all men living, we merchants, who live by buying and selling, ought never to encourage beggars. The goods which we export are indeed the product of the lands, but much the greatest part of their value is the labour of the people: but how much of these people's labour shall we export whilst we hire them to sit still? The very alms they receive from us are the wages of idleness. I have often thought that no man should be permitted to take relief from the parish, or to ask it in the street, till he has first purchased as much as possible of his own livelihood by the labour of his own hannds; and then the public ought only to be taxed to make good the deficiency. If this rule was strictly observed, we should see every where such a multitude of new labourers, as would, in all probability, reduce the prices of all our manufactures. It is the very life of merchandise to buy cheap and sell dear.

The merchant ought to make his out-set as cheap as possible, that he may find the greater profit upon his returns; and nothing will enable him to do this like the reduction of the price of labour upon all our manufactures. This too would be the ready way to increase the number of our foreign markets. The abatement of the price of the manufacture would pay for the carriage of it to more distant countries; and this consequence would be equally beneficial both to the landed and trading interests. As so great an addition of labouring hands would produce this happy consequence both to the merchant and the gentleman; our liberality to common beggars, and every other obstruction to the increase of labourers, must be equally pernicious to both.'

Sir Andrew then went on to affirm, that the reduction of the prices of our manufactures by the addition of so many new hands, would be no inconvenience to any man: but observing I was something startled at the assertion, he made a short pause, and then resumed the discourse. 'It may seem,' says he, 'a paradox, that the price of labour should be reduced without an abatement of wages, or that wages can be abated without any inconvenience to the labourer; and yet nothing is more certain than that both those things may happen. The wages of the labourers make the greatest part of the price of every thing that is useful; and if in proportion with the wages the prices of all other things should be abated, every labourer with less wages would still be able to purchase as many necessaries of life: where then would be the inconvenience? But the price of labour may be reduced by the addition of more hands to a manufacture, and yet the wages of persons remain as high as ever. The ad-

mirable sir William Petty has given examples of this in some of his writings: one of them, as I remember, is that of a watch, which I shall endeavour to explain so as shall suit my present purpose. It is certain that a single watch could not be made so cheap in proportion by one only man, as a hundred watches by a hundred; for as there is vast variety in the work, no one person could equally suit himself to all the parts of it; the manufacture would be tedious, and at last but clumsily performed. But if a hundred watches were to be made by a hundred men, the cases may be assigned to one, the dials to another, the wheels to another, the springs to another, and every other part to a proper artist. As there would be no need of perplexing any one person with too much variety, every one would be able to perform his single part with greater skill and expedition; and the hundred watches would be finished in one-fourth part of the time of the first one, and every one of them at one-fourth part of the cost, though the wages of every man were equal. The reduction of the price of the manufacture would increase the demand of it, all the same hands would be still employed, and as well paid. The same rule will hold in the clothing, the shipping, and all the other trades whatsoever. And thus an addition of hands to our manufactures will only reduce the price of them; the labourer will still have as much wages, and will consequently be enabled to purchase more conveniences of life; so that every interest in the nation would receive a benefit from an increase of our working people.

'Besides I see no occasion for this charity to common beggars, since every beggar is an inhabitant

of a parish, and every parish is taxed to the maintenance of their own poor. For my own part, I cannot be mightily pleased with the laws which have done this, which have provided better to feed than employ the poor. We have a tradition from our forefathers, that, after the first of those laws was made, they were insulted with that famous song:

> "Hang sorrow, and cast away care,
> The parish is bound to find us," &c.

And if we will be so good-natured as to maintain them without work, they can do no less in return than sing us "The Merry Beggars."

'What then? Am I against all acts of charity? God forbid! I know of no virtue in the Gospel that is in more pathetic expressions recommended to our practice. "I was hungry and ye gave me no meat, thirsty and ye gave me no drink, naked and ye clothed me not, a stranger and ye took me not in, sick and in prison, and ye visited me not." Our Blessed Saviour treats the exercise or neglect of charity towards a poor man, as the performance or breach of this duty towards himself. I shall endeavour to obey the will of my Lord and Master: and therefore if an industrious man shall submit to the hardest labour and coarsest fare, rather than endure the shame of taking relief from the parish, or asking it in the street, this is the hungry, the thirsty, the naked; and I ought to believe, if any man is come hither for shelter against persecution or oppression, this is the stranger, and I ought to take him in. If any countryman of our own is fallen into the hands of infidels, and lives in a state of miserable captivity, this is the man in prison, and I should con-

tribute to his ransom. I ought to give to an hospital of invalids, to recover as many useful subjects as I can; but I shall bestow none of my bounties upon an alms-house of idle people; and, for the same reason, I should not think it a reproach to me if I had withheld my charity from those common beggars. But we prescribe better rules than we are able to practise; we are ashamed not to give into the mistaken customs of our country: but, at the same time, I cannot but think it a reproach worse than that of common swearing, that the idle and the abandoned are suffered in the name of heaven and all that is sacred to extort from Christian and tender minds a supply to a profligate way of life, that is always to be supported, but never relieved.' Z.

In the Spect. in folio, this paper is lettered X; but it has the signature Z in the 8vo. of 1712. It seems therefore more probable that it was written by Mr. Henry Martyn, than by Mr. Eustace Budgell. See Spect. No. 555, and note on Mr. H. Martyn. From a note on another paper, it seems not improbable, that some of the speculations signed Z were written by Mr. John Hughes.

No. 233. TUESDAY, November 27, 1711.

——Tanquam hæc sint nostri medicina furoris,
Aut Deus ille malis hominum mitescere discat.
VIRG. Ecl. xv. 60.

As if by these my sufferings I could ease;
Or by my pains the God of Love appease.
DRYDEN.

I SHALL in this paper discharge myself of the promise I have made to the public,[p] by obliging them with a translation of the little Greek manuscript,

[p] See No. 227.

which is said to have been a piece of those records that were preserved in the temple of Apollo upon the promontory of Leucate. It is a short history of the Lover's Leap, and is inscribed, An account of persons, male and female, who offered up their vows in the temple of the Pythian Apollo, in the forty-sixth Olympiad, and leaped from the promontory of Leucate into the Ionian Sea, in order to cure themselves of the passion of love.

This account is very dry in many parts, as only mentioning the name of the lover who leaped, the person he leaped for, and relating, in short, that he was either cured, or killed, or maimed by the fall. It indeed gives the names of so many who died by it, that it would have looked like a Bill of Mortality, had I translated it at full length; I have therefore made an abridgment of it, and only extracted such particular passages as have something extraordinary, either in the case, or in the cure, or in the fate of the person who is mentioned in it. After this short preface, take the account as follows:

Battus, the son of Menalcas the Sicilian, leaped for Bombyca the musician: got rid of his passion with the loss of his right leg and arm, which were broken in the fall.

Melissa, in love with Daphnis: very much bruised, but escaped with life.

Cynisca, the wife of Æschines, being in love with Lycus; and Æschines her husband being in love with Eurilla (which had made this married couple very uneasy to one another for several years): both the husband and the wife took the leap by consent; they both of them escaped, and have lived very happily together ever since.

Larissa, a virgin of Thessaly, deserted by Plex-

ippus, after a courtship of three years: she stood upon the brow of the promontory for some time, and having thrown down a ring, a bracelet, and a little picture, with other presents which she had received from Plexippus, she threw herself into the sea, and was taken up alive.

N. B. Larissa, before she leaped, made an offering of a silver Cupid in the temple of Apollo.

Simætha, in love with Daphnis the Myndian, perished in the fall.

Charixus, the brother of Sappho, in love with Rhodope the courtesan, having spent his whole estate upon her, was advised by his sister to leap, in the beginning of his amour, but would not hearken to her till he was reduced to his last talent; being forsaken by Rhodope, at length resolved to take the leap: perished in it.

Æridæus, a beautiful youth of Epirus, in love with Praxinoe, the wife of Thespis: escaped without damage, saving only that two of his fore-teeth were struck out and his nose a little flatted.

Cleora, a widow of Ephesus, being inconsolable for the death of her husband, was resolved to take this leap in order to get rid of her passion for his memory; but being arrived at the promontory, she there met with Dimmachus the Milesian, and after a short conversation with him, laid aside the thoughts of her leap, and married him in the temple of Apollo.

N. B. Her widow's weeds are still to be seen hanging up in the western corner of the temple.

Olphis, the fisherman, having received a box on the ear from Thestylis the day before, and being determined to have no more to do with her, leaped, and escaped with life.

Atalanta, an old maid, whose cruelty had several years before driven two or three despairing lovers to this leap; being now in the fifty-fifth year of her age, and in love with an officer of Sparta, broke her neck in the fall.

Hipparchus, being passionately fond of his own wife, who was enamoured of Bathyllus, leaped, and died of his fall: upon which his wife married her gallant.

Tettyx, the dancing-master, in love with Olympia, an Athenian matron, threw himself from the rock with great agility, but was crippled in the fall.

Diagoras, the usurer, in love with his cook-maid; he peeped several times over the precipice, but his heart misgiving him, he went back, and married her that evening.

Cinædus, after having entered his own name in the Pythian records, being asked the name of the person whom he leaped for, and being ashamed to discover it, he was set aside, and not suffered to leap.

Eunica, a maid of Paphos, aged nineteen, in love with Eurybates: hurt in the fall, but recovered.

N. B. This was her second time of leaping.

Hesperus, a young man of Tarentum, in love with his master's daughter: drowned, the boats not coming in soon enough to his relief.

Sappho, the Lesbian, in love with Phaon, arrived at the temple of Apollo, habited like a bride, in garments as white as snow. She wore a garland of myrtle on her head, and carried in her hand the little musical instrument of her own invention. After having sung an hymn to Apollo, she hung up her garland on one side of his altar and her harp on the other. She then tucked up her vestments like a

Spartan virgin, and amidst thousands of spectators, who were anxious for her safety and offered up vows for her deliverance, marched directly forwards to the utmost summit of the promontory, where, after having repeated a stanza of her own verses, which we could not hear, she threw herself off the rock with such an intrepidity as was never before observed in any who had attempted that dangerous leap. Many who were present related that they saw her fall into the sea, from whence she never rose again; though there were others who affirmed that she never came to the bottom of her leap, but that she was changed into a swan as she fell, and that they saw her hovering in the air under that shape. But whether or no the whiteness and fluttering of her garments might not deceive those who looked upon her, or whether she might not really be metamorphosed into that musical and melancholy bird, is still a doubt among the Lesbians.

Alcæus, the famous lyric poet, who had for some time been passionately in love with Sappho, arrived at the promontory of Leucate that very evening, in order to take the leap upon her account; but hearing that Sappho had been there before him, and that her body could be no where found, he very generously lamented her fall, and is said to have written his hundred and twenty-fifth ode upon that occasion.

LEAPED IN THIS OLYMPIAD, 250.

Males	124	
Females . . .	126	
CURED	120	
Males	51	
Females . . .	69	C.[q]

[p] By Addison, dated, it seems, from Chelsea. See final note to No. 7.

No. 234. WEDNESDAY, November 28, 1711.

Vellum in amicitia sic erraremus.
Hor. 1 Sat. iii. 41.
I wish this error in your friendship reign'd.
Creech.

You very often hear people, after a story has been told with some entertaining circumstances, tell it over again with particulars that destroy the jest, but give light into the truth of the narration. This sort of veracity, though it is impertinent, has something amiable in it, because it proceeds from the love of truth, even in frivolous occasions. If such honest amendments do not promise an agreeable companion, they do a sincere friend; for which reason one should allow them so much of our time, if we fall into their company, as to set us right in matters that can do us no manner of harm, whether the facts be one way or the other. Lies which are told out of arrogance and ostentation a man should detect in his own defence, because he should not be triumphed over. Lies which are told out of malice he should expose, both for his own sake and that of the rest of mankind, because every man should rise against a common enemy: but the officious liar, many have argued, is to be excused, because it does some man good, and no man hurt. The man who made more than ordinary speed from a fight in which the Athenians were beaten, and told them they had obtained a complete victory, and put the whole city into the utmost joy and exultation, was checked by the magistrates for his falsehood, but excused himself by saying, 'O, Athenians! am I your enemy because I gave you two happy days?' This fellow did to a whole people what an acquaintance of mine does

every day he lives, in some eminent degree, to particular persons. He is ever lying people into good humour; and, as Plato said it was allowable in physicians to lie to their patients to keep up their spirits, I am half doubtful whether my friend's behaviour is not as excusable. His manner is to express himself surprised at the cheerful countenance of a man whom he observes diffident of himself; and generally by that means makes his lie a truth. He will, as if he did not know any thing of the circumstance, ask one whom he knows at variance with another, what is the meaning that Mr. Such-a-one, naming his adversary, does not applaud him with that heartiness which formerly he has heard him? 'He said, indeed,' continues he, 'I would rather have that man for my friend than any man in England; but for an enemy—' This melts the person he talks to, who expected nothing but downright raillery[r] from that side. According as he sees his practice succeed, he goes to the opposite party, and tells him he cannot imagine how it happens that some people know one another so little; 'You spoke with so much coldness of a gentleman who said more good of you than, let me tell you, any man living deserves.' The success of one of these incidents was, that the next time that one of the adversaries spied the other, he hems after him in the public street, and they must crack a bottle at the next tavern, that used to turn out of the other's way to avoid one another's eye-shot. He will tell one beauty she was commended by another, nay, he will say she gave the woman he speaks to the preference in a particular for which herself is admired. The pleasantest confu-

[r] This word seems here to be used improperly for railing.

sion imaginable is made through the whole town by my friend's indirect offices. You shall have a visit returned after half a year's absence and mutual railing at each other every day of that time. They meet with a thousand lamentations for so long a separation, each party naming herself for the greater delinquent if the other can possibly be so good as to forgive her, which she has no reason in the world, but from the knowledge of her goodness, to hope for. Very often a whole train of railers of each side tire their horses in setting matters right which they have said during the war between the parties; and a whole circle of acquaintance are put into a thousand pleasing passions and sentiments, instead of the pangs of anger, envy, detraction, and malice.

The worst evil I ever observed this man's falsehood occasion has been, that he turned detraction into flattery. He is well skilled in the manners of the world; and, by overlooking what men really are, he grounds his artifices upon what they have a mind to be. Upon this foundation, if two distant friends are brought together, and the cement seems to be weak, he never rests until he finds new appearances to take off all remains of ill-will, and that, by new misunderstandings, they are thoroughly reconciled.

'TO THE SPECTATOR.

'SIR, 'Devonshire, Nov. 14, 1711.

'THERE arrived in this neighbourhood two days ago one of your gay gentlemen of the town, who, being attended at his entry with a servant of his own, besides a countryman he had taken up for a guide, excited the curiosity of the village to learn whence and what he might be. The countryman

(to whom they applied as most easy of access) knew little more than that the gentleman came from London to travel and see fashions, and was, as he heard say, a free-thinker.[s] What religion that might be, he could not tell; and for his own part, if they had not told him the man was a free-thinker, he should have guessed, by his way of talking, he was little better than a heathen; excepting only that he had been a good gentleman to him, and made him drunk twice in one day over and above what they had bargained for.

'I do not look upon the simplicity of this and several odd inquiries, with which we shall trouble you, to be wondered at; much less can I think our youths of fine wit and enlarged understandings have any reason to laugh. There is no necessity that every squire in Great Britain should know what the word Freethinker stands for; but it were much to be wished, that they who value themselves upon that conceited title were a little better instructed in what it ought to stand for; and that they would not persuade themselves a man is really and truly a free-thinker, in any tolerable sense, merely by virtue of his being an atheist, or an infidel of any other distinction. It may be doubted, with good reason, whether there ever was in nature a more abject, slavish, and bigoted generation, than the tribe of beaux esprits at present so prevailing in this island. Their pretension to be free-thinkers is no other than rakes have to be free-livers, and savages to be freemen; that is, they can think whatever they have a

[s] The person here alluded to was probably Mr. Toland, who is said by the Examiner to have been the butt of the Tatler and Spectator. Mr. Toland wrote about this time under the patronage of Lord Oxford. See Biog. Brit. art. Toland.

mind to, and give themselves up to whatever conceit the extravagancy of their inclination or their fancy shall suggest; they can think as wildly as they talk and act, and will not endure that their wit should be controuled by such formal things as decency and common sense. Deduction, coherence, consistency, and all the rules of reason, they accordingly disdain, as too precise and mechanical for men of liberal education.

'This, as far as I could ever learn from their writings, or my own observation, is a true account of the British free-thinker. Our visitant here, who gave occasion to this paper, has brought with him a new system of common sense, the particulars of which I am not yet acquainted with, but will lose no opportunity of informing myself whether it contain any thing worth Mr. Spectator's notice. In the mean time, Sir, I cannot but think it would be for the good of mankind if you would take this subject into your own consideration, and convince the hopeful youth of our nation that licentiousness is not freedom; or, if such a paradox will not be understood, that a prejudice towards atheism is not impartiality.

'I am, SIR, your most humble servant,

T.[t] 'PHILONOUS.'

*** At Drury-lane, Nov. 24, Aurengzebe; or, the Great Mogul. The Emperor, by Mr. Keen; Aurengzebe, by Mr. Powell; Morat, by Mr. Booth; Arimant, by Mr. Bowman. Nourmahal, by Mrs. Knight; Indamora, by Mrs. Rogers; and Melesinda, by Mrs. Porter.

††† At Drury-lane, Nov. 27. Othello. The Moor, by Mr. Booth; Cassio, by Mr. Powell; Iago, by Mr. Cibber; Brabantio, by Mr. Keen; Roderigo, by Mr. Bowen. Desdemona, by Mrs. Bradshaw; and Emilia, by Mrs. Saunders.—Spect. in folio.

[t] By Steele. See final note to No. 324, on the signature T.

No. 235. THURSDAY, November 29, 1711.

—Populares
Vincentem strepitus—
Hor. Ars Poet. 81.
Awes the tumultuous noises of the pit.
Roscommon.

There is nothing which lies more within the province of a Spectator than public shows and diversions; and, as among these there are none which can pretend to vie with those elegant entertainments that are exhibited in our theatres, I think it particularly incumbent on me to take notice of every thing that is remarkable in such numerous and refined assemblies.

It is observed, that of late years there has been a certain person in the upper gallery of the play-house, who, when he is pleased with any thing that is acted upon the stage, expresses his approbation by a loud knock upon the benches or the wainscot, which may be heard over the whole theatre. This person is commonly known by the name of the 'Trunk-maker in the upper gallery.' Whether it be that the blow he gives on these occasions resembles that which is often heard in the shops of such artisans, or that he was supposed to have been a real trunk-maker, who after the finishing of his day's work used to unbend his mind at these public diversions with his hammer in his hand, I cannot certainly tell. There are some, I know, who have been foolish enough to imagine it is a spirit which haunts the upper gallery, and from time to time makes those strange noises; and the rather, because he is observed to be louder than ordinary every time the ghost of Hamlet appears. Others have reported, that it is a dumb man, who has chosen this way of uttering himself when he is transported with any thing he sees or hears. Others

will have it to be the play-house thunderer, that exerts himself after this manner in the upper gallery when he has nothing to do upon the roof.

But having made it my business to get the best information I could in a matter of this moment, I find that the trunk-maker, as he is commonly called, is a large black man, whom nobody knows. He generally leans forward on a huge oaken plant with great attention to every thing that passes upon the stage. He is never seen to smile; but, upon hearing any thing that pleases him, he takes up his staff with both hands, and lays it upon the next piece of timber that stands in his way with exceeding vehemence; after which, he composes himself in his former posture, till such time as something new sets him again at work.

It has been observed, his blow is so well timed that the most judicious critic could never except against it. As soon as any shining thought is expressed in the poet, or any uncommon grace appears in the actor, he smites the bench or wainscot. If the audience does not concur with him, he smites a second time; and if the audience is not yet awakened, looks round him with great wrath, and repeats the blow a third time, which never fails to produce the clap. He sometimes lets the audience begin the clap of themselves, and at the conclusion of their applause ratifies it with a single thwack.

He is of so great use to the play-house, that it is said a former director of it, upon his not being able to pay his attendance by reason of sickness, kept one in pay to officiate for him until such time as he recovered; but the person so employed, though he laid about him with incredible violence, did it in such wrong places that the audience soon found out that it was not their old friend the trunk-maker.

It has been remarked, that he has not yet exerted himself with vigour this season. He sometimes plies at the opera; and, upon Nicolini's first appearance, was said to have demolished three benches in the fury of his applause. He has broken half a dozen oaken plants upon Dogget,[u] and seldom goes away from a tragedy of Shakspeare without leaving the wainscot extremely shattered.

The players do not only connive at his obstreperous approbation, but very cheerfully repair at their own cost whatever damages he makes. They once had a thought of erecting a kind of wooden anvil for his use, that should be made of a very sounding plank, in order to render his strokes more deep and mellow; but as this might not have been distinguished from the music of a kettle drum, the project was laid aside.

In the mean while, I cannot but take notice of the great use it is to an audience that a person should thus preside over their heads like the director of a concert, in order to awaken their attention, and beat time to their applauses; or, to raise my simile, I have sometimes fancied the trunk-maker, in the upper gallery, to be like Virgil's ruler of the wind, seated upon the top of a mountain, who, when he struck his sceptre upon the side of it, roused an hurricane, and set the whole cavern in an uproar.[w]

It is certain the trunk-maker has saved many a good play, and brought many a graceful actor into reputation, who would not otherwise have been

[u] Thomas Dogget, an excellent comic actor, who was for many years joint-manager of the playhouse with Wilkes and Colley Cibber, of whom the reader may find a particular account in Cibber's Apology for his own Life. 8vo. 2 vols.

[w] Æneid i. 85.

taken notice of. It is very visible, as the audience is not a little abashed, if they find themselves betrayed into a clap when their friend in the upper gallery does not come into it; so the actors do not value themselves upon the clap, but regard it as a mere *brutum fulmen*, or empty noise, when it has not the sound of the oaken plant in it. I know it has been given out by those who are enemies to the trunk-maker, that he has sometimes been bribed to be in the interest of a bad poet, or a vicious player; but this is a surmise which has no foundation: his strokes are always just, and his admonitions seasonable: he does not deal about his blows at random, but always hits the right nail upon the head. That inexpressible force wherewith he lays them on, sufficiently shows the evidence and strength of his conviction. His zeal for a good author is indeed outrageous, and breaks down every fence and partition, every board and plank, that stands within the expression of his applause.

As I do not care for terminating my thoughts in barren speculations, or in reports of pure matter of fact, without drawing something from them for the advantage of my countrymen, I shall take the liberty to make an humble proposal, that whenever the trunk-maker shall depart this life, or whenever he shall have lost the spring of his arm by sickness, old age, infirmity, or the like, some able-bodied critic should be advanced to this post, and have a competent salary settled on him for life, to be furnished with bamboos for operas, crab-tree cudgels for comedies, and oaken plants for tragedy, at the public expense. And to the end that this place should be always disposed of according to merit, I would have none preferred to it who has not given convincing

proofs both of a sound judgment and a strong arm, and who could not upon occasion, either knock down an ox, or write a comment upon Horace's Art of Poetry. In short, I would have him a due composition of Hercules and Apollo, and so rightly qualified for this important office, that the trunk-maker may not be missed by our posterity. C.[x]

No. 236. FRIDAY, November 30, 1711.

— Dare jura maritis.
Hor. Ars Poet. 398.
With laws connubial tyrants to restrain.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'You have not spoken in so direct a manner upon the subject of marriage as that important case deserves. It would not be improper to observe upon the peculiarity in the youth of Great Britain of railing and laughing at that institution; and when they fall into it, from a profligate habit of mind, being insensible of the satisfactions in that way of life, and treating their wives with the most barbarous disrespect.

'Particular circumstances and cast of temper must teach a man the probability of mighty uneasinesses in that state (for unquestionably some there are whose very dispositions are strangely averse to conjugal friendship): but no one, I believe, is, by his own natural complexion, prompted to tease and torment another for no reason but being nearly allied to him. And can there be any thing more base, or serve to sink a man so much below his own distin-

[x] By Addison, dated, it is thought, from Chelsea. See No. 7, *ad fin.*

guishing characteristic (I mean reason), than returning evil for good in so open a manner as that of treating an helpless creature with unkindness, who has had so good an opinion of him as to believe what he said relating to one of the greatest concerns of life, by delivering her happiness in this world to his care and protection? Must not that man be abandoned even to all manner of humanity, who can deceive a woman with appearances of affection and kindness for no other end but to torment her with more ease and authority? Is any thing more unlike a gentleman than when his honour is engaged for the performing his promises, because nothing but that can oblige him to it, to become afterwards false to his word, and be alone the occasion of misery to one whose happiness he but lately pretended was dearer to him than his own? Ought such a one to be trusted in his common affairs? or treated but as one whose honesty consisted only in his incapacity of being otherwise?

'There is one cause of this usage no less absurd than common, which takes place among the more unthinking men; and that is, the desire to appear to their friends free and at liberty, and without those trammels they have so much ridiculed. To avoid this, they fly into the other extreme, and grow tyrants that they may seem masters. Because an uncontroulable command of their own actions is a certain sign of entire dominion, they won't so much as recede from the government even in one muscle of their faces. A kind look they believe would be fawning, and a civil answer yielding the superiority. To this we must attribute an austerity they betray in every action. What but this can put a man out of humour in his wife's company, though he is so

distinguishingly pleasant every where else? The bitterness of his replies, and the severity of his frowns to the tenderest of wives, clearly demonstrate, that an ill-grounded fear of being thought too submissive is at the bottom of this, as I am willing to call it—affected moroseness; but if it be such, only put on to convince his acquaintance of his entire dominion, let him take care of the consequence, which will be certain and worse than the present evil; his seeming indifference will by degrees grow into real contempt; and, if it doth not wholly alienate the affections of his wife for ever from him, make both him and her more miserable than if it really did so.

'However inconsistent it may appear, to be thought a well-bred person has no small share in this clownish behaviour. A discourse, therefore, relating to good-breeding towards a loving and a tender wife, would be of great use to this sort of gentlemen. Could you but once convince them, that to be civil at least is not beneath the character of a gentleman, nor even tender affection towards one who would make it reciprocal, betray any softness of effeminacy that the most masculine diposition need be ashamed of: could you satisfy them of the generosity of voluntary civility, and the greatness of soul that is conspicuous in benevolence without immediate obligations: could you recommend to people's practice the saying of the gentleman quoted in one of your speculations, "That he thought it incumbent upon him to make the inclinations of a woman of merit go along with her duty:" could you, I say, persuade these men of the beauty and reasonableness of this sort of behaviour, I have so much charity, for some of them at least, to believe you would convince them of a thing they are only ashamed to allow. Besides,

you would recommend that state in its truest and consequently its most agreeable colours; and the gentlemen who have for any time been such professed enemies to it, when occasion should serve, would return you their thanks for assisting their interest in prevailing over their prejudices. Marriage in general would by this means be a more easy and comfortable condition; the husband would be no where so well satisfied as in his own parlour, nor the wife so pleasant as in the company of her husband. A desire of being agreeable in the lover would be increased in the husband, and the mistress be more amiable by becoming the wife. Besides all which, I am apt to believe we should find the race of men grow wiser as their progenitors grew kinder, and the affection of their parents would be conspicuous in the wisdom of their children; in short, men would in general be much better humoured than they are, did not they so frequently exercise the worst turns of their temper where they ought to exert the best.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a woman who left the admiration of this whole town to throw myself (by love of wealth) into the arms of a fool. When I married him, I could have had any one of several men of sense who languished for me; but my case is just. I believed my superior understanding would form him into a tractable creature. But, alas! my spouse has cunning and suspicion, the inseparable companions of little minds; and every attempt I make to divert, by putting on an agreeable air, a sudden cheerfulness, or kind behaviour, he looks upon as the first act towards an insurrection against his undeserved

dominion over me. Let every one who is still to choose, and hopes to govern a fool, remember

'TRISTISSA.'

'MR. SPECTATOR, 'St. Martin's, Nov. 25.

'THIS is to complain of an evil practice, which I think very well deserves a redress, though you have not as yet taken any notice of it: if you mention it in your paper, it may perhaps have a very good effect. What I mean is, the disturbance some people give to others at church by their repetition of the prayers after the minister; and that not only in the prayers but also in the absolution; and the commandments fare no better, which are in a particular manner the priest's office: this I have known done in so audible a manner, that sometimes their voices have been as loud as his. As little as you would think it, this is frequently done by people seemingly devout. This irreligious inadvertency is a thing extremely offensive: but I do not recommend it as a thing I give you liberty to ridicule, but hope it may be amended by the bare mention.

'SIR, your very humble servant,

T.[y] 'T. S.'

*** At Drury-lane, on Friday, Nov. 30, with the revived Play called Philaster, a farce of one act, called The Country Wake. Hob, by Mr. Dogget; Sir Thomas Testy, Mr. Bullock; Friendly, Mr. Pack; and Flora, Mrs. Santlow.—Spect. in folio.

††† On the preceding evening, Nov. 29. The Man of the Mode; or, Sir Fopling Flutter. Written by sir G. Etheridge. Sir Fopling, by Mr. Cibber; Dorimant, by Mr. Wilks; Medley, Mr. Mills; Young Bellair, by Mr. Bullock, jun.; Old Bellair, by Mr. Pinkethman; Shoemaker, by Mr. Brown. Loveit, by Mrs. Oldfield; Belinda, by Mrs. Rogers; Harriot, by Mrs. Santlow; and Emelia, by Mrs. Porter.—*Ibid.*

[y] By Steele, composed or communicated from the letter-box. This letter was sometimes the signature of Mr. Tickell. See No. 324, note on T, and No. 410, *ad finem.*

No. 237. SATURDAY, December 1, 1711.

Visu carentem magna pars veri latet.
Seneca in Œdip.
They that are dim of sight see truth by halves.

It is very reasonable to believe that part of the pleasure which happy minds shall enjoy in a future state, will arise from an enlarged contemplation of the Divine Wisdom in the government of the world, and a discovery of the secret and amazing steps of Providence from the beginning to the end of time. Nothing seems to be an entertainment more adapted to the nature of man, if we consider that curiosity is one of the strongest and most lasting appetites implanted in us, and that admiration is one of our most pleasing passions; and what a perpetual succession of enjoyments will be afforded to both these in a scene so large and various as shall then be laid open to our view in the society of superior spirits, who will perhaps join with us in so delightful a prospect!

It is not impossible, on the contrary, that part of the punishment of such as are excluded from bliss may consist not only in their being denied this privilege, but in having their appetites at the same time vastly increased without any satisfaction afforded to them. In these, the vain pursuit of knowledge shall, perhaps, add to their infelicity, and bewilder them in labyrinths of error, darkness, distraction, and uncertainty of every thing but their own evil state. Milton has thus represented the fallen angels reasoning together in a kind of respite from their torments, and creating to themselves a new disquiet amidst their very amusements; he could not properly have described the sports of condemned

spirits without that cast of horror and melancholy he has so judiciously mingled with them:

> 'Others apart sat on a hill retired,
> In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
> Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
> Fixt fate, freewill, foreknowledge absolute,
> And found no end in wandering mazes lost.'[z]

In our present condition, which is a middle state, our minds are as it were checquered with truth and falsehood; and, as our faculties are narrow, and our views imperfect, it is impossible but our curiosity must meet with many repulses. The business of mankind in this life being rather to act than to know, their portion of knowledge is dealt to them accordingly.

From hence it is that the reason of the inquisitive has so long been exercised with difficulties in accounting for the promiscuous distribution of good and evil to the virtuous and the wicked in this world. From hence come all those pathetic complaints of so many tragical events which happen to the wise and the good; and of such surprising prosperity which is often the reward of the guilty and the foolish; that reason is sometimes puzzled, and at a loss what to pronounce upon so mysterious a dispensation.

Plato expresses his abhorrence of some fables of the poets which seem to reflect on the gods as the authors of injustice; and lays it down as a principle, that whatever is permitted to befal a just man, whether poverty, sickness, or any of those things which seem to be evils, shall either in life or death conduce to his good. My reader will observe how

[z] Parad. Lost, b. ii. 557.

agreeable this maxim is to what we find delivered by a greater authority. Seneca has written a discourse purposely on this subject;[b] in which he takes pains, after the doctrine of the Stoics, to show that adversity is not in itself an evil; and mentions a noble saying of Demetrius, that 'nothing would be more unhappy than a man who had never known affliction.' He compares prosperity to the indulgence of a fond mother to a child, which often proves his ruin; but the affection of the Divine Being, to that of a wise father who would have his sons exercised with labour, disappointment, and pain, that they may gather strength and improve their fortitude. On this occasion the philosopher rises into that celebrated sentiment, that there is not on earth a spectacle more worthy the regard of a Creator intent on his works than a brave man superior to his sufferings; to which he adds, that it must be a pleasure to Jupiter himself to look down from heaven, and see Cato amidst the ruins of his country preserving his integrity.

This thought will appear yet more reasonable, if we consider human life as a state of probation, and adversity as the post of honour in it, assigned often to the best and most select spirits.

But what I would chiefly insist on here is, that we are not at present in a proper situation to judge of the councils by which Providence acts, since but little arrives at our knowledge, and even that little we discern imperfectly; or, according to the elegant figure in holy writ, 'We see but in part, and as in a glass darkly.'[c] Since Providence, therefore,

[b] Vid. Senec. *De constantia sapientis, sive quod in sapientem non cadit injuria.*

[c] 1 Cor. xiii. 12.

in its economy regards the whole system of time and things together, we cannot discover the beautiful connections between incidents which lie widely separated in time; and, by losing so many links of the chain, our reasonings become broken and imperfect. Thus those parts of the moral world which have not an absolute, may yet have a relative beauty, in respect of some other parts concealed from us, but open to His eye before whom 'past,' 'present,' and 'to come,' are set together in one point of view: and those events, the permission of which seems now to accuse His goodness, may, in the consummation of things, both magnify His goodness and exalt His wisdom. And this is enough to check our presumption; since it is in vain to apply our measures of regularity to matters of which we know neither the antecedents nor the consequents, the beginning nor the end.

I shall relieve my readers from this abstracted thought, by relating here a Jewish tradition concerning Moses, which seems to be a kind of parable, illustrating what I have last mentioned. That great prophet, it is said, was called up by a voice from heaven to the top of a mountain; where, in a conference with the Supreme Being, he was permitted to propose to him some questions concerning his administration of the universe. In the midst of this divine conference he was commanded to look down on the plain below. At the foot of the mountain there issued out a clear spring of water, at which a soldier alighted from his horse to drink. He was no sooner gone than a little boy came to the same place, and, finding a purse of gold which the soldier had dropped, took it up and went away with it. Immediately after this came an infirm old man,

weary with age and travelling, and, having quenched his thirst, sat down to rest himself by the side of the spring. The soldier missing his purse returns to search for it, and demands it of the old man, who affirms he had not seen it, and appeals to Heaven in witness of his innocence. The soldier, not believing his protestation, kills him. Moses fell on his face with horror and amazement, when the Divine Voice thus prevented his expostulation: 'Be not surprised, Moses, nor ask why the Judge of the whole earth has suffered this thing to come to pass. The child is the occasion that the blood of the old man is spilt; but know that the old man whom thou sawest was the murderer of that child's father.' [d]

No. 238. MONDAY, December 3, 1711.

Nequicquam populo bibulas donaveris aures;
Respue quod non es——

Persius, Sat. iv. 50.

No more to flattering crowds thine ear incline,
Eager to drink the praise which is not thine.

Brewster.

Among all the diseases of the mind, there is not one more epidemical or more pernicious than the love of flattery. For as where the juices of the body are prepared to receive a malignant influence, there the disease rages with most violence; so in this distemper of the mind, where there is ever a propensity and inclination to suck in the poison, it cannot

[d] The foregoing speculation, No. 237, was first published without any characteristic Letter, but it was reprinted as Mr. Addison's in the 4to. edition of his Works, 1720. It has since been claimed for Mr. Hughes in the preface to his Poems, 2 vols. 12mo. 1735.

be but that the whole order of reasonable action must be overturned; for, like music, it

> —'So softens and disarms the mind,
> That not one arrow can resistance find.'

First, we flatter ourselves, and then the flattery of others is sure of success. It awakens our self-love within, a party which is ever ready to revolt from our better judgment, and join the enemy without. Hence it is, that the profusion of favours we so often see poured upon the parasite, are represented to us by our self-love as justice done to the man who so agreeably reconciles us to ourselves. When we are overcome by such soft insinuations and ensnaring compliances, we gladly recompence the artifices that are made use of to blind our reason, and which triumph over the weaknesses of our temper and inclinations.

But were every man persuaded from how mean and low a principle this passion is derived, there can be no doubt but the person who should attempt to gratify it would then be as contemptible as he is now successful. It is the desire of some quality we are not possessed of, or inclination to be something we are not, which are the causes of our giving ourselves up to that man who bestows upon us the characters and qualities of others; which perhaps suit us as ill, and were as little designed for our wearing, as their clothes. Instead of going out of our own complexional nature into that of others, it were a better and more laudable industry to improve our own, and, instead of a miserable copy, become a good original; for there is no temper, no disposition so rude and untractable, but may in its own peculiar cast and turn be brought to some

agreeable use in conversation, or in the affairs of life. A person of a rougher deportment, and less tied up to the usual ceremonies of behaviour will, like Manly in the play,[e] please by the grace which nature gives to every action wherein she is complied with; the brisk and lively will not want their admirers; and even a more reserved and melancholy temper may at some times be agreeable.

When there is not vanity enough awake in a man to undo him, the flatterer stirs up that dormant weakness, and inspires him with merit enough to be a coxcomb. But if flattery be the most sordid act that can be complied with, the art of praising justly is as commendable: for it is laudable to praise well; as poets at one and the same time give immortality, and receive it themselves for a reward. Both are pleased; the one whilst he receives the recompence of merit, the other whilst he shows he knows how to discern it; but, above all, that man is happy in this art, who like a skilful painter retains the features and complexion, but still softens the picture into the most agreeable likeness.

There can hardly, I believe, be imagined a more desirable pleasure than that of praise unmixed with any possibility of flattery. Such was that which Germanicus enjoyed, when, the night before a battle, desirous of some sincere mark of the esteem of his legions for him, he is described by Tacitus listening in a disguise to the discourse of a soldier, and wrapt up in the fruition of his glory, whilst with an undesigned sincerity they praised his noble and majestic mien, his affability, his valour, conduct, and success in war. How must a man have his heart

[e] Wycherley's comedy of the Plain Dealer.

full-blown with joy in such an article of glory as this? What a spur and encouragement still to proceed in those steps which had already brought him to so pure a taste of the greatest of mortal enjoyments?

It sometimes happens, that even enemies and envious persons bestow the sincerest marks of esteem when they least design it. Such afford a greater pleasure, as extorted by merit, and freed from all suspicion of favour or flattery. Thus it is with Malvolio; he has wit, learning, and discernment, but tempered with an alloy of envy, self-love, and detraction. Malvolio turns pale at the mirth and good humour of the company if it center not in his person; he grows jealous and displeased when he ceases to be the only person admired, and looks upon the commendations paid to another as a detraction from his merit, and an attempt to lessen the superiority he affects; but by this very method he bestows such praise as can never be suspected of flattery. His uneasiness and distates are so many sure and certain signs of another's title to that glory he desires, and has the mortification to find himself not possessed of.

A good name is fitly compared to a precious ointment,[f] and when we are praised with skill and decency, it is indeed the most agreeable perfume; but if too strongly admitted into a brain of a less vigorous and happy texture, it will, like too strong an odour, overcome the senses, and prove pernicious to those nerves it was intended to refresh. A generous mind is of all others the most sensible of praise and dispraise; and a noble spirit is as much invigorated with its due proportion of honour and ap-

[f] Eccles. vii. 1.

plause, as it is depressed by neglect and contempt. But it is only persons far above the common level who are thus affected with either of these extremes; as in a thermometer, it is only the purest and most sublimated spirit that is either contracted or dilated by the benignity or inclemency of the season.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THE translations which you have lately given us from the Greek, in some of your last papers, have been the occasion of my looking into some of those authors; among whom I chanced on a collection of letters which pass under the name of Aristænetus. Of all the remains of antiquity, I believe there can be nothing produced of an air so gallant and polite; each letter contains a little novel or adventure, which is told with all the beauties of language, and heightened with a luxuriance of wit. There are several of them translated:[g] but with such wide deviations from the original, and in a stile so far differing from the author's, that the translator seems rather to have taken hints for the expressing his own sense and thoughts, than to have endeavoured to render those of Aristænetus. In the following translation, I have kept as near the meaning of the Greek as I could, and have only added a few words to make the sentences in English fit together a little better than they would otherwise have done. The story seems to be taken from that of Pygmalion, and the statue in Ovid: some of the thoughts are of the same turn, and the whole is written in a kind of poetical prose.'

[g] By Tom Brown and others. See his Works, 4 vols. 12mo.

"PHILOPINAX TO CHROMATION.

"NEVER was a man more overcome with so fantastical a passion as mine; I have painted a beautiful woman, and am despairing, dying for the picture. My own skill has undone me; it is not the dart of Venus, but my own pencil has thus wounded me. Ah, me! with what anxiety am I necessitated to adore my own idol? How miserable am I, whilst every one must as much pity the painter as he praises the picture, and own my torment more than equal to my art. But why do I thus complain? Have there not been more unhappy and unnatural passions than mine? Yes, I have seen the representations of Phædra, Narcissus, and Pasiphae. Phædra was unhappy in her love; that of Pasiphae was monstrous; and, whilst the other caught at his beloved likeness, he destroyed the watery image which ever eluded his embraces. The fountain represented Narcissus to himself, and the picture both that and him thirsting after his adored image. But I am yet less unhappy; I enjoy her presence continually; and, if I touch her, I destroy not the beauteous form; but she looks pleased, and a sweet smile sits in the charming space which divides her lips. One would swear that voice and speech were issuing out, and that one's ears felt the melodious sound. How often have I, deceived by a lover's credulity, hearkened if she had not something to whisper me? and when frustrated of my hopes, how often have I taken my revenge in kisses from her cheeks and eyes, and softly wooed her to my embrace, whilst she (as to me it seemed) only withheld her tongue the more to inflame me. But, madman that I am, shall I be thus taken with the representation only of a beauteous face and flow-

ing hair, and thus waste myself and melt to tears for a shadow? Ah, sure it is something more; 'tis a reality! for see her beauties shine out with new lustre, and she seems to upbraid me with such unkind reproaches. Oh may I have a living mistress of this form, that, when I shall compare the work of nature with that of art, I may be still at a loss which to choose, and be long perplexed with the pleasing uncertainty." T.[h]

No. 239. TUESDAY, December 4, 1711.

—Bella, horrida bella!
Virg. Æn. vi. 86.
Wars, horrid wars!
Dryden.

I have sometimes amused myself with considering the several methods of managing a debate which have obtained in the world.

The first races of mankind used to dispute, as our ordinary people do now-a-days, in a kind of wild logic uncultivated by rules of art.

Socrates introduced a catechetical method of arguing. He would ask his adversary question upon question, until he had convinced him out of his own mouth, that his opinions were wrong. This way of debating drives an enemy up into a corner, seizes all the passes through which he can make an escape, and forces him to surrender at discretion.

Aristotle changed this method of attack, and invented a great variety of little weapons, called syllo-

[h] By Steele. See final note to No. 324, on signature T, perhaps used at times by Mr. T. Tickell.

gisms. As in the Socratic way of dispute you agree to every thing which your opponent advances, in the Aristotellic, you are still denying and contradicting some part or other of what he says. Socrates conquers you by stratagem, Aristotle by force. The one takes the town by sap, the other sword in hand.

The universities of Europe, for many years, carried on their debates by syllogism, insomuch that we see the knowledge of several centuries laid out into objections and answers, and all the good sense of the age cut and minced into almost an infinitude of distinctions.

When our universities found there was no end of wrangling this way, they invented a kind of argument, which is not reducible to any mood or figure in Aristotle. It was called the Argumentum Basilinum (others write it Bacilinum or Baculinum), which is pretty well expressed in our English word Club-law. When they were not able to confute their antagonist, they knocked him down. It was their method in these Polemical debates, first to discharge their syllogisms, and afterwards to betake themselves to their clubs, till such time as they had one way or other confounded their gainsayers. There is in Oxford a narrow defile (to make use of a military term), where the partisans used to encounter; for which reason it still retains the name of Logic lane. I have heard an old gentleman, a physician, make his boasts, that when he was a young fellow he marched several times at the head of a troop of Scotists,[1] and cudgelled a body of

1 The followers of Duns Scotus, a celebrated doctor of the schools, who flourished about the year 1300, and from his opposing some favourite doc-

Smiglesians,[k] half the length of High-street, till they had dispersed themselves for shelter into their respective garrisons.

This humour I find, went very far in Erasmus's time. For that author tells us, that, upon the revival of Greek letters, most of the universities in Europe were divided into Greeks and Trojans. The latter were those who bore a mortal enmity to the language of the Grecians, insomuch that if they met with any who understood it, they did not fail to treat him as a foe. Erasmus himself had, it seems, the misfortune to fall into the hands of a party of Trojans, who laid him on with so many blows and buffets that he never forgot their hostilities to his dying day.

There is a way of managing an argument not much unlike the former, which is made use of by states and communities, when they draw up a hundred thousand disputants on each side, and convince one another by dint of sword. A certain grand monarch[l] was so sensible of his strength in this way of reasoning, that he writ upon his great guns —*Ratio ultima Regum*, 'The logic of kings;' but, God be thanked, he is now pretty well baffled at his own weapons. When one has to do with a philosopher of this kind, one should remember the old gentleman's saying, who had been engaged in an argument with one of the Roman emperors.[m] Upon his friend's telling him, that he wondered he would

trines of Thomas Aquinas, gave rise to a new party called the Scotists, in opposition to the Thomists, or followers of the other. P.

[k] The followers of Martin Smiglecius, a famous logician of the 16th century, whose works were long admired in the schools even of protestant universities, though he himself was a popish Jesuit. P.

[l] Lewis XIV. of France.

[m] The emperor Adrian. See Lord Bacon's Apophthegms, iii. 284. fol.

give up the question when he had visibly the better of the dispute; 'I am never ashamed,' says he, 'to be confuted by one who is master of fifty legions.'

I shall but just mention another kind of reasoning, which may be called arguing by poll; and another, which is of equal force, in which wagers are made use of as arguments, according to the celebrated line in Hudibras.[n]

But the most notable way of managing a controversy is that which we may call arguing by torture. This is a method of reasoning which has been made use of with the poor refugees, and which was so fashionable in our country during the reign of queen Mary, that, in a passage of an author quoted by Monsieur Bayle, it is said the price of wood was raised in England by reason of the executions that were made in Smithfield.[o] These disputants convince their adversaries with a sorites,[p] commonly called a pile of fagots. The rack is also a kind of syllogism which has been used with good effect, and has made multitudes of converts. Men were formerly disputed out of their doubts, reconciled to truth by force of reason, and won over to opinions by the candour, sense, and ingenuity of those who had the right on their side; but this method of conviction operated too slowly. Pain was found to be much more enlightening than reason. Every scruple was looked upon as obstinacy, and not to be removed but by several engines invented for that purpose.

[n] Part 2, c. 1, v. 297. See No. 145, where this practice is humourously exposed.

[o] The author quoted is And. Ammonius. See his life in Bayle's Dictionary.—The Spectator's memory deceived him in applying the remark, which was made in the reign of Henry VIII. It was, however, much more applicable to that of Queen Mary. P.

[q] A sorites is a heap of propositions thrown together. P.

In a word, the application of whips, racks, gibbets, gallies, dungeons, fire and fagot, in a dispute, may be looked upon as popish refinements upon the old heathen logic.

There is another way of reasoning which seldom fails, though it be of a quite different nature to that I have last mentioned: I mean, convincing a man by ready money, or, as it is ordinarily called, bribing a man to an opinion. This method has often proved successful when all the others have been made use of to no purpose. A man who is furnished with arguments from the mint will convince his antagonist much sooner than one who draws them from reason and philosophy. Gold is a wonderful clearer of the understanding: it dissipates every doubt and scruple in an instant; accommodates itself to the meanest capacities; silences the loud and clamorous, and brings over the most obstinate and inflexible. Philip of Macedon was a man of most invincible reason this way. He refuted by it all the wisdom of Athens; confounded their statesmen; struck their orators dumb; and at length argued them out of all their liberties.

Having here touched upon the several methods of disputing as they have prevailed in different ages of the world, I shall very suddenly give my reader an account of the whole art of cavilling; which will be a full satisfactory answer to all such papers and pamphlets as have yet appeared against the Spectator. C.[q]

[q] By Addison, dated, it seems, from Chelsea. See final note to No. 7.

No. 240. WEDNESDAY, December 5, 1711.

—Aliter non fit, Avite, liber.
Mart. Ep. i. 17.
Of such materials, Sir, are books composed.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM of one of the most genteel trades in the city, and understand thus much of liberal education, as to have an ardent ambition of being useful to mankind, and to think that the chief end of being as to this life. I had these good impressions given me from the handsome behaviour of a learned, generous, and wealthy man towards me when I first began the world. Some dissatisfactions between me and my parents made me enter into it with less relish of business than I ought; and, to turn off this uneasiness, I gave myself up to criminal pleasures, some excesses, and a general loose conduct. I know not what the excellent man above-mentioned saw in me, but he descended from the superiority of his wisdom and merit to throw himself frequently into my company. This made me soon hope that I had something in me worth cultivating, and his conversation made me sensible of satisfactions in a regular way, which I had never before imagined. When he was grown familiar with me, he opened himself like a good angel, and told me he had long laboured to ripen me into a preparation to receive his friendship and advice, both which I should daily command, and the use of any part of his fortune, to apply the measures he should propose to me for the improvement of my own. I assure you I cannot recollect the goodness and confusion of the good man when he spoke to this purpose to me, without melting into tears: but. in a word, Sir, I must

hasten to tell you, that my heart burns with gratitude towards him, and he is so happy a man that it can never be in my power to return him his favours in kind; but I am sure I have made him the most agreeable satisfaction I could possibly, in being ready to serve others to my utmost ability as far as is consistent with the prudence he prescribes to me. Dear Mr. Spectator, I do not owe to him only the goodwill and esteem of my own relations, (who are people of distinction,) the present ease and plenty of my circumstances, but also the government of my passions, and regulation of my desires. I doubt not, Sir, but in your imagination such virtues as these of my worthy friend bear as great a figure as actions which are more glittering in the common estimation. What I would ask of you is to give us a whole Spectator upon heroic virtue in common life, which may incite men to the same generous inclinations as have by this admirable person been shown to, and raised in,

'SIR, your most humble servant.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a country gentleman of a good plentiful estate, and live, as the rest of my neighbours, with great hospitality. I have been ever reckoned among the ladies as the best company in the world, and have access as a sort of favourite. I never came in public but I saluted them, though in great assemblies, all around; where it was seen how genteelly I avoided hampering my spurs in their petticoats while I moved amongst them; and, on the other side, how prettily they courtesied and received me, standing in proper rows, and advancing as fast as they saw their elders, or their betters, despatched by me.

But so it is, Mr. Spectator, that all our good-breeding is of late lost by the unhappy arrival of a courtier, or town gentleman, who came lately among us. This person, whenever he came into a room, made a profound bow, and fell back, then recovered with a soft air, and made a bow to the next, and so to one or two more, and then took the gross of the room, by passing them in a continued bow till he arrived at the person he thought proper particularly to entertain. This he did with so good a grace and assurance, that it is taken for the present fashion, and there is no young gentlewoman within several miles of this place has been kissed ever since his first appearance among us. We country gentlemen cannot begin again and learn these fine and reserved airs; and our conversation is at a stand till we have your judgment for or against kissing by way of civility or salutation; which is impatiently expected by your friends of both sexes, but by none so much as

'Your humble servant,

'RUSTIC SPRIGHTLY.'

'MR. SPECTATOR, 'December 3, 1711.

'I was the other night at Philaster,[r] where I expected to hear your famous trunk-maker,[s] but was unhappily disappointed of his company, and saw another person who had the like ambition to distinguish himself in a noisy manner, partly by vociferation or talking loud, and partly by his bodily agility. This was a very lusty fellow, but withal a sort of beau, who getting into one of the side-boxes on the stage before the curtain drew, was disposed to show

[r] Acted Friday, Nov. 30, as appears from the advertisements.

[s] See Spect. No. 235.

the whole audience his activity by leaping over the spikes; he passed from thence to one of the entering doors, where he took snuff with a tolerable good grace, displayed his fine clothes, made two or three feint passes at the curtain with his cane, then faced about and appeared at t'other door. Here he affected to survey the whole house, bowed and smiled at random, and then showed his teeth, which were some of them indeed very white. After this he retired behind the curtain, and obliged us with several views of his person from every opening.

'During the time of acting, he appeared frequently in the prince's apartment, made one at the hunting match, and was very forward in the rebellion.[t] If there were no injunctions to the contrary, yet this practice must be confessed to diminish the pleasure of the audience, and for that reason to be presumptuous and unwarrantable: but since her majesty's late command has made it criminal,[u] you have authority to take notice of it.

'Sir, your humble servant.'

T.[w] 'Charles Easy.'

[t] Different scenes in the play of Philaster.

[u] In the play-bills about this time there was this clause, 'By her majesty's command no person to be admitted behind the scenes.'

[w] By Steele. Transcribed. See the final note to No. 224, on letter T, which perhaps was sometimes the signature of Mr. T. Tickell.

N. B. At the conclusion of the penult paragraph of No. 235, for 'force' and partition, read 'fence' and partition.—Spect. in folio.

No. 241. THURSDAY, December 6, 1711.

—Semperque relinqui
Sola sibi, semper longam incomitata videtur
Ire viam—
Virg. Æn. iv. 466.
All sad she seems, forsaken, and alone;
And left to wander wide thro' paths unknown. P.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'Though you have considered virtuous love in most of its distresses, I do not remember that you have given us any dissertation upon the absence of lovers, or laid down any methods how they should support themselves under those long separations which they are sometimes forced to undergo. I am at present in this unhappy circumstance, having parted with the best of husbands, who is abroad in the service of his country, and may not possibly return for some years. His warm and generous affection while we were together, with the tenderness which he expressed to me at parting, make his absence almost insupportable. I think of him every moment of the day, and meet him every night in my dreams. Every thing I see puts me in mind of him. I apply myself with more than ordinary diligence to the care of his family and his estate; but this, instead of relieving me, gives me but so many occasions of wishing for his return. I frequent the rooms where I used to converse with him, and not meeting him there, sit down in his chair and fall to weeping. I love to read the books he delighted in, and to converse with the persons whom he esteemed. I visit his picture a hundred times a-day, and place myself over-against it whole hours together. I pass a great part of my time in the walks where I used to lean upon his arm, and recollect in my mind the discourses which have there passed between us: I look over

the several prospects and points of view which we used to survey together; fix my eye upon the objects which he has made me take notice of; and call to mind a thousand agreeable remarks which he has made on those occasions. I write to him by every conveyance, and, contrary to other people, am always in good-humour when an east-wind blows, because it seldom fails of bringing me a letter from him. Let me entreat you, Sir, to give me your advice upon this occasion, and to let me know how I may relieve myself in this my widowhood.

'I am SIR, your most humble servant,

'ASTERIA.'

Absence is what the poets call death in love, and has given occasion to abundance of beautiful complaints in those authors who have treated of this passion in verse. Ovid's Epistles are full of them. Otway's Monimia talks very tenderly upon this subject:

—'It was not kind
To leave me, like a turtle, here alone
To droop and mourn the absence of my mate.
When thou art from me every place is desert;
And I, methinks, am savage and forlorn.
Thy presence only 'tis can make me blest,
Heal my unquiet mind, and tune my soul.'

ORPHAN, Act ii.

The consolations of lovers on these occasions are very extraordinary. Besides those mentioned by Asteria, there are many other motives of comfort which are made use of by absent lovers.

I remember in one of Scudery's romances, a couple of honourable lovers agreed at their parting to set aside one half hour in the day to think of each other during a tedious absence. The romance

tells us that they both of them punctually observed the time thus agreed upon; and that, whatever company or business they were engaged in, they left it abruptly as soon as the clock warned them to retire. The romance farther adds, that the lovers expected the return of this stated hour with as much impatience as if it had been a real assignation, and enjoyed an imaginary happiness that was almost as pleasing to them as what they would have found from a real meeting. It was an inexpressible satisfaction to these divided lovers, to be assured that each was at the same time employed in the same kind of contemplation, and making equal returns of tenderness and affection.

If I may be allowed to mention a more serious expedient for the alleviating of absence, I shall take notice of one which I have known two persons practise, who joined religion to that elegance of sentiment with which the passion of love generally inspires its votaries: this was, at the return of such an hour, to offer up a certain prayer for each other, which they had agreed upon before their parting. The husband, who is a man that makes a figure in the polite world, as well as in his own family, has often told me that he could not have supported an absence of three years without this expedient.

Strada, in one of his Prolusions,[x] gives an account of a chimerical correspondence between two friends by the help of a certain load-stone, which had such virtue in it, that if it touched two several needles, when one of the needles so touched began to move, the other, though at never so great a distance, moved at the same time and in the same manner.

[x] Lib. ii. prol. 6.—See the Guardian, Nos. 115, 119, 122.

He tells us, that the two friends, being each of them possessed of one of these needles, made a kind of dial-plate, inscribing it with the four and twenty letters, and in the same manner as the hours of the day are marked upon the ordinary dial-plate. They then fixed one of the needles on each of these plates in such a manner that it could move round without impediment so as to touch any of the four and twenty letters. Upon their separating from one another into distant countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their closets at a certain hour of the day, and to converse with one another by means of this their invention. Accordingly, when they were some hundred miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his closet at the time appointed, and immediately cast his eye upon his dial-plate. If he had a mind to write any thing to his friend, he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words which he had occasion for, making a little pause at the end of every word or sentence, to avoid confusion. The friend in the mean while saw his own sympathetic needle moving of itself to every letter which that of his correspondent pointed at. By this means they talked together across a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an instant over cities or mountains, seas or deserts.

If monsieur Scudery, or any other writer of romance, had introduced a necromancer, who is generally in the train of a knight-errant, making a present to two lovers of a couple of those above-mentioned needles, the reader would have been not a little pleased to have seen them corresponding with one another when they were guarded by spies and watches, or separated by castles and adventures.

In the mean while, if ever this invention should be revived or put in practice, I would propose, that upon the lover's dial-plate there should be written not only the four and twenty letters, but several entire words which have always a place in passionate epistles, as flames, darts, die, language, absence, Cupid, heart, eyes, hang, drown, and the like. This would very much abridge the lover's pains in this way of writing a letter, as it would enable him to express the most useful and significant words with a single touch of the needle. C.[y]

*** At the desire of several gentlemen and ladies at the Rising Sun, in Wych-street, near Temple-bar, on Wednesday next, the 5th instant, there will be a Masquerade; each person to pay half-a-crown at entrance. To begin exactly at five o'clock.—Spect. in folio, No. 239.

††† At Drury-lane, Dec. 6, Love for Love. Ben, by Mr. Dogget; Angelica, Mrs. Oldfield; Sir S. Legend, Mr. Leigh; Valentine, Mr. Wilks; Scandal, Mr. Booth; Tattle, Mr. Cibber; Foresight, Mr. Johnson; Trapland, Mr. Norris; Jeremy, Mr. Bowen. Mrs. Foresight, Mrs. Rogers; Mrs. Frail, Mrs. Porter; Nurse, Mrs. Willis; and Miss Prue, by Mrs. Santlow. —Spect. in folio.

No. 242. FRIDAY, December 7, 1711.

Creditur ex medio quia res arcessit habere
Sudoris minimum—
Hor. 2 Ep. i. 168.
To write on vulgar themes is thought an easy task.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'Your speculations do not so generally prevail over men's manners as I could wish. A former paper of yours[z] concerning the misbehaviour of people who are necessarily in each other's company in travelling, ought to have been a lasting ad-

y By Addison, dated, it seems, from Chelsea. See No. 7, *ad finem*.
z No. 132.

monition against transgressions of that kind. But I had the fate of your quaker, in meeting with a rude fellow in a stage-coach, who entertained two or three women of us (for there was no man besides himself) with language as indecent as ever was heard upon the water. The impertinent observations which the coxcomb made upon our shame and confusion were such that it is an unspeakable grief to reflect upon them. As much as you have declaimed against duelling, I hope you will do us the justice to declare, that if the brute has courage enough to send to the place where he saw us all alight together to get rid of him, there is not one of us but has a lover who shall avenge the insult. It would certainly be worth your consideration to look into the frequent misfortunes of this kind to which the modest and innocent are exposed by the licentious behaviour of such as are as much strangers to good-breeding as to virtue. Could we avoid hearing what we do not approve, as easily as we can seeing what is disagreeable, there were some consolation; but since in a box at a play, in an assembly of ladies, or even in a pew at church, it is in the power of a gross coxcomb to utter what a woman cannot avoid hearing, how miserable is her condition who comes within the power of such impertinents? And how necessary is it to repeat invectives against such a behaviour? If the licentious had not utterly forgot what it is to be modest, they would know that offended modesty labours under one of the greatest sufferings to which human life can be exposed. If one of these brutes could reflect thus much, though they want shame they would be moved by their pity to abhor an impudent behaviour in the presence of the chaste and innocent. If you will oblige us with a Spectator on

this subject, and procure it to be pasted against every stage-coach in Great Britain as the law of the journey, you will highly oblige the whole sex for which you have professed so great an esteem; and, in particular, the two ladies, my late fellow-sufferers, and,

'SIR, your most humble servant,

'REBECCA RIDINGHOOD.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THE matter which I am now going to send you, is an unhappy story in low life, and will recommend itself, so that you must excuse the manner of expressing it. A poor idle drunken weaver in Spitalfields has a faithful laborious wife, who by her frugality and industry had laid by her as much money as purchased her a ticket in the present lottery. She had hid this very privately in the bottom of a trunk, and had given her number to a friend and confidant, who had promised to keep the secret, and bring her news of the success. The poor adventurer was one day gone abroad, when her careless husband, suspecting she had saved some money, searches every corner, till at length he finds this same ticket; which he immediately carries abroad, sells, and squanders away the money without his wife's suspecting any thing of the matter. A day or two after this, this friend, who was a woman, comes and brings the wife word, that she had a benefit of five hundred pounds. The poor creature, overjoyed, flies up stairs to her husband who was then at work, and desires him to leave his loom for that evening, and come and drink with a friend of his and hers below. The man received this cheerful invitation as bad husbands sometimes do, and after a cross word or two told her he

wou'dn't come. His wife with tenderness renewed her importunity, and at length said to him, "My love! I have within these few months, unknown to you, scraped together as much money as has bought us a ticket in the lottery, and now here is Mrs. Quick come to tell me, that it is come up this morning a five hundred pound prize." The husband replies immediately, "You lie, you slut, you have no ticket, for I have sold it." The poor woman upon this faints away in a fit, recovers, and is now run distracted. As she had no design to defraud her huband, but was willing only to participate in his good fortune, every one pities her, but thinks her husband's punishment but just. This, Sir, is a matter of fact, and would, if the persons and circumstances were greater, in a well-wrought play be called Beautiful Distress. I have only sketched it out with chalk, and know a good hand can make a moving picture with worse materials. 'Sir, &c.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM what the world calls a warm fellow, and by good success in trade I have raised myself to a capacity of making some figure in the world; but no matter for that. I have now under my guardianship a couple of nieces, who will certainly make me run mad; which you will not wonder at, when I tell you they are female virtuosos, and, during the three years and a half that I have had them under my care, they never in the least inclined their thoughts towards any one single part of the character of a notable woman. Whilst they should have been considering the proper ingredients for a sack-posset, you should hear a dispute concerning the magnetic virtue of the loadstone, or perhaps the

pressure of the atmosphere. Their language is peculiar to themselves, and they scorn to express themselves on the meanest trifle with words that are not of a Latin derivation. But this were supportable still, would they suffer me to enjoy an uninterrupted ignorance; but unless I fall in with their abstracted ideas of things (as they call them), I must not expect to smoke one pipe in quiet. In a late fit of the gout I complained of the pain of that distemper, when my niece Kitty begged leave to assure me, that, whatever I might think, several great philosophers, both ancient and modern, were of opinion, that both pleasure and pain were imaginary distinctions, and that there was no such thing as either *in rerum naturâ*. I have often heard them affirm that the fire was not hot; and one day when I, with the authority of an old fellow, desired one of them to put my blue cloak on my knees, she answered, "Sir, I will reach the cloak; but take notice, I do not do it as allowing your description; for it might as well be called yellow as blue; for colour is nothing but the various infractions of the rays of the sun." Miss Molly told me one day, that to say snow was white, is allowing a vulgar error; for as it contains a great quantity of nitrous particles, it may more reasonably be supposed to be black. In short, the young husseys would persuade me, that to believe one's eyes is a sure way to be deceived; and have often advised me by no means to trust any thing so fallible as my senses. What I have to beg of you now is, to turn one speculation to the due regulation of female literature, so far at least as to make it consistent with the quiet of such whose fate it is to be liable to its insults; and to tell us the difference between a gentleman that should make cheese-cakes

and raise paste, and a lady that reads Locke, and understands the mathematics. In which you will extremely oblige

'Your hearty friend and humble servant,

T.[a] 'ABRAHAM THRIFTY.'

No. 243. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1711.

Formam quidem ipsam, Marce fili, et tanquam faciem honesti vides; quæ si oculis cerneretur, mirabiles amores (ut ait Plato) excitaret sapientiæ.

TULL. Offic.

You see, my son Marcus, virtue as if it were embodied, which, if it could be made the object of sight, would (as Plato says) excite in us a wonderful love of wisdom.

I DO not remember to have read any discourse written expressly upon the beauty and loveliness of virtue, without considering it as a duty, and as the means of making us happy both now and hereafter. I design therefore this speculation as an essay upon that subject; in which I shall consider virtue no farther than as it is in itself of an amiable nature; after having premised, that I understand by the word virtue such a general notion as is affixed to it by the writers of morality, and which by devout men generally goes under the name of religion, and by men of the world under the name of honour.

Hypocrisy itself does great honour, or rather justice to religion, and tacitly acknowledges it to be an ornament to human nature. The hypocrite would not be at so much pains to put on the appearance of virtue, if he did not know it was the most proper and effectual means to gain the love and esteem of mankind.

[a] By Steele. See final note to No. 324, on T, supposed to have been at times the signature of Mr. T. Tickell, as well as the editorial mark of Steele.

We learn from Hierocles, it was a common saying among the heathens, that the wise man hates nobody, but only loves the virtuous.[b]

Tully has a very beautiful gradation of thoughts to show how amiable virtue is. 'We love a virtuous man,' says he, 'who lives in the remotest parts of the earth, though we are altogether out of the reach of his virtue, and can receive from it no manner of benefit.' Nay, one who died several ages ago, raises a secret fondness and benevolence for him in our minds, when we read his story: nay, what is still more, one who has been the enemy of our country, provided his wars were regulated by justice and humanity, as in the instance of Pyrrhus whom Tully mentions on this occasion in opposition to Hannibal. Such is the natural beauty and loveliness of virtue.

Stoicism, which was the pedantry of virtue, ascribes all good qualifications of what kind soever to the virtuous man. Accordingly Cato, in the character Tully has left of him, carried matters so far, that he would not allow any one but a virtuous man to be handsome. This indeed looks more like a philosophical rant than the real opinion of a wise man; yet this was what Cato very seriously maintained. In short, the Stoics thought they could not sufficiently represent the excellence of virtue, if they did not comprehend in the notion of it all possible perfection; and therefore did not only suppose that it was transcendently beautiful in itself, but that it made the very body amiable, and banished every kind of deformity from the person in whom it resided.

[b] Hierocles, p. 56, edit. Needham.

It is a common observation, that the most abandoned to all sense and goodness, are apt to wish those who are related to them of a different character: and it is very observable, that none are more struck with the charms of virtue in the fair sex, than those who by their very admiration of it are carried to a desire of ruining it.

A virtuous mind in a fair body is indeed a fine picture in a good light, and therefore it is no wonder that it makes the beautiful sex all over charms.

As virtue in general is of an amiable and lovely nature, there are some particular kinds of it which are more so than others, and these are such as dispose us to do good to mankind. Temperance and abstinence, faith and devotion, are in themselves perhaps as laudable as any other virtues; but those which make a man popular and beloved, are justice, charity, munificence, and, in short, all the good qualities that render us beneficial to each other. For this reason even an extravagant man, who has nothing else to recommend him but a false generosity, is often more beloved and esteemed than a person of a much more finished character, who is defective in this particular.

The two great ornaments of virtue, which show her in the most advantageous views, and make her altogether lovely, are cheerfulness and good-nature. These generally go together, as a man cannot be agreeable to others who is not easy within himself. They are both very requisite in a virtuous mind, to keep out melancholy from the many serious thoughts it is engaged in, and to hinder its natural hatred of vice from souring into severity and censoriousness.

If virtue is of this amiable nature, what can we

think of those who can look upon it with an eye of hatred and ill-will, or can suffer their aversion for a party to blot out all the merit of the person who is engaged in it? A man must be excessively stupid, as well as uncharitable, who believes that there is no virtue but on his own side, and that there are not men as honest as himself who may differ from him in political principles. Men may oppose one another in some particulars, but ought not to carry their hatred to those qualities which are of so amiable a nature in themselves, and have nothing to do with the points in dispute. Men of virtue, though of different interests, ought to consider themselves as more nearly united with one another, than with the vicious part of mankind, who embark with them in the same civil concerns. We should bear the same love towards a man of honour who is a living antagonist, which Tully tells us, in the forementioned passage, every one naturally does to an enemy that is dead. In short, we should esteem virtue though in a foe, and abhor vice though in a friend.

I speak this with an eye to those cruel treatments which men of all sides are apt to give the characters of those who do not agree with them. How many persons of undoubted probity and exemplary virtue, on either side, are blackened and defamed? How many men of honour exposed to public obloquy and reproach? Those, therefore, who are either the instruments or abettors in such infernal dealings, ought to be looked upon as persons who make use of religion to promote their cause,[c] not of their cause to promote religion. C.[d]

[c] Alluding to the popular cry of those times, that 'the church was in danger,' artfully made use of by the leaders of one party to effect the downfall of the other. P.

[d] By Addison, dated, it seems, from Chelsea. See final note to No. 7.

No. 244. MONDAY, December 10, 1711.

—Judex et calidus audis.
Hor. 2 Sat. vii. 101.
A judge of painting you, a connoisseur.

'MR. SPECTATOR, 'Covent-Garden, Dec. 7.

'I CANNOT, without a double injustice, forbear expressing to you the satisfaction which a whole clan of virtuosos have received from those hints which you have lately given the town on the cartoons of the inimitable Raphael.[e] It should be methinks the business of a Spectator to improve the pleasures of sight, and there cannot be a more immediate way to it than recommending the study and observation of excellent drawings and pictures. When I first went to view those of Raphael which you have celebrated, I must confess I was but barely pleased: the next time I liked them better, but at last as I grew better acquainted with them, I fell deeply in love with them; like wise speeches, they sunk deep into my heart: for you know, Mr. Spectator, that a man of wit may extremely affect one for the present, but if he has no discretion, his merit soon vanishes away; while a wise man that has not so great a stock of wit, shall nevertheless give you a far greater and more lasting satisfaction. Just so it is in a picture that is smartly touched, but not well studied; one may call it a witty picture, though the painter in the mean time may be in danger of being called a fool. On the other hand a picture that is thoroughly understood in the whole, and well performed in the particulars, that is, begun on the foundation of geometry, carried on by the

[e] See No. 226.

rules of perspective, architecture, and anatomy, and perfected by a good harmony, a just and natural colouring, and such passions and expressions of the mind as are almost peculiar to Raphael; this is what you may justly style a wise picture, and which seldom fails to strike us dumb, till we can assemble all our faculties to make but a tolerable judgment upon it. Other pictures are made for the eyes only, as rattles are made for children's ears; and certainly that picture that only pleases the eye, without representing some well-chosen part of nature or other, does but show what fine colours are to be sold at the colour-shop, and mocks the works of the Creator. If the best imitator of nature is not to be esteemed the best painter, but he that makes the greatest show and glare of colours; it will necessarily follow, that he who can array himself in the most gaudy draperies is best drest, and he that can speak loudest the best orator. Every man when he looks on a picture should examine it according to that share of reason he is master of, or he will be in danger of making a wrong judgment. If men, as they walk abroad, would make more frequent observations on those beauties of nature which every moment present themselves to their view, they would be better judges when they saw her well imitated at home. This would help to correct those errors which most pretenders fall into who are over hasty in their judgments, and will not stay to let reason come in for a share in the decision. It is for want of this that men mistake in this case, and in common life, a wild extravagant pencil for one that is truly bold and great, an impudent fellow for a man of true courage and bravery, hasty and unreasonable actions for enterprises of spirit and resolution, gaudy

colouring for that which is truly beautiful, a false and insinuating discourse for simple truth elegantly recommended. The parallel will hold through all the parts of life and painting too; and the virtuosos above-mentioned will be glad to see you draw it with your terms of art. As the shadows in a picture represent the serious or melancholy, so the lights do the bright and lively thoughts. As there should be but one forcible light in a picture which should catch the eye and fall on the hero, so there should be but one object of our love, even the Author of nature. These and the like reflections, well improved, might very much contribute to open the beauty of that art, and prevent young people from being poisoned by the ill gusto of any extravagant workmen that should be imposed upon us.

'I am, SIR, your most humble servant.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THOUGH I am a woman, yet I am one of those who confess themselves highly pleased with a speculation you obliged the world with some time ago,[f] from an old Greek poet you call Simonides, in relation to the several natures and distinctions of our own sex. I could not but admire how justly the characters of women in this age fall in with the times of Simonides, there being no one of those sorts I have not at some time or other of my life met with a sample of. But, Sir, the subjects of this present address are a set of women, comprehended, I think, in the ninth species of that speculation, called the Apes; the description of whom I find to be, 'That they are such as are both ugly and ill-natured, who

[f] No. 209.

have nothing beautiful themselves, and endeavour to detract from or ridicule every thing that appears so in others.' Now, Sir, this sect, as I have been told, is very frequent in the great town where you live; but as my circumstance of life obliges me to reside altogether in the country, though not many miles from London, I can't have met with a great number of 'em, nor indeed is it a desirable acquaintance, as I have lately found by experience. You must know, Sir, that at the beginning of this summer a family of these apes came and settled for the season not far from the place where I live. As they were strangers in the country, they were visited by the ladies about 'em, of whom I was, with an humanity usual in those who pass most of their time in solitude. The apes lived with us very agreeably our own way till towards the end of the summer, when they began to bethink themselves of returning to town; then it was, Mr. Spectator, that they began to set themselves about the proper and distinguishing business of their character; and as it is said of evil spirits, that they are apt to carry away a piece of the house they are about to leave, the apes, without regard to common mercy, civility, or gratitude, thought fit to mimic and fall foul on the faces, dress, and behaviour of their innocent neighbours, bestowing abominable censures and disgraceful appellations, commonly called nicknames, on all of them; and in short, like true fine ladies, made their honest plainness and sincerity a matter of ridicule. I could not but acquaint you with these grievances, as well at the desire of all the parties injured, as from my own inclination. I hope, Sir, if you can't propose entirely to reform this evil, you will take such notice of it in some of your future speculations, as may put the deserving part of our

sex on their guard against these creatures; and at the same time the apes may be sensible, that this sort of mirth is so far from an innocent diversion, that it is in the highest degree that vice which is said to comprehend all others.[g]

'I am, Sir, your humble servant,

T.[h] 'Constantia Field.'

No. 245. TUESDAY, December 11, 1711.

Ficta voluptatis causâ sint proxima veris.
Hor. Ars Poet. 338.
Fictions, to please, should wear the face of truth.

There is nothing which one regards so much with an eye of mirth and pity, as innocence when it has in it a dash of folly. At the same time that one esteems the virtue, one is tempted to laugh at the simplicity which accompanies it. When a man is made up wholly of the dove, without the least grain of the serpent in his composition, he becomes ridiculous in many circumstances of life, and very often discredits his best actions. The Cordeliers[i] tell a story of their founder St. Francis, that as he passed the streets in the dusk of the evening, he discovered a young fellow with a maid in a corner; upon which the good man, say they, lifted up his hands to heaven with a secret thanksgiving that there was still so much christian charity in the world. The innocence of the saint made him mistake the kiss of a lover

[g] Ingratitude.—*Ingratum si dixeris omnia dixeris.*

[h] By Steele. Transcribed. See final note to No. 324.

[i] The Minorite friars of the order of St. Francis are so called from a cord, which they wear by way of a girdle.

for the salute of charity. I am heartily concerned when I see a virtuous man without a competent knowledge of the world; and if there be any use in these my papers, it is this, that without representing vice under any false alluring notions, they give my reader an insight into the ways of men, and represent human nature in all its changeable colours. The man who has not been engaged in any of the follies of the world, or, as Shakspeare expresses it, 'hackney'd in the ways of men,' may here find a picture of its follies and extravagances. The virtuous and the innocent may know in speculation what they could never arrive at by practice, and by this means avoid the snares of the crafty, the corruptions of the vicious, and the reasonings of the prejudiced. Their minds may be opened without being vitiated.

It is with an eye to my following correspondent, Mr. Timothy Doodle, who seems a very well-meaning man, that I have written this short preface, to which I shall subjoin a letter from the said Mr. Doodle.

'SIR,

'I COULD heartily wish that you would let us know your opinion upon several innocent diversions which are in use among us, and which are very proper to pass away a winter night for those who do not care to throw away their time at an opera or at the playhouse. I would gladly know, in particular, what notion you have of hot cockles;[k] as also, whether you think that questions and commands, mottoes, similies, and cross purposes have not more mirth and

[k] A play in which one covers his eyes, lays his hand upon his back, and guesses who strikes it. The French call it La Main Chaude.

wit in them than those public diversions which are grown so very fashionable among us. If you would recommend to our wives and daughters, who read your papers with a great deal of pleasure, some of those sports and pastimes that may be practised within doors and by the fire-side, we, who are masters of families, should be hugely obliged to you. I need not tell you that I would have these sports and pastimes not only merry but innocent; for which reason I have not mentioned either whisk or lanterloo, nor indeed so much as one-and-thirty. After having communicated to you my request upon this subject, I will be so free as to tell you how my wife and I pass away these tedious winter evenings with a great deal of pleasure. Though she be young and handsome, and good-humoured to a miracle, she does not care for gadding abroad like others of her sex. There is a very friendly man, a colonel in the army, whom I am mightily obliged to for his civilities, that comes to see me almost every night; for he is not one of those giddy young fellows that cannot live out of a playhouse. When we are together, we very often make a party at Blind-man's Buff, which is a sport that I like the better, because there is a good deal of exercise in it. The colonel and I are blinded by turns, and you would laugh your heart out to see what pains my dear takes to hoodwink us, so that it is impossible for us to see the least glimpse of light. The poor colonel sometimes hits his nose against a post, and makes us die with laughing. I have generally the good luck not to hurt myself, but am very often above half an hour before I can catch either of them; for you must know we hide ourselves up and down in corners, that we may have the more sport. I only give you this hint as a sample of such

innocent diversions as I would have you recommend; and am,

'Most esteemed SIR, your ever loving friend,

'TIMOTHY DOODLE.'

The following letter was occasioned by my last Thursday's paper[1] upon the absence of lovers, and the methods therein mentioned of making such absence supportable.

'SIR,

'AMONG the several ways of consolation which absent lovers make use of while their souls are in that state of departure, which you say is death in love, there are some very material ones that have escaped your notice. Among these, the first and most received is a crooked shilling, which has administered great comfort to our forefathers, and is still made use of on this occasion with very good effect in most part of her majesty's dominions. There are some I know, who think a crown piece cut into two equal parts, and preserved by the distant lovers, is of more sovereign virtue than the former. But since opinions are divided in this particular, why may not the same person make use of both? The figure of a heart, whether cut in stone or cast in metal, whether bleeding upon an altar, stuck with darts, or held in the hand of a Cupid, has always been looked upon as talismanic in distresses of this nature. I am acquainted with many a brave fellow who carries his mistress in the lid of his snuff-box, and by that expedient has supported himself under the absence of a whole campaign. For my own part I have tried all these remedies, but never found so much

[1] No. 241.

benefit from any as from a ring, in which my mistress's hair is plaited together very artificially in a kind of true-lover's knot. As I have received great benefit from this secret, I think myself obliged to communicate it to the public for the good of my fellow-subjects. I desire you will add this letter as an appendix to your consolations upon absence, and am

'Your very humble servant, T. B.'

I shall conclude this paper with a letter from an university gentleman, occasioned by my last Tuesday's paper,[m] wherein I gave some account of the great feuds which happened formerly in those learned bodies, between the modern Greeks and Trojans.

'SIR,

'THIS will give you to understand that there is at present in the society whereof I am a member, a very considerable body of Trojans, who, upon a proper occasion, would not fail to declare ourselves. In the meanwhile we do all we can to annoy our enemies by stratagem, and are resolved by the first opportunity to attack Mr. Joshua Barnes,[n] whom we look upon as the Achilles of the opposite party. As for myself, I have had the reputation ever since I came from school of being a trusty Trojan, and am resolved never to give quarter to the smallest particle of Greek wherever I chance to meet it. It is for this reason I take it very ill of you, that you sometimes hang out Greek colours at the head of your paper, and sometimes give a word of the enemy even in the body of it. When I meet

[m] No. 239

[n] The noted Greek professor of the university of Cambridge.

with any thing of this nature, I throw down your speculations upon the table with that form of words which we make use of when we declare war upon an author,

Græcum est, non potest legi.

I give you this hint, that you may for the future abstain from any such hostilities at your peril.

C.° 'TROILUS.'

No. 246. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1711.

— Οὐκ ἄρα σοί γε πατὴρ ἦν ἱππότα Πηλεὺς,
Οὐδὲ Θέτις μήτηρ, γλαυκὴ δὲ σ' ἔτικτε θάλασσα,
Πέτραι τ' ἠλίβατοι· ὅτι τοι νόος ἐστιν ἀπηνής.

HOM. Iliad. xvi. 33.

No amorous hero ever gave thee birth,
Nor ever tender goddess brought thee forth:
Some rugged rock's hard entrails gave thee form,
And raging seas produc'd thee in a storm:
A soul well suiting thy tempestuous kind,
So rough thy manners, so untam'd thy mind.

POPE.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'As your paper is part of the equipage of the tea-table, I conjure you to print what I now write to you; for I have no other way to communicate what I have to say to the fair sex on the most imporant circumstance of life, even 'the care of children.' I do not understand that you profess your paper is always to consist of matters which are only to entertain the learned and polite, but that it may agree with your design to publish some which may tend to the information of mankind in general; and when it does so, you do more than writing wit and humour. Give me leave then to tell you, that

° By Addison, dated, it is thought, from Chelsea. See No. 7, note.

of all the abuses that ever you have as yet endeavored to reform, certainly not one wanted so much your assistance as the abuse in nursing of children. It is unmerciful to see, that a woman, endowed with all the perfections and blessings of nature, can, as soon as she is delivered, turn off her innocent, tender, and helpless infant, and give it up to a woman that is (ten thousand to one) neither in health nor good condition, neither sound in mind nor body, that has neither honour nor reputation, neither love nor pity for the poor babe, but more regard for the money than for the whole child, and never will take farther care of it than what by all the encouragement of money and presents she is forced to; like Æsop's earth, which would not nurse the plant of another ground, although never so much improved, by reason that plant was not of its own production. And since another's child is no more natural to a nurse than a plant to a strange and different ground, how can it be supposed that the child should thrive; and if it thrives, must it not imbibe the gross humours and qualities of the nurse, like a plant in a different ground, or like a graft upon a different stock? Do not we observe that a lamb sucking a goat changes very much its nature, nay, even its skin and wool into the goat kind? The power of a nurse over a child, by infusing into it with her milk her qualities and disposition, is sufficiently and daily observed. Hence came that old saying concerning an ill-natured and malicious fellow, that "he had imbibed his malice with his nurse's milk, or that some brute or other had been his nurse." Hence Romulus and Remus were said to have been nursed by a wolf; Telephus, the son of Hercules, by a hind; Pelias, the son of Neptune, by a mare; and Ægis-

thus by a goat: not that they had actually sucked such creatures, as some simpletons have imagined, but that their nurses had been of such a nature and temper, and infused such into them.

'Many instances may be produced from good authorities and daily experience, that children actually suck in the several passions and depraved inclinations of their nurses, as anger, malice, fear, melancholy, sadness, desire and aversion. This Diodorus, lib. 2, witnesses, when he speaks, saying, that Nero, the emperor's nurse, had been very much addicted to drinking; which habit Nero received from his nurse, and was so very particular in this, that the people took so much notice of it, as, instead of Tiberius Nero, they called him Biberius Mero. The same Diodorus also relates of Caligula, predecessor to Nero, that his nurse used to moisten the nipples of her breast frequently with blood to make Caligula take the better hold of them; which, says Diodorus, was the cause that made him so blood-thirsty and cruel all his life-time after, that he not only committed frequent murder by his own hand, but likewise wished that all human kind wore but one neck that he might have the pleasure to cut it off. Such like degeneracies astonish the parents, who, not knowing after whom the child can take, see one incline to stealing, another to drinking, cruelty, stupidity; yet all these are not minded. Nay, it is easy to demonstrate, that a child, although it be born from the best of parents, may be corrupted by an ill-tempered nurse. How many children do we see daily brought into fits, consumptions, rickets, &c., merely by sucking their nurses when in a passion or fury? But indeed almost any disorder of the nurse is a disorder to the child, and few nurses can be found

in this town but what labour under some distemper or other. The first question that is generally asked a young woman that wants to be a nurse, why she should be a nurse to other people's children, is answered by her having an ill husband, and that she must make shift to live. I think now this very answer is enough to give any body a shock if duly considered; for an ill husband may, or ten to one if he does not, bring home to his wife an ill distemper, or, at least, vexation and disturbance. Besides, as she takes the child out of mere necessity, her food will be accordingly, or else very coarse at best; whence proceeds an ill concocted and coarse food for the child; for as the blood, so is the milk; and hence, I am very well assured, proceeds the scurvy, the evil, and many other distempers. I beg of you, for the sake of the many poor infants that may and will be saved by weighing this case seriously, to exhort the people with the utmost vehemence to let the children suck their own mother, both for the benefit of mother and child. For the general argument, that a mother is weakened by giving suck to her children, is vain and simple. I will maintain that the mother grows stronger by it, and will have her health better than she would have otherwise. She will find it the greatest cure and preservative from the vapours and future miscarriages, much beyond any other remedy whatsoever. Her children will be like giants, whereas, otherwise, they are but living shadows, and like unripe fruit; and, certainly, if a woman is strong enough to bring forth a child, she is, beyond all doubt, strong enough to nurse it afterwards.[p] It grieves me to observe and consider

[p] See Dr. Gregory's Comparative View of the State and Faculties of Man with those of the Animal World, Discourse I. London, 1766. 12mo.

how many poor children are daily ruined by careless nurses; and yet how tender ought they to be of a poor infant, since the least hurt or blow, especially upon the head, may make it senseless, stupid, or otherwise miserable for ever!

'But I cannot well leave this subject as yet; for it seems to me very unnatural that a woman that has fed a child as part of herself for nine months, should have no desire to nurse it farther when brought to light and before her eyes, and when by its cry it implores her assistance and the office of a mother. Do not the very cruelest of brutes tend their young ones with all the care and delight imaginable? For how can she be called a mother that will not nurse her young ones? The earth is called the mother of all things, not because she produces, but because she maintains and nurses what she produces. The generation of the infant is the effect of desire, but the care of it argues virtue and choice. I am not ignorant but that there are some cases of necessity where a mother cannot give suck, and then out of two evils the least must be chosen; but there are so very few, that, I am sure, in a thousand there is hardly one real instance; for if a woman does but know that her husband can spare about three or six shillings a week extraordinary, (although this is but seldom considered,) she certainly, with the assistance of her gossips, will soon persuade the good man to send the child to nurse, and easily impose upon him by pretending indisposition. Thus, cruelty is supported by fashion, and nature gives place to custom.

T.[q] 'Sir, your humble servant.'

q By Steele. Transcribed. See final notes to No. 6, and 324, on R and

C.w

No. 247. THURSDAY, December 13, 1711.

—Τῶν δ' ἀκάματος ῥέει αὐδὴ
Ἐκ στομάτων ἡδεῖα—

Hesiod.

Their untir'd lips a wordy torrent pour.

We are told by some ancient authors that Socrates was instructed in eloquence by a woman, whose name, if I am not mistaken, was Aspasia. I have indeed very often looked upon that art as the most proper for the female sex; and I think the universities would do well to consider whether they should not fill the rhetoric chairs with she-professors.

It has been said in the praise of some men, that they could talk whole hours together upon any thing; but it must be owned, to the honour of the other sex, that there are many among them who can talk whole hours together upon nothing. I have known a woman branch out into a long extempore dissertation upon the edging of a petticoat, and chide her servant for breaking a china cup in all the figures of rhetoric.

Were women admitted to plead in courts of judicature, I am persuaded they would carry the eloquence of the bar to greater heights than it has yet arrived at. If any one doubts this, let him but be present at those debates which frequently arise among the ladies of the British Fishery.

The first kind therefore of female orators which I shall take notice of, are those who are employed in stirring up the passions; a part of rhetoric in which Socrates his wife had perhaps made a greater proficiency than his above-mentioned teacher.

T, Steele's signatures, although it seems that T was used at times as his distinguishing mark by Mr. T. Tickell. See No. 410, and note *ad finem.*

The second kind of female orators are those who deal in invectives, and who are commonly known by the name of the Censorious. The imagination and elocution of this set of rhetoricians is wonderful. With what a fluency of invention, and copiousness of expression, will they enlarge upon every little slip in the behaviour of another! With how many different circumstances, and with what variety of phrases, will they tell over the same story! I have known an old lady make an unhappy marriage the subject of a month's conversation. She blamed the bride in one place; pitied her in another; laughed at her in a third; wondered at her in a fourth; was angry with her in a fifth; and, in short, wore out a pair of coach-horses in expressing her concern for her. At length, after having quite exhausted the subject on this side, she made a visit to the new-married pair, praised the wife for the prudent choice she had made, told her the unreasonable reflections which some malicious people had cast upon her, and desired that they might be better acquainted. The censure and approbation of this kind of women are therefore only to be considered as helps to discourse.

A third kind of female orators may be comprehended under the word Gossips. Mrs. Fiddle-Faddle is perfectly accomplished in this sort of eloquence; she launches out into descriptions of christenings, runs divisions upon an head-dress, knows every dish of meat that is served up in her neighbourhood, and entertains her company a whole afternoon together with the wit of her little boy before he is able to speak.

The coquette may be looked upon as a fourth kind of female orator. To give herself the larger

field for discourse, she hates and loves in the same breath; talks to her lap-dog or parrot; is uneasy in all kinds of weather, and in every part of the room. She has false quarrels and feigned obligations to all the men of her acquaintance; sighs when she is not sad, and laughs when she is not merry. The coquette is in particular a great mistress of that part of oratory which is called action, and indeed seems to speak for no other purpose, but as it gives her an opportunity of stirring a limb or varying a feature, of glancing her eyes or playing with her fan.

As for newsmongers, politicians, mimics, story-tellers, with other characters of that nature which give birth to loquacity, they are as commonly found among the men as the women; for which reason I shall pass them over in silence.

I have been often puzzled to assign a cause why women should have this talent of a ready utterance in so much greater perfection than men. I have sometimes fancied that they have not a retentive power, or the faculty of suppressing their thoughts, as men have, but that they are necessitated to speak every thing they think; and if so, it would perhaps furnish a very strong argument to the Cartesians for the supporting of their doctrine that the soul always thinks. But as several are of opinion that the fair sex are not altogether strangers to the arts of dissembling and concealing their thoughts, I have been forced to relinquish that opinion, and have therefore endeavoured to seek after some better reason. In order to it, a friend of mine, who is an excellent anatomist, has promised me, by the first opportunity, to dissect a woman's tongue, and to examine whether there may not be in it certain juices which render it so wonderfully voluble or

flippant, or whether the fibres of it may not be made up of a finer or more pliant thread; or whether there are not in it some particular muscles which dart it up and down by such sudden glances and vibrations; or whether, in the last place, there may not be certain undiscovered channels running from the head and the heart to this little instrument of loquacity, and conveying into it a perpetual affluence of animal spirits. Nor must I omit the reason which Hudibras has given, why those who can talk on trifles speak with the greatest fluency; namely, that the tongue is like a race-horse,[r] which runs the faster the lesser weight it carries.

Which of these reasons soever may be looked upon as the most probable, I think the Irishman's thought was very natural, who after some hours' conversation with a female orator told her, that he believed her tongue was very glad when she was asleep, for that it had not a moment's rest all the while she was awake.

That excellent old ballad of The Wanton Wife of Bath,[s] has the following remarkable lines:

'I think, quoth Thomas, women's tongues
Of aspen leaves are made.'

And Ovid, though in the description of a very barbarous circumstance, tells us that when the tongue of a beautiful female was cut out, and thrown upon the ground, it could not forbear muttering in that posture:

[r] Part iii. canto 2, ver. 443:

—Still his tongue ran on, the less
Of weight it bore, with greater ease.

[s] See Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, vol. iii. p. 148, &c. 2d edit.

P.

—'Comprehensam forcipe linguam
Abstulit ense fero. Radix micat ultima linguæ.
Ipsa jacet, terræque tremens immurmurat atræ;
Utque salire solet mutilatæ cauda colubræ,
Palpitat—'

MET. vi. 55.

—'The blade had cut
Her tongue sheer off, close to the trembling root:
The mangled part still quiver'd on the ground,
Murmuring with a faint imperfect sound;
And as a serpent writhes his wounded train,
Uneasy, panting, and possess'd with pain.'

CROXALL.

If a tongue would be talking without a mouth, what could it have done when it had all its organs of speech and accomplices of sound about it? I might here mention the story of the Pippin Woman, had not I some reason to look upon it as fabulous.[t]

I must confess I am so wonderfully charmed with the music of this little instrument, that I would by no means discourage it. All that I aim at by this dissertation is, to cure it of several disagreeable notes, and in particular of those little jarrings and dissonances which arise from anger, censoriousness, gossiping and coquetry. In short, I would have it always tuned by good-nature, truth, discretion, and sincerity. C.[u]

[t] This is a fine stroke of humour, after having admitted Ovid's tale of Philomel, without any objections to its veracity. The story here referred to, is of an apple-woman, who, when the Thames was frozen over, was said to have had her head cut off by the ice. It is humorously told in Gay's Trivia:

'The crackling crystal yields, she sinks, she dies;
Her head chopt off, from her lost shoulders flies;
Pippins she cried, but death her voice confounds,
And pip-pip-pip along the ice resounds.'

Book ii. v. 375, &c. P.

[u] By Addison, dated, it seems, from Chelsea. See final notes to Nos. 7, and 335, on Addison's signatures C, L, I, O. See also No. 221, and note *ad finem*, on capital and cabalistical letters, &c.

No. 248. FRIDAY, December 14, 1711.

Hoc maxime officii est, ut quisque maximè opis indigeat, ita ei potissimùm opitulari.
Tull. Off. i. 16.

It is a principal point of duty, to assist another most, when he stands most in need of assistance.

There are none who deserve superiority over others in the esteem of mankind, who do not make it their endeavour to be beneficial to society; and who, upon all occasions which their circumstances of life can administer, do not take a certain unfeigned pleasure in conferring benefits of one kind or other. Those whose great talents and high birth have placed them in conspicuous stations of life are indispensably obliged to exert some noble inclinations for the service of the world, or else such advantages become misfortunes, and shade and privacy are a more eligible portion. Where opportunities and inclinations are given to the same person, we sometimes see sublime instances of virtue, which so dazzle our imaginations, that we look with scorn on all which in lower scenes of life we may ourselves be able to practise. But this is a vicious way of thinking; and it bears some spice of romantic madness, for a man to imagine that he must grow ambitious, or seek adventures, to be able to do great actions. It is in every man's power in the world who is above mere poverty, not only to do things worthy, but heroic. The great foundation of civil virtue is self-denial; and there is no one above the necessities of life, but has opportunities of exercising that noble quality, and doing as much as his circumstances will bear for the ease and convenience of other men; and he who does more than ordinary men practise upon such occasions

as occur in his life, deserves the value of his friends, as if he had done enterprises which are usually attended with the highest glory. Men of public spirit differ rather in their circumstances than their virtue; and the man who does all he can, in a low station, is more a hero than he who omits any worthy action he is able to accomplish in a great one. It is not many years ago since Lapirius, in wrong of his elder brother, came to a great estate by gift of his father, by reason of the dissolute behaviour of the first born. Shame and contrition reformed the life of the disinherited youth, and he became as remarkable for his good qualities as formerly for his errors. Lapirius, who observed his brother's amendment, sent him on a new-year's day in the morning the following letter:

'HONOURED BROTHER,

'I INCLOSE to you the deeds whereby my father gave me this house and land. Had he lived till now, he would not have bestowed it in that manner; he took it from the man you were, and I restore it to the man you are.

'I am, SIR, your affectionate brother,
and humble servant, P. T.'

As great and exalted spirits undertake the pursuit of hazardous actions for the good of others, at the same time gratifying their passion for glory; so do worthy minds in the domestic way of life deny themselves many advantages, to satisfy a generous benevolence, which they bear to their friends oppressed with distresses and calamities. Such natures one may call stores of Providence, which are actuated by a secret celestial influence to undervalue

the ordinary gratifications of wealth, to give comfort to an heart loaded with affliction, to save a falling family, to preserve a branch of trade in their neighbourhood, and give work to the industrious, preserve the portion of the helpless infant, and raise the head of the mourning father. People whose hearts are wholly bent towards pleasure, or intent upon gain, never hear of the noble occurrences among men of industry and humanity. It would look like a city romance, to tell them of the generous merchant, who the other day sent this billet to an eminent trader under difficulties to support himself, in whose fall many hundreds besides himself had perished: but because I think there is more spirit and true gallantry in it than in any letter I have ever read from Strephon to Phillis, I shall insert it even in the mercantile honest style in which it was sent:

'SIR,

'I HAVE heard of the casualties which have involved you in extreme distress at this time; and knowing you to be a man of great good-nature, industry, and probity, have resolved to stand by you. Be of good cheer; the bearer brings with him five thousand pounds, and has my order to answer your drawing as much more on my account. I did this in haste, for fear I should come too late for your relief; but you may value yourself with me to the sum of fifty thousand pounds; for I can very cheerfully run the hazard of being so much less rich than I am now, to save an honest man whom I love.

'Your friend and servant,

'W. S.'[w]

[w] Corrected S, instead of P, by an express direction in the Spect. in

I think there is somewhere in Montaigne mention made of a family-book, wherein all the occurrences that happened from one generation of that house to another were recorded.[x] Were there such a method in the families which are concerned in this generosity, it would be an hard task for the greatest in Europe to give, in their own, an instance of a benefit better placed, or conferred with a more graceful air. It has been heretofore urged how barbarous and inhuman is any unjust step made to the disadvantage of a trader;[y] and by how much such an act towards him is detestable, by so much an act of kindness towards him is laudable. I remember to have heard a bencher of the Temple tell a story of a tradition in their house, where they had formerly a custom of choosing kings for such a season, and allowing him his expenses at the charge of the society. One of our kings,[z] said my friend, carried his royal inclination too far, and there was a committee ordered to look into the management of his treasury. Among other things it appeared, that his majesty, walking incog. in the cloister, had over-

folio, No. 252. The merchant involved in distress by casualties, was one Mr. Moreton, a linen draper, and the generous merchant here so justly celebrated, was sir William Scawen. MS. note of Mr. Blundell, a Spanish merchant, who lived at the time of the original publication of the Spect. on a copy in 12mo. of 1712. This note of Mr. Blundell illustrates what is said in Spect. No. 346; and likewise what we read in Spect. No. 546, where Mr. Blundell's interpretation is ascertained by the express mention of Mr. Moreton's name.

[x] The passage here referred to, is to be found in p. 258, of vol. i. in the 7th edit. of Montaigne's Essays, translated by Mr. Whately, from the correct and elegant edition of Peter Coste.

[y] See No. 218, to which this refers.

[z] This king, it is said, was beau Nash, director of the public diversions at Bath, who was in king William's time a student in the Temple. See the Memoirs of his Life, published for Mr. Newbery, in 8vo. of which book it is now well known that the late ingenious Dr. Goldsmith was the author.

heard a poor man say to another, 'Such a small sum would make me the happiest man in the world.' The king, out of his royal compassion, privately inquired into his character, and finding him a proper object of charity, sent him the money. When the committee read the report, the house passed his accounts with a *plaudite* without farther examination upon the recital of this article in them:

For making a man happy £10 0 0. T.[a]

No. 249. SATURDAY, December 15, 1711.

Γέλως ἄκαιρος ἐν βροτοῖς δεινὸν κακόν.
Frag. Vet. Poet.
Mirth out of season is a grievous ill.

When I make choice of a subject that has not been treated on by others, I throw together my reflections on it without any order or method, so that they may appear rather in the looseness and freedom of an essay, than in the regularity of a set discourse. It is after this manner that I shall consider laughter and ridicule in my present paper.

Man is the merriest species of the creation, all above and below him are serious. He sees things in a different light from other beings, and finds his mirth arising from objects that perhaps cause something like pity or displeasure in higher natures. Laughter is indeed a very good counterpoise to the spleen; and it seems but reasonable that we should be capable of receiving joy from what is no real good to us, since we can receive grief from what is no real evil.

[a] By Steele. See final note to No. 324, on T.

I have, in my forty-seventh paper, raised a speculation of the notion of a modern philosopher [b] who describes the first motive of laughter to be a secret comparison which we make between ourselves and the persons we laugh at; or, in other words, that satisfaction which we receive from the opinion of some pre-eminence in ourselves when we see the absurdities of another, or when we reflect on any past absurdities of our own. This seems to hold in most cases, and we may observe that the vainest part of mankind are the most addicted to this passion.

I have read a sermon of a conventual in the church of Rome on those words of the wise man, 'I said of laughter, it is mad; and of mirth, what does it?' Upon which he laid it down as a point of doctrine that laughter was the effect of original sin, and that Adam could not laugh before the fall.

Laughter, while it lasts, slackens and unbraces the mind, weakens the faculties, and causes a kind of remissness and dissolution in all the powers of the soul; and thus far it may be looked upon as a weakness in the composition of human nature. But if we consider the frequent reliefs we receive from it, and how often it breaks the gloom which is apt to depress the mind and damp our spirits with transient unexpected gleams of joy, one would take care not to grow too wise for so great a pleasure of life.

The talent of turning men into ridicule, and exposing to laughter those one converses with, is the qualification of little ungenerous tempers. A young man with this cast of mind cuts himself off from all manner of improvement. Every one has his flaws

[b] The philosopher Hobbes.

and weaknesses; nay, the greatest blemishes are often found in the most shining characters; but what an absurd thing is it to pass over all the valuable parts of a man, and fix our attention on his infirmities? to observe his imperfections more than his virtues? and to make use of him for the sport of others rather than for our own improvement?

We therefore very often find that persons the most accomplished in ridicule are those who are very shrewd at hitting a blot without exerting any thing masterly in themselves. As there are many eminent critics who never writ a good line, there are many admirable buffoons that animadvert upon every single defect in another without ever discovering the least beauty of their own. By this means these unlucky little wits often gain reputation in the esteem of vulgar minds, and raise themselves above persons of much more laudable characters.

If the talent of ridicule were employed to laugh men out of vice and folly, it might be of some use to the world; but, instead of this, we find that it is generally made use of to laugh men out of virtue and good sense, by attacking every thing that is solemn and serious, decent and praise-worthy in human life.

We may observe, that in the first ages of the world, when the great souls and master-pieces of human nature were produced, men shined by a noble simplicity of behaviour, and were strangers to those little embellishments which are so fashionable in our present conversation. And it is very remarkable that, notwithstanding we fall short at present of the ancients in poetry, painting, oratory, history, architecture, and all the noble arts and sciences which depend more upon genius than experience, we exceed

them as much in doggrel, humour, burlesque, and all the trivial arts of ridicule. We meet with more raillery among the moderns, but more good sense among the ancients.

The two great branches of ridicule in writing are comedy and burlesque. The first ridicules persons by drawing them in their proper characters, the other by drawing them quite unlike themselves. Burlesque is therefore of two kinds; the first represents mean persons in the accoutrements of heroes; the other describes great persons acting and speaking like the basest among the people. Don Quixote is an instance of the first, and Lucian's gods of the second. It is a dispute among the critics whether burlesque poetry runs best in heroic verse, like the Dispensary, or in doggrel, like that of Hudibras. I think where the low character is to be raised the heroic is the proper measure; but when an hero is to be pulled down and degraded, it is done best in doggrel.

If Hudibras had been set out with as much wit and humour in heroic verse as he is in doggrel, he would have made a much more agreeable figure than he does; though the generality of his readers are so wonderfully pleased with the double rhymes that I do not expect many will be of my opinion in this particular.

I shall conclude this essay upon laughter with observing, that the metaphor of laughing, applied to fields and meadows when they are in flower, or to trees when they are in blossom, runs through all languages; which I have not observed of any other metaphor excepting that of fire and burning when they are applied to love. This shows that we naturally regard laughter as what is in itself both amiable

and beautiful. For this reason, likewise, Venus has gained the title of φιλομειδὴς, 'the laughter-loving dame,' as Waller has translated it, and is represented by Horace as the goddess who delights in laughter. Milton, in a joyous assembly of imaginary persons, has given us a very poetical figure of laughter. His whole band of mirth is so finely described, that I shall set the passage down at length:

'But come thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclep'd[c] Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth
With two sister graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore.
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee,
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe:
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free.'

L'Allegro, v. 11, &c.

C.

[c] i. e. called—Euphrosyne is the name of one of the graces.

No. 250. MONDAY, December 17, 1711.

Disce docendus adhuc, quæ censet amiculus, ut si
Cæcus iter monstrare velit; tamen aspice si quid
Et nos, quod cures proprium fecisse, loquamur.
Hor. Ep. 1. xvii. 3.

Yet hear what an unskilful friend can say:
As if a blind man should direct your way;
So I myself, though wanting to be taught,
May yet impart a hint that's worth your thought.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'You see the nature of my request by the Latin motto which I address to you. I am very sensible I ought not to use many words to you who are one of but few; but the following piece, as it relates to speculation, in propriety of speech, being a curiosity in its kind, begs your patience. It was found in a poetical virtuoso's closet among his rarities; and since the several treatises of thumbs, ears, and noses have obliged the world, this of eyes is at your service.

"The first eye of consequence (under the invisible Author of all) is the visible luminary of the universe. This glorious Spectator is said never to open his eyes at his rising in a morning without having a whole kingdom of adorers in Persian silk waiting at his levee. Millions of creatures derive their sight from this original, who, besides his being the great director of optics, is the surest test whether eyes be of the same species with that of an eagle or that of an owl. The one emboldens with a manly assurance to look, speak, act or plead before the faces of a numerous assembly; the other he dazzles out of countenance into a sheepish dejectedness. The sun-proof eye dares lead up a dance in a full court; and, without

blinking at the lustre of beauty, can distribute an eye of proper complaisance to a room crowded with company, each of which deserves particular regard: while the other sneaks from conversation like a fearful debtor who never dares to look out but when he can see nobody and nobody him.

"The next instance of optics is the famous Argus, who (to speak in the language of Cambridge) was one of a hundred; and, being used as a spy in the affairs of jealousy, was obliged to have all his eyes about him. We have no account of the particular colours, casts, and turns of this body of eyes; but as he was pimp for his mistress Juno, it is probable he used all the modern leers, sly glances, and other ocular activities to serve his purpose. Some look upon him as the then king at arms to the heathenish deities; and make no more of his eyes than of so many spangles of his herald's coat.

"The next upon the optic list is old Janus, who stood in a double-sighted capacity, like a person placed betwixt two opposite looking-glasses, and so took a sort of retrospective cast at one view. Copies of this double-faced way are not yet out of fashion with many professions; and the ingenious artists pretend to keep up this species by double-headed canes and spoons;[d] but there is no mark of this faculty, except in the emblematical way of a wise general having an eye to both front and rear; or a pious man taking a review and prospect of his past and future state at the same time.

"I must own that the name, colours, qualities, and turns of eyes vary almost in every head; for,

[d] Alluding to the old-fashioned spoons, which had commonly ornamental figures carved on the handles as a double face, one of the twelve apostles, &c. &c.

not to mention the common appellation of the black, the blue, the white, the grey, and the like, the most remarkable are those that borrow their titles from animals by virtue of some particular quality or resemblance they bear to the eyes of the respective creatures; as that of a greedy rapacious aspect takes its name from a cat, that of a sharp piercing nature from the hawk, those of an amorous roguish look derive their title even from the sheep, and we say such a one has a sheep's eye, not so much to denote the innocence as the simple slyness of the cast. Nor is this metaphorical inoculation a modern invention, for we find Homer taking the freedom to place the eye of an ox, bull, or cow, in one of his principal goddesses by that frequent expression of

Βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη—

'The ox-ey'd venerable Juno.'

"Now, as to the peculiar qualities of the eye, that fine part of our constitution seems as much the receptacle and seat of our passions, appetites, and inclinations as the mind itself; at least it is as the outward portal to introduce them to the house within, or rather the common thoroughfare to let our affections pass in and out. Love, anger, pride, and avarice, all visibly move in those little orbs. I know a young lady that can't see a certain gentleman pass by without showing a secret desire of seeing him again by a dance in her eye-balls; nay, she can't for the heart of her help looking half a street's length after any man in a gay dress. You can't behold a covetous spirit walk by a goldsmith's shop without casting a wishful eye at the heaps upon the counter. Does not a haughty person show the tem-

per of his soul in the supercilious roll of his eye? and how frequently in the height of passion does that moving picture in our head start and stare, gather a redness and quick flashes of lightning, and make all its humours sparkle with fire, as Virgil finely describes it:

> —"Ardentis ab ore
> Scintillæ absistunt: OCULIS micat acribus ignis."
> ÆN. xii. 101.
>
> —"From his wide nostrils flies
> A fiery stream, and sparkles from his eyes."
> DRYDEN.

"As for the various turns of eye-sight, such as the voluntary or involuntary, the half, or the whole leer, I shall not enter into a very particular account of them; but let me observe, that oblique vision, when natural, was anciently the mark of bewitchery and magical fascination, and to this day it is a malicious ill look; but when it is forced and affected it carries a wanton design; and, in play-houses and other public places, this ocular intimation is often an assignation for bad practices. But this irregularity in vision, together with such enormities as tipping the wink, the circumspective roll, the side-peep through a thin hood or fan, must be put in the class of Heteroptics, as all wrong notions of religion are ranked under the general name of Heterodox. All the pernicious applications of sight are more immediately under the direction of a Spectator; and I hope you will arm your readers against the mischiefs which are daily done by killing eyes, in which you will highly oblige your wounded unknown friend,

T. B."[c]

[c] This letter is said to have been written by Mr. Golding. See Spect. No. 252, and notes in this edition.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'YOU professed in several papers your particular endeavours, in the province of Spectator, to correct the offences committed by starers, who disturb whole assemblies without any regard to time, place, or modesty. You complained also, that a starer is not usually a person to be convinced by the reason of the thing, nor so easily rebuked as to amend by admonitions. I thought therefore fit to acquaint you with a mechanical way which may easily prevent or correct staring, by an optical contrivance of new perspective-glasses, short and commodious like opera-glasses, fit for short-sighted people as well as others; these glasses making the objects appear either as they are seen by the naked eye, or more distinct, though somewhat less than life, or bigger and nearer. A person may, by the help of this invention, take a view of another without the impertinence of staring: at the same time it shall not be possible to know whom or what he is looking at. One may look toward his right or left hand when he is supposed to look forwards. This is set forth at large in the printed proposals for the sale of these glasses, to be had at Mr. Dillon's in Longacre, next door to the White Hart. Now, Sir, as your Spectator has occasioned the publishing of this invention for the benefit of modest spectators, the inventor desires your admonitions concerning the decent use of it; and hopes, by your recommendation, that for the future beauty may be beheld without the torture and confusion which it suffers from the insolence of starers. By this means you will relieve the innocent from an insult which there is no law to punish, though it is a greater offence

than many which are within the cognizance of justice.[f]

'I am, SIR, your most humble servant,

Q.[g] 'ABRAHAM SPY.'

No. 251. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1711.

—Linguæ centum sunt, oraque centum,
Ferrea vox—
VIRG. Æn, vi. 625.

—A hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
And throats of brass inspir'd with iron lungs.
DRYDEN.

THERE is nothing which more astonishes a foreigner, and frights a country squire, than the Cries of London. My good friend sir Roger often declares that he cannot get them out of his head, or go to sleep for them, the first week that he is in town. On the contrary, Will Honeycomb calls them the *Ramage de la Ville*, and prefers them to the sounds of larks and nightingales, with all the music of the fields and woods. I have lately received a letter from some very odd fellow upon this subject, which I shall leave with my reader, without saying any thing farther of it.

'SIR,

'I AM a man out of all business, and would willingly turn my hand to any thing for an honest livelihood. I have invented several projects for raising many millions of money without burdening the subject, but I cannot get the parliament to lis-

[f] The optical glass here mentioned is very common and very contemptible.

[g] No. 250 has the signature Q. in the original edition of the Spect. in folio, and in the octavo of 1712. See No. 221.

ten to me, who look upon me, forsooth, as a crack and a projector; so that, despairing to enrich either myself or my country by this public-spiritedness, I would make some proposals to you relating to a design which I have very much at heart, and which may procure me a handsome subsistence, if you will be pleased to recommend it to the cities of London and Westminster.

'The post I would aim at, is to be comptroller-general of the London Cries, which are at present under no manner of rules and discipline. I think I am pretty well qualified for this place, as being a man of very strong lungs, of great insight into all the branches of our British trades and manufactures, and of a competent skill in music.

'The Cries of London may be divided into vocal and instrumental. As for the latter, they are at present under a very great disorder. A freeman of London has the privilege of disturbing a whole street for an hour together, with the twanking of a brass kettle or frying-pan. The watchman's thump at midnight startles us in our beds, as much as the breaking in of a thief. The sowgelder's horn has indeed something musical in it, but this is seldom heard within the liberties. I would therefore propose, that no instrument of this nature should be made use of, which I have not tuned and licensed, after having carefully examined in what manner it may affect the ears of her majesty's liege subjects.

'Vocal cries are of a much larger extent, and indeed so full of incongruities and barbarisms, that we appear a distracted city to foreigners, who do not comprehend the meaning of such enormous out-cries. Milk is generally sold in a note above E-la,

and in sounds so exceeding shrill, that it often sets our teeth on edge. The chimney-sweeper is confined to no certain pitch; he sometimes utters himself in the deepest base, and sometimes in the sharpest treble; sometimes in the highest, and sometimes in the lowest note of the gamut. The same observation might be made on the retailers of small-coal, not to mention broken glasses or brick-dust. In these, therefore, and the like cases, it should be my care to sweeten and mellow the voices of these itinerant tradesmen, before they make their appearance in our streets, as also to accommodate their cries to their respective wares: and to take care in particular, that those may not make the most noise who have the least to sell, which is very observable in the venders of card-matches, to whom I cannot but apply the old proverb of "Much cry but little wool."

'Some of these last-mentioned musicians are so very loud in the sale of these trifling manufactures, that an honest splenetic gentleman of my acquaintance bargained with one of them never to come into the street where he lived. But what was the effect of this contract? Why, the whole tribe of card-match-makers, which frequent that quarter, passed by his door the very next day, in hopes of being bought off after the same manner.

'It is another great imperfection in our London Cries, that there is no just time nor measure observed in them. Our news should indeed be published in a very quick time, because it is a commodity that will not keep cold. It should not, however, be cried with the same precipitation as fire. Yet this is generally the case. A bloody battle alarms the town from one end to another in an instant. Every

motion of the French is published in so great a hurry, that one would think the enemy were at our gates. This likewise I would take upon me to regulate in such a manner, that there should be some distinction made between the spreading of a victory, a march, or an incampment, a Dutch, a Portugal, or a Spanish mail. Nor must I omit under this head those excessive alarms with which several boisterous rustics infest our streets in turnip-season; and which are more inexcusable, because these are wares which are in no danger of cooling upon their hands.

'There are others who affect a very slow time, and are in my opinion much more tuneable than the former. The cooper in particular swells his last note in an hollow voice, that is not without its harmony; nor can I forbear being inspired with a most agreeable melancholy, when I hear that sad and solemn air with which the public are very often asked, if they have any chairs to mend? Your own memory may suggest to you many other lamentable ditties of the same nature, in which the music is wonderfully languishing and melodious.

'I am always pleased with that particular time of the year which is proper for the pickling of dill and cucumbers; but, alas! this cry, like the song of the nightingale, is not heard above two months. It would therefore be worth while to consider, whether the same air might not in some cases be adapted to other words.

'It might likewise deserve our most serious consideration, how far, in a well-regulated city, those humourists are to be tolerated, who, not contented with the traditional cries of their forefathers, have invented particular songs and tunes of their own:

such as was, not many years since, the pastry-man, commonly known by the name of the Colly-Molly-Puff;[h] and such as is at this day the vender of powder and wash-balls, who, if I am rightly informed, goes under the name of Powder-Wat.

'I must not here omit one particular absurdity which runs through this whole vociferous generation, and which renders their cries very often not only incommodious, but altogether useless to the public. I mean that idle accomplishment, which they all of them aim at, of crying so as not to be understood. Whether or no they have learned this from several of our affected singers, I will not take upon me to say; but most certain it is, that people know the wares they deal in rather by their tunes than by their words; insomuch that I have sometimes seen a country boy run out to buy apples of a bellows-mender, and ginger-bread from a grinder of knives and scissors. Nay, so strangely infatuated are some very eminent artists of this particular grace in a cry, that none but their acquaintance are able to guess at their profession; for who else can know, that "work if I had it," should be the signification of a corn-cutter.

'Forasmuch, therefore, as persons of this rank are seldom men of genius or capacity, I think it would be proper that some man of good sense and profound judgment should preside over these public cries, who should permit none to lift up their voices in our streets, that have not tuneable throats, and

[h] This little man was but just able to support the basket of pastry which he carried on his head, and sung in a very peculiar tone the cant words which passed into his name Colly-Molly-Puff. There is a half sheet print of him in the Set of London Cries, M. Lauron *del.* P. Tempest *exc.* Grainger's Biographical History of England.

are not only able to overcome the noise of the crowd, and the rattling of coaches, but also to vend their respective merchandizes in apt phrases, and in the most distinct and agreeable sounds. I do therefore humbly recommend myself as a person rightly qualified for this post; and, if I meet with fitting encouragement, shall communicate some other projects which I have by me, that may no less conduce to the emolument of the public.

'I am, SIR, &c.

C.[1] 'RALPH CROTCHET.'

*** December 15, will be revived a play, acted but once these five years, Mithridates King of Pontus. The King, by Mr. Mills; Zephares, Mr. Wilks; Pharnaces, Mr. Powell; Archilaus, Mr. Bowman; Aquilius, Mr. Booth. Semandra, by Mrs. Oldfield; and Monimia, by Miss Sherbon. Spect. in folio, No. 249.

†††† At the Theatre-royal, Drury-lane, on Monday, Dec. 17, Love makes a man; or, The Fop's Fortune. Don Lewis, alias Testy, by Mr. Penkethman; Carlos, Mr. Wilks; Clodio, alias Dismal, Mr. Cibber; D. Antonio, Mr. Bullock; Don Duart, Mr. Elrington; Sancho, Mr. Norris. Angelina, Mrs. Bradshaw; Donna Louisa, Mrs. Rogers; and Donna Teresa, Mrs. Porter. *Ibid* No. 250.

1 By Addison, dated, it is conjectured, from Chelsea. See final note to No. 7, and No. 221.

No. 252. WEDNESDAY, December 19, 1711.

Erranti, passimque oculos per cuncta ferenti.
Virg. Æn. ii. 570.[b]
Exploring ev'ry place with curious eye.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I am very sorry to find by your discourse upon the eye,[c] that you have not thoroughly studied the nature and force of that part of a beauteous face. Had you ever been in love, you would have said ten thousand things which it seems did not occur to you. Do but reflect upon the nonsense it makes men talk, the flames which it is said to kindle, the transport it raises, the dejection it causes in the bravest men; and if you do believe those things are expressed to an extravagance, yet you will own, that the influence of it is very great, which moves men to that extravagance. Certain it is, that the whole strength of the mind is sometimes seated there; that a kind look imparts all that a year's discourse could give you, in one moment. What matters it what she says to you, "see how she looks," is the language of all who know what love is. When the mind is thus summed up and expressed in a glance, did you never observe a sudden joy arise in the countenance of a lover? Did you never see the at-

[b] ADAPTED.

With various power the wonder-working eye
Can awe, or sooth, reclaim, or lead astray.

The motto in the original folio was different, and likewise taken from Virg. Ecl. iii. 103.

'Nescio quis teneros oculos mihi fascinat agnos.'

[c] Spect. No. 250, let. i. said to have been written by Mr. Golding, if the annotator does not mistake the meaning of the respectable communicator, who may allude, perhaps, to this very letter.

tendance of years paid, overpaid in an instant? You a Spectator, and not know the intelligence of affection is carried on by the eye only; that good-breeding has made the tongue falsify the heart, and act a part of continual constraint, while nature has preserved the eyes to herself, that she may not be disguised, or misrepresented. The poor bride can give her hand and say, "I do," with a languishing air, to the man she is obliged by cruel parents to take for mercenary reasons, but at the same time she cannot look as if she loved; her eye is full of sorrow, and reluctance sits in a tear, while the offering of the sacrifice is performed in what we call the marriage ceremony. Do you never go to plays? Cannot you distinguish between the eyes of those who go to see, from those who come to be seen? I am a woman turned of thirty, and am on the observation a little; therefore if you, or your correspondent, had consulted me in your discourse on the eye, I could have told you that the eye of Leonora is slily watchful while it looks negligent; she looks round her without the help of the glasses you speak of,[d] and yet seems to be employed on objects directly before her. This eye is what affects chance-medley, and, on a sudden, as if it attended to another thing, turns all its charms against an ogler. The eye of Lusitania is an instrument of premeditated murder; but the design, being visible, destroys the execution of it; and with much more beauty than that of Leonora, it is not half so mischievous. There is a brave soldier's daughter in town,[e] that by her eye has been the death of more

[d] See Spect. No. 250, let. ii. which announces a real optical instrument probably invented about the time, and certainly for the purpose there mentioned.

[e] A compliment, probably, to the Little Whig, lady Sunderland, second daughter to the Duke of Marlborough.

than ever her father made fly before him. A beautiful eye makes silence eloquent, a kind eye makes contradiction an assent, an enraged eye makes beauty deformed. This little member gives life to every other part about us, and I believe the story of Argus implies no more, than that the eye is in every part, that is to say, every other part would be mutilated, were not its force represented more by the eye than even by itself. But this is heathen Greek to those who have not conversed by glances. This, Sir, is a language in which there can be no deceit, nor can a skilful observer be imposed upon by looks, even among politicians and courtiers. If you do me the honour to print this among your speculations, I shall in my next make you a present of secret history, by translating all the looks of the next assembly of ladies and gentlemen into words, to adorn some future paper.

'I am, SIR, your faithful friend,

'MARY HEARTFREE.'

'DEAR MR. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE a sot of a husband that lives a very scandalous life; who wastes away his body and fortune in debaucheries; and is immoveable to all the arguments I can urge to him. I would gladly know whether in some cases a cudgel may not be allowed as a good figure of speech, and whether it may not be lawfully used by a female orator.

'Your humble servant,

'BARBARA CRABTREE.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THOUGH I am a practitioner in the law of some standing, and have heard many eminent plead-

ers in my time, as well as other eloquent speakers of both universities, yet I agree with you, that women are better qualified to succeed in oratory than the men, and believe this is to be resolved into natural causes. You have mentioned only the volubility of their tongue; but what do you think of the silent flattery of their pretty faces, and the persuasion which even an insipid discourse carries with it when flowing from beautiful lips, to which it would be cruel to deny any thing? It is certain too, that they are possessed of some springs of rhetoric, which men want, such as tears, fainting fits, and the like, which I have seen employed upon occasion with good success. You must know I am a plain man and love my money; yet I have a spouse who is so great an orator in this way, that she draws from me what sums she pleases. Every room in my house is furnished with trophies of her eloquence; rich cabinets, piles of china, Japan screens, and costly jars; and if you were to come into my great parlour, you would fancy yourself in an India warehouse. Besides this she keeps a squirrel, and I am doubly taxed to pay for the china he breaks. She is seized with periodical fits about the time of the subscriptions to a new opera, and is drowned in tears after having seen any woman there in finer clothes than herself. These are arts of persuasion purely feminine, and which a tender heart cannot resist. What I would therefore desire of you is, to prevail with your friend who has promised to dissect a female tongue, that he would at the same time give us the anatomy of a female eye, and explain the springs and sluices which feed it with such ready supplies of moisture; and likewise show by what means, if possible, they may be stopped at a reasonable ex-

pense. Or, indeed, since there is something so moving in the very image of weeping beauty, it would be worthy his art to provide, that these eloquent drops may no more be lavished on trifles, or employed as servants to their wayward wills; but reserved for serious occasions in life, to adorn generous pity, true penitence, or real sorrow.

T.[g] 'I am, &c.'[f]

No. 253. THURSDAY, December 20, 1711.

Indignor quicquam reprehendi, non quia crasse
Compositum, illepideve putetur, sed quia nuper.
Hor. 1 Ep. ii. 76.

I feel my honest indignation rise,
When with affected air a coxcomb cries,
The work I own has elegance and ease,
But sure no modern should pretend to please.
Francis.

There is nothing which more denotes a great mind than the abhorrence of envy and detraction. This passion reigns more among bad poets than among any other set of men.

As there are none more ambitious of fame than those who are conversant in poetry, it is very natural for such as have not succeeded in it to depreciate the works of those who have; for since they cannot raise themselves to the reputation of their fellow-writers, they must endeavour to sink it to their own pitch, if they would still keep themselves upon a level with them.

[f] This last letter was written by Mr. John Hughes. See his Correspondence, vol. iii. p. 8.

[g] By Steele, who probably used here the signature T, to signify that he was only the transcriber. See final note to No. 324, and No. 410, *ad fin.*

The greatest wits that ever were produced in one age, lived together in so good an understanding, and celebrated one another with so much generosity, that each of them receives an additional lustre from his contemporaries, and is more famous for having lived with men of so extraordinary a genius, than if he had himself been the sole wonder of the age. I need not tell my reader, that I here point at the reign of Augustus; and I believe he will be of my opinion, that neither Virgil nor Horace would have gained so great a reputation in the world, had they not been the friends and admirers of each other. Indeed all the great writers of that age, for whom singly we have so great an esteem, stand up together as vouchers for one another's reputation. But at the same time that Virgil was celebrated by Gallus, Propertius, Horace, Varius, Tucca, and Ovid, we know that Bavius and Mævius were his declared foes and calumniators.

In our own country a man seldom sets up for a poet, without attacking the reputation of all his brothers in the art. The ignorance of the moderns, the scribblers of the age, the decay of poetry, are the topics of detraction with which he makes his entrance into the world: but how much more noble is the fame that is built on candour and ingenuity, according to those beautiful lines of sir John Denham, in his poem on Fletcher's works!

> 'But whither am I stray'd? I need not raise
> Trophies to thee from other men's dispraise:
> Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built,
> Nor needs thy juster title the foul guilt
> Of eastern kings, who, to secure their reign
> Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred slain.'

I am sorry to find that an author, who is very just-

ly esteemed among the best judges, has admitted some strokes of this nature into a very fine poem; I mean, The Art of Criticism,[h] which was published some months since, and is a master-piece in its kind. The observations follow one another like those in Horace's Art of Poetry, without that methodical regularity which would have been requisite in a prose author. They are some of them uncommon,[i] but such as the reader must assent to, when he sees them explained with that elegance and perspicuity in which they are delivered. As for those which are the most known, and the most received, they are placed in so beautiful a light, and illustrated with such apt allusions, that they have in them all the graces of novelty, and make the reader, who was before acquainted with them, still more convinced of their truth and solidity. And here give me leave to mention what monsieur Boileau has so very well enlarged upon in the preface to his works, that wit and fine writing do not consist so much in advancing things that are new, as in giving things that are known an agreeable turn. It is impossible for us, who live in the latter ages of the world, to make observations in criticism, morality, or in any art or science, which have not been touched upon by others: we have little else left us, but to represent the common sense of mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more uncommon lights. If a reader examines Horace's Art of Poetry, he will find but very few precepts in it which he may not meet with in Aristotle, and which were not commonly known by all the poets of the Augustan age.

[h] See Pope's Works, vol. v. p. 201, 6 vols. edit. Lond. 12mo. 1770.

[i] See Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope, sect. iii. p. 97, 2d ed. 1760.

His way of expressing and applying them, not his invention of them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

For this reason I think there is nothing in the world so tiresome as the works of those critics who write in a positive dogmatic way, without either language, genius, or imagination. If the reader would see how the best of the Latin critics writ, he may find their manner very beautifully described in the characters of Horace, Petronius, Quintilian, and Longinus, as they are drawn in the essay of which I am now speaking.

Since I have mentioned Longinus, who, in his reflections, has given us the same kind of sublime, which he observes in the several passages that occasioned them; I cannot but take notice that our English author has, after the same manner, exemplified several of his precepts in the very precepts themselves. I shall produce two or three instances of this kind. Speaking of the insipid smoothness which some readers are so much in love with, he has the following verses:

> 'These equal syllables alone require,
> Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire,
> While expletives their feeble aid do join,
> And ten low words oft creep in one dull line.'

The gaping of the vowels in the second line, the expletive 'do' in the third, and the ten monosyllables in the fourth, give such a beauty to this passage as would have been very much admired in an ancient poet. The reader may observe the following lines in the same view:

> 'A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
> That like a wounded snake drags its slow length along.'

And afterwards,

'' Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow;
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main.'

The beautiful distich upon Ajax in the foregoing lines puts me in mind of a description in Homer's Odyssey, *which none of the critics have taken notice of.*[k] It is, where Sisyphus is represented lifting his stone up the hill, which is no sooner carried to the top of it, but it immediately tumbles to the bottom. This double motion of the stone is admirably described in the numbers of these verses: as in the four first it is heaved up by several spondees intermixed with proper breathing places, and at last trundles down in a continued line of dactyls:

Καὶ μὴν Σίσυφον εἰσεῖδον, κρατέρ' ἄλγε' ἔχοντα,
Λᾶαν βαστάζοντα πελώριον ἀμφοτέρῃσιν.
Ἦτοι ὁ μὲν σκηριπτόμενος χερσί τε ποσίν τε,
Λᾶαν ἄνω ὤθεσκε ποτὶ λόφον· ἀλλ' ὅτε μέλλοι
Ἄκρον ὑπερβαλέειν, τόθ' ἐποστρέψασκε κραταιὶς,
Αὖτις ἔπειτα πέδονδε κυλίνδετο λᾶας ἀναιδής.

Odyss. l. 11.

'I turn'd my eye, and as I turn'd survey'd
A mournful vision! the Sisyphian shade:
With many a weary step, and many a groan,
Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone;

[k] See Pope's Works, *ut supra.* The words in Italics are left out in Mr. Tickell's edit. of Addison's works. This same observation was made long before by Dionysius of Halicarnassus.

The huge round stone, resulting with a bound,
Thunders impetuous down, and smokes along the ground.'
POPE.

It would be endless to quote verses out of Virgil which have this particular kind of beauty in the numbers; but I may take an occasion in a future paper to show several of them which have escaped the observation of others.

I cannot conclude this paper without taking notice that we have three poems in our tongue which are of the same nature, and each of them a masterpiece in its kind; the [l] Essay on Translated Verse, the [m] Essay on the Art of Poetry, and the [n] Essay upon Criticism.[o] C.[p]

*** Whereas it has been maliciously reported that Mr. Benj. Ferrers, Face-Painter, who is deaf and dumb, hath left off painting, this is to give notice that the report is villanous and false.—N. B. He lives in Duke-street, York-buildings.—Spect. in folio.

No. 254. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1711.

Σεμνὸς ἔρως ἀρετῆς, ὁ δὲ κυπρῖνος ἄχος ὀφέλλει.
Virtuous love is honourable, but lust increaseth sorrow.

WHEN I consider the false impressions which are received by the generality of the world, I am troubled at none more than a certain levity of thought which many young women of quality have entertained to the hazard of their characters, and the certain misfortune of their lives. The first of the following

[l] By the earl of Roscommon.
[m] By the duke of Normandy.
[n] By Pope.
[o] See Additions to Pope's Works, 1776, vol. ii. p. 111.
[p] By Addison. See final notes to Nos. 7, and 221, on Addison's signatures C, L, I, O.

letters may best represent the faults I would now point at; and the answer to it, the temper of mind in a contrary character.

'MY DEAR HARRIOT,

'IF thou art she! but, oh, how fallen! how changed! what an apostate! how lost to all that is gay and agreeable! To be married I find is to be buried alive; I can't conceive it more dismal to be shut up in a vault to converse with the shades of my ancestors, than to be carried down to an old manor-house in the country, and confined to the conversation of a sober husband and an awkward chamber-maid. For variety I suppose, you may entertain yourself with madam in her grogram gown, the spouse of your parish vicar, who has by this time, I am sure, well furnished you with receipts for making salves and possets, distilling cordial waters, making syrups, and applying poultices.

'Blest solitude! I wish thee joy, my dear, of thy loved retirement, which indeed you would persuade me is very agreeable, and different enough from what I have here described: but, child, I am afraid thy brains are a little disordered with romances and novels. After six months marriage, to hear thee talk of love, and paint the country scenes so softly, is a little extravagant; one would think you lived the lives of sylvan deities, or roved among the walks of Paradise like the first happy pair. But pry'thee leave these whimsies, and come to town in order to live and talk like other mortals. However, as I am extremely interested in your reputation, I would willingly give you a little good advice at your first appearance under the character of a married woman. It is a little insolence in me, perhaps, to advise a

matron; but I am so afraid you will make so silly a figure as a fond wife, that I cannot help warning you not to appear in any public places with your husband, and never to saunter about St. James's-park together: if you presume to enter the ring[q] at Hyde-park together, you are ruined for ever; nor must you take the least notice of one another at the playhouse or opera, unless you would be laughed at for a very loving couple, most happily paired in the yoke of wedlock. I would recommend the example of an acquaintance of ours to your imitation; she is the most negligent and fashionable wife in the world; she is hardly ever seen in the same place with her husband, and if they happen to meet, you would think them perfect strangers; she never was heard to name him in his absence, and takes care he shall never be the subject of any discourse that she has a share in. I hope you will propose this lady as a pattern, though I am very much afraid you will be so silly to think Portia, &c., Sabine and Roman wives, much brighter examples. I wish it may never come into your head to imitate those antiquated creatures so far as to come into public in the habit as well as air of a Roman matron. You make already the entertainment at Mrs. Modish's tea-table; she says, she always thought you a discreet person, and qualified to manage a family with admirable prudence! she dies to see what demure and serious airs wedlock has given you; but she says, she shall never forgive your choice of so gallant a man as Bellamour to transform him into a mere sober husband; it was unpardonable. You see, my dear, we all envy your happiness, and no person more than

'Your humble servant,

LYDIA.'

[q] See No. 88, note.

'Be not in pain, good Madam, for my appearance in town; I shall frequent no public places, or make any visits where the character of a modest wife is ridiculous. As for your wild raillery on matrimony, it is all hypocrisy; you, and all the handsome young women of your acquaintance, show yourselves to no other purpose than to gain a conquest over some man of worth, in order to bestow your charms and fortune on him. There is no indecency in the confession; the design is modest and honourable, and all your affectation can't disguise it.

'I am married, and have no other concern but to please the man I love; he is the end of every care I have: if I dress, it is for him; if I read a poem, or a play, it is to qualify myself for a conversation agreeable to his taste: he is almost the end of my devotions; half my prayers are for his happiness. I love to talk of him, and never hear him named but with pleasure and emotion. I am your friend, and wish you happiness, but am sorry to see, by the air of your letter, that there are a set of women who are got into the common-place raillery of every thing that is sober, decent, and proper: matrimony and the clergy are the topics of people of little wit and no understanding. I own to you, I have learned of the vicar's wife all you tax me with. She is a discreet, ingenious, pleasant, pious woman; I wish she had the handling of you and Mrs. Modish; you would find, if you were too free with her, she would soon make you as charming as ever you were; she would make you blush as much as if you never had been fine ladies. The vicar, Madam, is so kind as to visit my husband; and his agreeable conversation has brought him to enjoy many sober happy hours when even I am shut out, and my dear master is enter-

tained only with his own thoughts. These things, dear Madam, will be lasting satisfactions, when the fine ladies and the coxcombs, by whom they form themselves, are irreparably ridiculous, ridiculous in old age.

'I am, MADAM, your most humble servant,

'MARY HOME.'

'DEAR MR. SPECTATOR,

'YOU have no goodness in the world, and are not in earnest in any thing you say that is serious, if you do not send me a plain answer to this. I happened some days past to be at the play, where, during the time of performance, I could not keep my eyes off from a beautiful young creature who sat just before me, and who, I have been since informed, has no fortune. It would utterly ruin my reputation for discretion to marry such a one; and, by what I can learn, she has a character of great modesty, so that there is nothing to be thought on any other way. My mind has ever since been so wholly bent on her, that I am much in danger of doing something very extravagant without your speedy advice to,

'SIR, your most humble servant.'

I am sorry I cannot answer this impatient gentleman but by another question.

'DEAR CORRESPONDENT,

'WOULD you marry to please other people or yourself?'

T.[r]

[r] By Steele. See No. 324, *ad finem*, note.

No. 255. SATURDAY, December 22, 1711.

Laudis amore tumes? sunt certa piacula, quæ te
Ter purè lecto poterunt recreare libello.
Hor. Ep. 1. lib. i. ver. 36.

IMITATED.

Know there are rhymes, which (fresh and fresh apply'd)
Will cure the arrant'st puppy of his pride.
Pope.

The soul, considered abstractedly from its passions, is of a remiss and sedentary nature, slow in its resolves, and languishing in its executions. The use, therefore, of the passions is, to stir it up, and put it upon action; to awaken the understanding; to enforce the will; and to make the whole man more vigorous and attentive in the prosecution of his designs. As this is the end of the passions in general, so it is particularly of ambition, which pushes the soul to such actions as are apt to procure honour and reputation to the actor. But if we carry our reflections higher, we may discover farther ends of Providence in implanting this passion in mankind.

It was necessary for the world that arts should be invented and improved, books written and transmitted to posterity, nations conquered and civilized. Now since the proper and genuine motives to these and the like great actions would only influence virtuous minds, there would be but small improvements in the world were there not some common principle of action working equally with all men: and such a principle is ambition, or a desire of fame; by which great endowments are not suffered to lie idle and useless to the public, and many vicious men overreached as it were, and engaged, contrary to their natural inclinations. in a glorious and laudable course

of action. For, we may farther observe, that men of the greatest abilities are most fired with ambition; and that, on the contrary, mean and narrow minds are the least actuated by it: whether it be that a man's sense of his own incapacities makes him despair at coming at fame; or that he has not enough range of thought to look out for any good which does not more immediately relate to his interest or convenience; or that Providence, in the very frame of his soul, would not subject him to such a passion as would be useless to the world and a torment to himself.

Were not this desire of fame very strong, the difficulty of obtaining it, and the danger of losing it when obtained, would be sufficient to deter a man from so vain a pursuit.

How few are there who are furnished with abilities sufficient to recommend their actions to the admiration of the world, and to distinguish themselves from the rest of mankind! Providence for the most part sets us upon a level, and observes a kind of proportion in its dispensations towards us. If it renders us perfect in one accomplishment, it generally leaves us defective in another; and seems careful rather of preserving every person from being mean and deficient in his qualifications, than of making any single one eminent or extraordinary.

And among those who are the most richly endowed by nature, and accomplished by their own industry, how few are there whose virtues are not obscured by the ignorance, prejudice, or envy of their beholders! Some men cannot discern between a noble and a mean action; others are apt to attribute them to some false end or intention; and others purposely misrepresent, or put a wrong interpretation

on them. But, the more to enforce this consideration, we may observe, that those are generally most unsuccessful in their pursuit after fame who are most desirous of obtaining it. It is Sallust's remark upon Cato, that the less he coveted glory, the more he acquired it.[8]

Men take an ill-natured pleasure in crossing our inclinations, and disappointing us in what our hearts are most set upon. When therefore they have discovered the passionate desire of fame in the ambitious man, (as no temper of mind is more apt to show itself,) they become sparing and reserved in their commendations; they envy him the satisfaction of an applause, and look on their praises rather as a kindness done to his person than as a tribute paid to his merit. Others, who are free from this natural perverseness of temper, grow wary in their praises of one who sets too great a value on them, lest they should raise him too high in his own imagination, and by consequence remove him to a greater distance from themselves.

But farther, this desire of fame naturally betrays the ambitious man into such indecencies as are a lessening to his reputation. He is still afraid lest any of his actions should be thrown away in private, lest his deserts should be concealed from the notice of the world, or receive any disadvantage from the reports which others make of them. This often sets him on empty boasts and ostentations of himself, and betrays him into vain fantastical recitals of his own performances. His discourse generally leans one way, and whatever is the subject of it, tends obliquely either to the detracting from others, or the

[8] Sal. Bel. Catil. c. 49.

extolling of himself. Vanity is the natural weakness of an ambitious man, which exposes him to the secret scorn and derision of those he converses with, and ruins the character he is so industrious to advance by it. For though his actions are never so glorious, they lose their lustre when they are drawn at large and set to show by his own hand; and as the world is more apt to find fault than to commend, the boast will probably be censured when the great action that occasioned it is forgotten.

Besides, this very desire of fame is looked on as a meanness and imperfection in the greatest character. A solid and substantial greatness of soul looks down with a generous neglect on the censures and applauses of the multitude, and places a man beyond the little noise and strife of tongues. Accordingly we find in ourselves a secret awe and veneration for the character of one who moves above us in a regular and illustrious course of virtue, without any regard to our good or ill opinions of him, to our reproaches or commendations: as, on the contrary, it is usual for us, when we would take off from the fame and reputation of an action, to ascribe it to vain-glory, and a desire of fame in the actor. Nor is this common judgment and opinion of mankind ill-founded: for certainly it denotes no great bravery of mind to be worked up to any noble action by so selfish a motive, and to do that out of a desire of fame, which we could not be prompted to by a disinterested love to mankind, or by a generous passion for the glory of Him that made us.

Thus is fame a thing difficult to be obtained by all, and particularly by those who thirst after it; since most men have so much either of ill-nature or of wariness, as not to gratify and sooth the vanity

of the ambitious man; and since this very thirst after fame naturally betrays him into such indecencies as are a lessening to his reputation, and is itself looked upon as a weakness in the greatest characters.

In the next place, fame is easily lost, and as difficult to be preserved as it was at first to be acquired. But this I shall make the subject of a following paper. C.[t]

No. 256. MONDAY, December 24, 1711.

Φήμη γάρ τε κακὴ πέλεται· κούφη μὲν ἀεῖραι
Ῥεῖα μάλ', ἀργαλέη δὲ φέρειν —

Hes.

Fame is an ill you may with ease obtain,
A sad oppression to be borne with pain.

There are many passions and tempers of mind which naturally dispose us to depress and vilify the merit of one rising in the esteem of mankind. All those who made their entrance into the world with the same advantages, and were once looked on as his equals, are apt to think the fame of his merits a reflection on their own indeserts; and will therefore take care to reproach him with the scandal of some past action, or derogate from the worth of the present, that they may still keep him on the same level with themselves. The like kind of consideration often stirs up the envy of such as were once his superiors, who think it a detraction from their merit to see another get ground upon them, and overtake them in the pursuits of glory; and will therefore endeavour to sink his reputation that they may the

[t] By Addison. See final notes to No. 7, and 221.

better preserve their own. Those who were once his equals envy and defame him, because they now see him their superior; and those who were once his superiors, because they look upon him as their equal.

But farther, a man, whose extraordinary reputation thus lifts him up to the notice and observation of mankind, draws a multitude of eyes upon him that will narrowly inspect every part of him, consider him nicely in all views, and not be a little pleased when they have taken him in the worst and most disadvantageous light. There are many who find a pleasure in contradicting the common reports of fame, and in spreading abroad the weaknesses of an exalted character. They publish their ill-natured discoveries with a secret pride, and applaud themselves for the singularity of their judgment, which has searched deeper than others, detected what the rest of the world have overlooked, and found a flaw in what the generality of mankind admires. Others there are who proclaim the errors and infirmities of a great man with an inward satisfaction and complacency, if they discover none of the like errors and infirmities in themselves; for while they are exposing another's weaknesses, they are tacitly aiming at their own commendations, who are not subject to the like infirmities, and are apt to be transported with a secret kind of vanity to see themselves superior in some respects to one of a sublime and celebrated reputation. Nay, it very often happens, that none are more industrious in publishing the blemishes of an extraordinary reputation, than such as lie open to the same censures in their own characters, as either hoping to excuse their own defects by the authority of so high an example, or raising an

imaginary applause to themselves for resembling a person of an exalted reputation, though in the blameable parts of his character. If all these secret springs of detraction fail, yet very often a vain ostentation of wit sets a man on attacking an established name, and sacrificing it to the mirth and laughter of those about him. A satire, or a libel, on one of the common stamp never meets with that reception and approbation among its readers, as what is aimed at a person whose merit places him upon an eminence, and gives him a more conspicuous figure among men: whether it be, that we think it shows greater art to expose and turn to ridicule a man whose character seems so improper a subject for it, or that we are pleased, by some implicit kind of revenge, to see him taken down and humbled in his reputation, and in some measure reduced to our own rank, who had so far raised himself above us in the reports and opinions of mankind.

Thus we see how many dark and intricate motives there are to detraction and defamation, and how many malicious spies are searching into the actions of a great man, who is not always the best prepared for so narrow an inspection. For, we may generally observe, that our admiration of a famous man lessens upon our nearer acquaintance with him: and that we seldom hear the description of a celebrated person without a catalogue of some notorious weaknesses and infirmities. The reason may be, because any little slip is more conspicuous and observable in his conduct than in another's, as it is not of a piece with the rest of his character; or, because it is impossible for a man at the same time to be attentive to the more important part of his life, and to keep a watchful eye over all the inconsiderable circumstan-

ces of his behaviour and conversation; or because, as we have before observed, the same temper of mind which inclines us to a desire of fame naturally betrays us into such slips and unwarinesses as are not incident to men of a contrary disposition.

After all, it must be confessed, that a noble and triumphant merit often breaks through and dissipates these little spots and sullies in its reputation; but if, by a mistaken pursuit after fame, or through human infirmity any false step be made in the more momentous concerns of life, the whole scheme of ambitious designs is broken and disappointed. The smaller stains and blemishes may die away and disappear amidst the brightness that surrounds them; but a blot of a deeper nature casts a shade on all the other beauties, and darkens the whole character. How difficult therefore is it to preserve a great name, when he that has acquired it is so obnoxious to such little weaknesses and infirmities as are no small diminution to it when discovered; especially when they are so industriously proclaimed, and aggravated by such as were once his superiors or equals; by such as would set to show their judgment or their wit, and by such as are guilty or innocent of the same slips or misconducts in their own behaviour!

But were there none of these dispositions in others to censure a famous man, nor any such miscarriages in himself, yet would he meet with no small trouble in keeping up his reputation in all its height and splendour. There must be always a noble train of actions to preserve his fame in life and motion. For when it is once at a stand, it naturally flags and languishes. Admiration is a very short-lived passion, that immediately decays upon growing familiar with its object, unless it be still fed with fresh discoveries,

and kept alive by a new perpetual succession of miracles rising up to its view. And even the greatest actions of a celebrated person labour under this disadvantage, that, however surprising and extraordinary they may be, they are no more than what are expected from him; but, on the contrary, if they fall any thing below the opinion that is conceived of him, though they might raise the reputation of another, they are a diminution to his.

One would think there should be something wonderfully pleasing in the possession of fame, that, notwithstanding all these mortifying considerations, can engage a man in so desperate a pursuit; and yet, if we consider the little happiness that attends a great character and the multitude of disquietudes to which the desire of it subjects an ambitious mind, one would be still the more surprised to see so many restless candidates for glory.

Ambition raises a secret tumult in the soul; it inflames the mind, and puts it into a violent hurry of thought. It is still reaching after an empty imaginary good, that has not in it the power to abate or satisfy it. Most other things we long for can allay the cravings of their proper sense, and for a while set the appetite at rest; but fame is a good so wholly foreign to our natures, that we have no faculty in the soul adapted to it, nor any organ in the body to relish it; an object of desire placed out of the possibility of fruition. It may indeed fill the mind for a while with a giddy kind of pleasure, but it is such a pleasure as makes a man restless and uneasy under it; and which does not so much satisfy the present thirst, as it excites fresh desires and sets the soul on new enterprises. For how few ambitious men are there who have got as much fame as they desired,

and whose thirst after it has not been as eager in the very height of their reputation as it was before they became known and eminent among men! There is not any circumstance in Cæsar's character which gives me a greater idea of him, than a saying which Cicero tells us he frequently made use of in private conversation, 'That he was satisfied with his share of life and fame:' '*Se satis vel ad naturam, vel ad gloriam vixisse.*' Many indeed have given over their pursuits after fame; but that has proceeded either from the disappointments they have met in it, or from their experience of the little pleasure which attends it, or from the better informations or natural coldness of old age: but seldom from a full satisfaction and acquiescence in their present enjoyments of it.

Nor is fame only unsatisfying in itself, but the desire of it lays us open to many accidental troubles which those are free from who have no such tender regard for it. How often is the ambitious man cast down and disappointed if he receives no praise where he expected it! Nay, how often is he mortified with the very praises he receives, if they do not rise so high as he thinks they ought; which they seldom do unless increased by flattery, since few men have so good an opinion of us as we have of ourselves! But if the ambitious man can be so much grieved even with praise itself, how will he be able to bear up under scandal and defamation? for the same temper of mind which makes him desire fame makes him hate reproach. If he can be transported with the extraordinary praises of men, he will be as much dejected by their censures. How little therefore is the happiness of an ambitious man, who gives every one a dominion over it, who thus subjects himself to the good or ill speeches of others, and puts it in the power of every

malicious tongue to throw him into a fit of melancholy, and destroy his natural rest and repose of mind; especially when we consider that the world is more apt to censure than applaud, and himself fuller of imperfections than virtues!

We may farther observe, that such a man will be more grieved for the loss of fame, than he could have been pleased with the enjoyment of it. For though the presence of this imaginary good cannot make us happy, the absence of it cannot make us miserable: because in the enjoyment of an object we only find that share of pleasure which it is capable of giving us, but in the loss of it we do not proportion our grief to the real value it bears, but to the value our fancies and imaginations set upon it.

So inconsiderable is the satisfaction that fame brings along with it, and so great the disquietudes to which it makes us liable! The desire of it stirs up very uneasy motions in the mind, and is rather inflamed than satisfied by the presence of the thing desired. The enjoyment of it brings but very little pleasure, though the loss or want of it be very sensible and afflicting; and even this little happiness is so very precarious, that it wholly depends on the will of others. We are not only tortured by the reproaches which are offered us, but are disappointed by the silence of men when it is unexpected, and humbled even by their praises. C.[u]

[u] By Addison, dated, it seems, from Chelsea. See No. 7, *ad finem*.

No. 257. TUESDAY, December 25, 1711.

—Οὐχ' εὕδει Διὸς
Ὀφθαλμὸς ἐγγὺς δ' ἐστὶ παρὼν πόνῳ.
Incert. ex Stob.

No slumber seals the eye of Providence,
Present to ev'ry action we commence.

That I might not lose myself upon a subject of so great extent as that of fame, I have treated it in a particular order and method. I have first of all considered the reasons why Providence may have implanted in our mind such a principle of action.[w] I have in the next place shown, from many considerations, first, that fame is a thing difficult to be obtained, and easily lost; secondly, that it brings the ambitious man very little happiness, but subjects him to much uneasiness and dissatisfaction.[x] I shall in the last place show, that it hinders us from obtaining an end which we have abilities to acquire, and which is accompanied with fulness of satisfaction. I need not tell my reader, that I mean by this end that happiness which is reserved for us in another world, which every one has abilities to procure, and which will bring along with it, 'fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore.'

How the pursuit after fame may hinder us in the attainment of this great end, I shall leave the reader to collect from the three following considerations:

First, Because the strong desire of fame breeds several vicious habits in the mind.

Secondly, Because many of those actions, which are apt to procure fame, are not in their nature conducive to this our ultimate happiness.

[w] No. 255. [x] No. 256.

Thirdly, Because if we should allow the same actions to be the proper instruments, both of acquiring fame, and of procuring this happiness, they would nevertheless fail in the attainment of this last end, if they proceeded from a desire of the first.

These three propositions are self-evident to those who are versed in speculations of morality; for which reason I shall not enlarge upon them, but proceed to a point of the same nature, which may open to us a more uncommon field of speculation.

From what has been already observed, I think we may make a natural conclusion, that it is the greatest folly to seek the praise or approbation of any being, besides the Supreme, and that for these two reasons: because no other being can make a right judgment of us, and esteem us according to our merits; and because we can procure no considerable benefit or advantage from the esteem and approbation of any other being.

In the first place, no other being can make a right judgment of us, and esteem us according to our merits. Created beings see nothing but our outside, and can therefore only frame a judgment of us from our exterior actions and behaviour; but how unfit these are to give us a right notion of each other's perfections, may appear from several considerations. There are many virtues, which in their own nature are incapable of any outward representation; many silent perfections in the soul of a good man, which are great ornaments to human nature, but not able to discover themselves to the knowledge of others; they are transacted in private without noise or show, and are only visible to the great Searcher of hearts. What actions can express the entire purity of thought which refines and sanctifies a virtuous man! that

secret rest and contentedness of mind, which gives him a perfect enjoyment of his present condition! that inward pleasure and complacency which he feels in doing good! that delight and satisfaction which he takes in the prosperity and happiness of another! These and the like virtues are the hidden beauties of a soul, the secret graces which cannot be discovered by a mortal eye, but make the soul lovely and precious in His sight from whom no secrets are concealed. Again, there are many virtues which want an opportunity of exerting and showing themselves in actions. Every virtue requires time and place, a proper object and a fit conjuncture of circumstances, for the due exercise of it. A state of poverty obscures all the virtues of liberality and munificence. The patience and fortitude of a martyr or confessor lie concealed in the flourishing times of Christianity. Some virtues are only seen in affliction, and some in prosperity; some in a private, and others in a public capacity. But the great Sovereign of the world beholds every perfection in its obscurity, and not only sees what we do, but what we would do. He views our behaviour in every concurrence of affairs, and sees us engaged in all the possibilities of action. He discovers the martyr and confessor without the trial of flames and tortures, and will hereafter entitle many to the reward of actions which they had never the opportunity of performing. Another reason why men cannot form a right judgment of us is, because the same actions may be aimed at different ends, and arise from quite contrary principles. Actions are of so mixed a nature, and so full of circumstances, that as men pry into them more or less, or observe some parts more than others, they take different hints, and put contrary interpretations on them; so that

the same actions may represent a man as hypocritical and designing to one, which make him appear a saint or hero to another. He therefore who looks upon the soul through its outward actions, often sees it through a deceitful medium, which is apt to discolour and pervert the object: so that on this account also, He is the only proper judge of our perfections, who does not guess at the sincerity of our intentions from the goodness of our actions, but weighs the goodness of our actions by the sincerity of our intentions.

But farther, it is impossible for outward actions to represent the perfections of the soul, because they can never show the strength of those principles from whence they proceed. They are not adequate expressions of our virtues, and can only show us what habits are in the soul, without discovering the degree and perfection of such habits. They are at best but weak resemblances of our intentions, faint and imperfect copies, that may acquaint us with the general design, but can never express the beauty and life of the original. But the great Judge of all the earth knows every different state and degree of human improvement, from those weak stirrings and tendencies of the will which have not yet formed themselves into regular purposes and designs, to the last entire finishing and consummation of a good habit. He beholds the first imperfect rudiments of a virtue in the soul, and keeps a watchful eye over it in all its progress, till it has received every grace it is capable of, and appears in its full beauty and perfection. Thus we see, that none but the Supreme Being can esteem us according to our proper merits, since all others must judge of us from our outward actions; which can never give them a just

estimate of us, since there are many perfections of a man which are not capable of appearing in actions; many which, allowing no natural incapacity of showing themselves, want an opportunity of doing it; or should they all meet with an opportunity of appearing by actions, yet those actions may be misinterpreted, and applied to wrong principles; or though they plainly discovered the principles from whence they proceeded, they could never show the degree, strength, and perfection of those principles.

And as the Supreme Being is the only proper Judge of our perfections, so is he the only fit rewarder of them. This is a consideration that comes home to our interest, as the other adapts itself to our ambition. And what could the most aspiring, or the most selfish man desire more, were he to form the notion of a Being to whom he would recommend himself, than such a knowledge as can discover the least appearance of perfection in him, and such a goodness as will proportion a reward to it!

Let the ambitious man therefore turn all his desire of fame this way; and that he may propose to himself a fame worthy of his ambition, let him consider, that, if he employs his abilities to the best advantage, the time will come when the Supreme Governor of the world, the great Judge of mankind, who sees every degree of perfection in others, and possesses all possible perfection in himself, shall proclaim his worth before men and angels, and pronounce to him in the presence of the whole creation that best and most significant of applauses, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into thy Master's joy.' C.[y]

[y] By Addison, written, probably, at Chelsea. See final note to No. 7, No. 221, and note on cabalistical letters, and Addison's signatures C, I, I, O.

No. 258. WEDNESDAY, December 26, 1711.

Divide et impera.
Divide and rule.

Pleasure and recreation of one kind or other are absolutely necessary to relieve our minds and bodies from too constant attention and labour; where therefore public diversions are tolerated, it behoves persons of distinction, with their power and example, to preside over them in such a manner as to check any thing that tends to the corruption of manners, or which is too mean or trivial for the entertainment of reasonable creatures. As to the diversions of this kind in this town, we owe them to the arts of poetry and music. My own private opinion, with relation to such recreations, I have heretofore given with all the frankness imaginable; what concerns those arts at present the reader shall have from my correspondents. The first of the letters with which I acquit myself for this day, is written by one who proposes to improve our entertainments of dramatic poetry; and the other comes from three persons, who, as soon as named, will be thought capable of advancing the present state of music.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I am considerably obliged to you for your speedy publication of my last in yours of the 18th instant, and am in no small hopes of being settled in the post of Comptroller of the Cries. Of all the objections I have hearkened after in public coffee-houses, there is but one that seems to carry any weight with it, *viz.* That such a post would come too near the nature of a monopoly. Now, Sir, because I would have all sorts of people made easy, and being willing to have more strings than one to my

bow, in case that of comptroller should fail me, I have since formed another project, which, being grounded on the dividing of a present monopoly, I hope will give the public an equivalent to their full content. You know, Sir, it is allowed, that the business of the stage is, as the Latin has it, *jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ.* Now there being but one dramatic theatre licensed for the delight and profit of this extensive metropolis, I do humbly propose, for the convenience of such of its inhabitants as are too distant from Covent-garden, that another theatre of ease may be erected in some spacious part of the city; and that the direction thereof may be made a franchise in fee to me and my heirs for ever. And that the town may have no jealousy of my ever coming into an union with the set of actors now in being, I do farther propose to constitute for my deputy my near kinsman and adventurer, Kit Crotchet,[z] whose long experience and improvements in those affairs need no recommendation. 'Twas obvious to every Spectator, what a quite different foot the stage was upon during his government; and had he not been bolted out of his trap-doors, his garrison might have held out for ever; he having by long pains and perseverance arrived at the art of making his army fight without pay or provisions. I must confess it with a melancholy amazement, I see so wonderful a genius laid aside, and the late slaves of the stage now become its masters, dunces that will be sure to suppress all theatrical entertainments and activities that they are not able themselves to shine in!

'Every man that goes to a play is not obliged to

[z] Christopher Rich. See Tat. in 8vo. 6 vols. No. 99, p. 243, and note. See also Life of C. Cibber, vol. i. p. 306, *& seq.* cr. 8vo. 1756.

have either wit or understanding; and I insist upon it, that all who go there should see something which may improve them in a way of which they are capable. In short, Sir, I would have something done, as well as said, on the stage. A man may have an active body, though he has not a quick conception; for the imitation therefore of such as are, as I may so speak, corporeal wits, or nimble fellows, I would fain ask any of the present mismanagers, why should not rope-dancers, vaulters, tumblers, ladder-walkers, and posture-makers appear again on our stage? After such a representation, a five-bar gate would be leaped with a better grace next time any of the audience went a hunting. Sir, these things cry loud for reformation, and fall properly under the province of Spectator-General; but how indeed should it be otherwise, while fellows (that for twenty years together were never paid but as their master was in the humour) now presume to pay others more than ever they had in their lives; and, in contempt of the practice of persons of condition, have the insolence to owe no tradesman a farthing at the end of the week. Sir, all I propose is the public good; for no one can imagine I shall ever get a private shilling by it: therefore I hope you will recommend this matter in one of your this week's papers, and desire when my house opens you will accept the liberty of it for the trouble you have received from,

'Sir, your humble servant,

'Ralph Crotchet.

'P. S. I have assurances that the trunk-maker will declare for us.'[a]

[a] See Spect. No. 235.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'WE whose names are subscribed, think you the properest person to signify what we have to offer the town in behalf of ourselves, and the art which we profess, music. We conceive hopes of your favour from the speculations on the mistakes which the town run into with regard to their pleasure of this kind; and believing your method of judging is, that you consider music only valuable as it is agreeable to and heightens the purpose of poetry, we consent that that is not only the true way of relishing that pleasure, but also that without it a composure of music is the same thing as a poem, where all the rules of poetical numbers are observed, but the words have no sense or meaning; to say it shorter, mere musical sounds in our art are no other than nonsense verses are in poetry. Music therefore is to aggravate what is intended by poetry; it must always have some passion or sentiment to express, or else violins, voices, or any other organs of sound, afford an entertainment very little above the rattles of children. It was from this opinion of the matter, that when Mr. Clayton had finished his studies in Italy, and brought over the opera of Arsinoe, that Mr. Haym and Mr. Dieupart, who had the honour to be well known and received among the nobility and gentry, were zealously inclined to assist by their solicitations, in introducing so elegant an entertainment as the Italian music grafted upon English poetry. For this end Mr. Dieupart and Mr. Haym, according to their several opportunities, promoted the introduction of Arsinoe, and did it to the best advantage so great a novelty would allow. It is not proper to trouble you with particulars of the just complaints we all of us have to make; but so it is, that without regard to

our obliging pains, we are all equally set aside in the present opera. Our application therefore to you is only to insert this letter in your paper, that the town may know we have all three joined together to make entertainments of music for the future at Mr. Clayton's house in York-buildings. What we promise ourselves is, to make a subscription of two guineas, for eight times; and that the entertainment, with the names of the authors of the poetry, may be printed, to be sold in the house, with an account of the several authors of the vocal as well as instrumental music for each night; the money to be paid, at the receipt of the tickets, at Mr. Charles Lillie's. It will, we hope, Sir, be easily allowed, that we are capable of undertaking to exhibit, by our joint force and different qualifications, all that can be done in music; but lest you should think so dry a thing as an account of our proposal should be a matter unworthy of your paper, which generally contains something of public use; give us leave to say, that favouring our design is no less than reviving an art which runs to ruin by the utmost barbarism under an affectation of knowledge. We aim at establishing some settled notion of what is music; at recovering from neglect and want very many families who depend upon it; at making all foreigners who pretend to succeed in England to learn the language of it as we ourselves have done, and not to be so insolent as to expect a whole nation, a refined and learned nation, should submit to learn them. In a word, Mr. Spectator, with all deference and humility, we hope to behave ourselves in this undertaking in such a manner, that all English men who have any skill in music may be furthered in it for their profit or diversion by what new things we shall produce; never

pretending to surpass others, or asserting that any thing which is a science, is not attainable by all men of all nations who have proper genius for it. We say, Sir, what we hope for, it is not expected will arrive to us by contemning others, but through the utmost diligence recommending ourselves.

'We are, Sir,

'Your most humble servants,

'THOMAS CLAYTON.

'NICOLINO HAYM.

T.[c] 'CHARLES DIEUPART'[b].

No. 259. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1711.

Quod decet honestum est, et quod honestum est decet.
TULL.
What is becoming is honourable, and what is honourable is becoming.

THERE are some things which cannot come under certain rules, but which one would think could not need them. Of this kind are, outward civilities and salutations. These one would imagine might be regulated by every man's common sense, without

[b] See Spect. No. 5, note; No. 278, let. 3, and note. Tat. Nos. 163, and 166. See also sir John Hawkins's Hist. of Music, vol. V. b. ii. chap. 5, p. 147, &c. The great success of the opera of Rinaldo, which Handel is said to have composed in a fortnight, established his character, which was in some measure injurious to the three musicians here mentioned, who had been employed before to furnish operas, by collections from various Italian masters. Steele was concerned with them in their Musical business at York-buildings, by which he did not better his circumstances. See Hughes's Poems, vol. i. Preface, p. xvii. and vol. ii. p. 71, and Hughes's Correspondence, vol. i. p. 50, *& seq.*

[c] Steele probably adopted this signature here, to denote that he was only the transcriber, or it may be, that, in his absence, it was made up from the letter-box by Mr. T. Tickell. See note on the signature T, No. 324, *ad finem.* It was probably Mr. Tickell's signature sometimes. See No. 410, &c.

the help of an instructor: but that which we call common sense suffers under that word; for it sometimes implies no more than that faculty which is common to all men, but sometimes signifies right reason, and what all men should consent to. In this latter acceptation of the phrase, it is no great wonder people err so much against it, since it is not every one who is possessed of it, and there are fewer, who against common rules and fashions dare obey its dictates. As to salutations, which I was about to talk of, I observe, as I stroll about town, there are great enormities committed with regard to this particular. You shall sometimes see a man begin the offer of a salutation, and observe a forbidding air, or escaping eye, in the person he is going to salute, and stop short in the poll of his neck. This in the person who believed he could do it with a good grace, and was refused the opportunity, is justly resented with a coldness the whole ensuing season. Your great beauties, people much in favour, or by any means or for any purpose overflattered, are apt to practise this, which one may call the preventing aspect, and throw their attention another way, lest they should confer a bow or a courtesy upon a person who might not appear to deserve that dignity. Others you shall find so obsequious, and so very courteous, as there is no escaping their favours of this kind. Of this sort may be a man who is in the fifth or sixth degree of favour with a minister. This good creature is resolved to show the world, that great honours cannot at all change his manners; he is the same civil person he ever was; he will venture his neck to bow out of a coach in full speed, at once to show he is full of business, and yet not so taken up as to forget his old friend. With a man

who is not so well formed for courtship and elegant behaviour, such a gentleman as this seldom finds his account in the return of his compliments; but he will still go on, for he is in his own way, and must not omit: let the neglect fall on your side, or where it will, his business is still to be well-bred to the end. I think I have read, in one of our English comedies, a description of a fellow that affected knowing every body, and for want of judgment in time and place, would bow and smile in the face of a judge sitting in the court, would sit in an opposite gallery and smile in the minister's face as he came up into the pulpit, and nod as if he alluded to some familiarities between them in another place. But now I happen to speak of salutation at church, I must take notice that several of my correspondents have importuned me to consider that subject, and settle the point of decorum in that particular.

I do not pretend to be the best courtier in the world; but I have often, on public occasions, thought it a very great absurdity in the company, during the royal presence, to exchange salutations from all parts of the room, when, certainly, common sense should suggest, that all regards at that time should be engaged, and cannot be diverted to any other object without disrespect to the sovereign. But as to the complaint of my correspondents, it is not to be imagined what offence some of them take at the custom of saluting in places of worship. I have a very angry letter from a lady, who tells me of one of her acquaintance, who, out of mere pride and a pretence to be rude, takes upon her to return no civilities done to her in time of divine service, and is the most religious woman, for no other reason but to appear a woman of the best quality in the church.

This absurd custom had better be abolished than retained, if it were but to prevent evils of no higher a nature than this is; but I am informed of objections much more considerable. A dissenter of rank and distinction was lately prevailed upon by a friend of his to come to one of the greatest congregations of the church of England about town. After the service was over, he declared he was very well satisfied with the little ceremony which was used towards God Almighty; but, at the same time, he feared he should not be able to go through those required towards one another: as to this point he was in a state of despair, and feared he was not well-bred enough to be a convert. There have been many scandals of this kind given to our protestant dissenters from the outward pomp and respect we take to ourselves in our religious assemblies. A quaker who came one day into a church fixed his eye upon an old lady with a carpet larger than that from the pulpit before her, expecting when she would hold forth. An anabaptist, who designs to come over himself, and all his family, within a few months, is sensible they want breeding enough for our congregations, and has sent his two eldest daughters to learn to dance, that they may not misbehave themselves at church. It is worth considering whether, in regard to awkward people with scrupulous consciences, a good christian of the best air in the world ought not rather to deny herself the opportunity of showing so many graces, than keep a bashful proselyte without the pale of the church.[d] T.[e]

[d] See Spect. No. 460.

[e] By Steele. This is one of several papers where the signature T, which is annexed to it in the original edition in folio, cannot be supposed to signify that it was merely or little more than transcribed; nor is there

No. 260. FRIDAY, December 28, 1711.

Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes.
Hor. 2 Ep. ii. 55.

Years following years steal something ev'ry day,
At last they steal us from ourselves away.
Pope.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I am now in the sixty-fifth year of my age, and having been the greater part of my days a man of pleasure, the decay of my faculties is a stagnation of my life. But how is it, Sir, that my appetites are increased upon me with the loss of power to gratify them? I write this like a criminal, to warn people to enter upon what reformation they please to make in themselves in their youth, and not expect they shall be capable of it from a fond opinion some have often in their mouths, that if we do not leave our desires, they will leave us. It is far otherwise; I am now as vain in my dress, and as flippant, if I see a pretty woman, as when in my youth I stood upon a bench in the pit to survey the whole circle of beauties. The folly is so extravagant with me, and I went on with so little check of my desires, or resignation of them, that, I can assure you, I very often, merely to entertain my own thought, sit with my spectacles on, writing love letters to the beauties that have been long since in their graves. This is to warm my heart with the faint memory of delights which were once agreeable to me: but how much happier would my life have been now, if I could have looked back on any worthy action done

sufficient authority to ascribe it, as papers with this signature have sometimes been ascribed, to Mr. T. Tickell. It has the same signature T in the editions of 1712 in 8vo. and in 12mo. See final note to No. 324.

for my country; if I had laid out that which I profused in luxury and wantonness in acts of generosity or charity? I have lived a bachelor to this day; and, instead of a numerous offspring, with which, in the regular ways of life, I might possibly have delighted myself, I have only to amuse myself with the repetition of old stories and intrigues which no one will believe I ever was concerned in. I do not know whether you have ever treated of it or not; but you cannot fall on a better subject than that of the art of growing old. In such a lecture, you must propose that no one set his heart upon what is transient. The beauty grows wrinkled while we are yet gazing at her. The witty man sinks into a humourist imperceptibly, for want of reflecting that all things around him are in a flux, and continually changing; thus he is, in the space of ten or fifteen years, surrounded by a new set of people, whose manners are as natural to them as his delights, method of thinking, and mode of living, were formerly to him and his friends. But the mischief is, he looks upon the same kind of errors which he himself was guilty of with an eye of scorn, and with that sort of ill-will which men entertain against each other for different opinions. Thus a crazy constitution and an uneasy mind is fretted with vexatious passions for young men's doing foolishly what it is folly to do at all. Dear Sir, this is my present state of mind; I hate those I should laugh at, and envy those I contemn. The time of youth and vigorous manhood, passed the way in which I have disposed of it, is attended with these consequences; but to those who live and pass away life as they ought, all parts of it are equally pleasant: only the memory of good and worthy actions is a feast, which must give a quicker relish to

the soul than ever it could possibly taste in the highest enjoyments or jollities of youth. As for me, if I sit down in my great chair and begin to ponder, the vagaries of a child are not more ridiculous than the circumstances which are heaped up in my memory; fine gowns, country dances, ends of tunes, interrupted conversations, and midnight quarrels, are what must necessarily compose my soliloquy. I beg of you to print this, that some ladies of my acquaintance and my years may be persuaded to wear warm night-caps this cold season; and that my old friend Jack Tawdry may buy him a cane, and not creep with the air of a strut. I must add to all this, that if it were not for one pleasure, which I thought a very mean one till of very late years, I should have no one great satisfaction left; but if I live to the tenth of March 1714, and all my securities are good, I shall be worth fifty thousand pound.

'I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

'Jack Afterday.'

'Mr. Spectator,

'You will infinitely oblige a distressed lover if you will insert in your very next paper the following letter to my mistress. You must know I am not a person apt to despair; but she has got an odd humour of stopping short unaccountably, and, as she herself told a confidant of hers, she has cold fits. These fits shall last her a month or six weeks together; and as she falls into them without provocation, so, it is to be hoped, she will return from them without the merit of new services. But life and love will not admit of such intervals, therefore pray let her be admonished as follows:

"MADAM,

"I LOVE you, and honour you; therefore pray do not tell me of waiting till decencies, till forms, till humours are consulted and gratified. If you have that happy constitution as to be indolent for ten weeks together, you should consider that all that while I burn in impatiences and fevers; but still you say it will be time enough though I and you too grow older while we are yet talking. Which do you think the more reasonable, that you should alter a state of indifference for happiness, and that to oblige me; or I live in torment, and that to lay no manner of obligation upon you? While I indulge your insensibility, I am doing nothing; if you favour my passion, you are bestowing bright desires, gay hopes, generous cares, noble resolutions, and transporting raptures upon,

"MADAM,

"Your most devoted humble servant."'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'HERE is a gentlewoman lodges in the same house with me that I never did any injury to in my whole life; and she is always railing at me to those that she knows will tell me of it. Don't you think she is in love with me? or would you have me break my mind yet or not?

Your servant, T. B.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a footman in a great family and am in love with the house-maid. We were all at hot-cockles last night in the hall these holidays; when I lay down and was blinded, she pulled off her

shoe and hit me with the heel such a rap as almost broke my head to pieces. Pray, Sir, was this love or spite?'

T.[f]

No. 261. SATURDAY, December 29, 1711.

Γάμος γὰρ ἀνθρώποισιν εὐκταῖον κακόν.
Frag. vet. Poet.
Wedlock's an ill men eagerly embrace.

My father, whom I mentioned in my first speculation, and whom I must always name with honour and gratitude, has very frequently talked to me upon the subject of marriage. I was in my younger years engaged, partly by his advice, and partly by my own inclinations, in the courtship of a person who had a great deal of beauty, and did not, at my first approaches, seem to have any aversion to me; but as my natural taciturnity hindered me from showing myself to the best advantage, she by degrees began to look upon me as a very silly fellow; and being resolved to regard merit more than any thing else in the persons who made their applications to her, she married a captain of dragoons who happened to be beating up for recruits in those parts.

This unlucky accident has given me an aversion to pretty fellows ever since, and discouraged me from trying my fortune with the fair sex. The observations which I made at this conjuncture, and the repeated advices which I received at that time from the good old man abovementioned, have produced the following essay upon love and marriage.

[f] By Steele, and the signatures seem to denote that he was only the transcriber of the paper. See final note to No. 324, on the signature T.

The pleasantest part of a man's life is generally that which passes in courtship, provided his passion be sincere, and the party beloved kind with discretion. Love, desire, hope, all the pleasing motions of the soul, rise in the pursuit.

It is easier for an artful man who is not in love to persuade his mistress he has a passion for her, and to succeed in his pursuits, than for one who loves with the greatest violence. True love hath ten thousand griefs, impatiences, and resentments, that render a man unamiable in the eyes of the person whose affection he solicits; besides that it sinks his figure, gives him fears, apprehensions, and poorness of spirit, and often makes him appear ridiculous where he has a mind to recommend himself.

Those marriages generally abound most with love and constancy that are preceded by a long courtship. The passion should strike root and gather strength before marriage be grafted on it. A long course of hopes and expectations fixes the idea in our minds, and habituates us to a fondness of the person beloved.

There is nothing of so great importance to us as the good qualities of one to whom we join ourselves for life: they do not only make our present state agreeable, but often determine our happiness to all eternity. Where the choice is left to friends, the chief point under consideration is an estate; where the parties choose for themselves, their thoughts turn most upon the person. They have both their reasons. The first would procure many conveniences and pleasures of life to the party whose interests they espouse; and at the same time may hope that the wealth of their friend will turn to their own credit and advantage. The others are preparing for

themselves a perpetual feast. A good person does not only raise but continue love, and breeds a secret pleasure and complacency in the beholder when the first heats of desire are extinguished. It puts the wife or husband in countenance both among friends and strangers, and generally fills the family with a healthy and beautiful race of children.

I should prefer a woman that is agreeable in my own eye, and not deformed in that of the world, to a celebrated beauty. If you marry one remarkably beautiful, you must have a violent passion for her, or you have not the proper taste for her charms; and if you have such a passion for her, it is odds but it would be imbittered with fears and jealousies.

Good-nature and evenness of temper will give you an easy companion for life; virtue and good sense, an agreeable friend; love and constancy, a good wife or husband. Where we meet one person with all these accomplishments, we find an hundred without any one of them. The world, notwithstanding, is more intent upon trains and equipages, and all the showy parts of life; we love rather to dazzle the multitude than consult our proper interests; and, as I have elsewhere observed, it is one of the most unaccountable passions of human nature, that we are at greater pains to appear easy and happy to others than really to make ourselves so. Of all disparities, that in humour makes the most unhappy marriages, yet scarce enters into our thoughts at the contracting of them. Several that are in this respect unequally yoked, and uneasy for life with a person of a particular character, might have been pleased and happy with a person of a contrary one, notwithstanding they are both perhaps equally virtuous and laudable in their kind.

Before marriage, we cannot be too inquisitive and discerning in the faults of the person beloved, nor, after it, too dim-sighted and superficial. However perfect and accomplished the person appears to you at a distance, you will find many blemishes and imperfections in her humour upon a more intimate acquaintance, which you never discovered or perhaps suspected. Here therefore discretion and good-nature are to show their strength; the first will hinder your thoughts from dwelling on what is disagreeable, the other will raise in you all the tenderness of compassion and humanity, and by degrees soften those very imperfections into beauties.

Marriage enlarges the scene of our happiness and miseries. A marriage of love is pleasant; a marriage of interest easy; and a marriage where both meet, happy. A happy marriage has in it all the pleasures of friendship, all the enjoyments of sense and reason, and, indeed, all the sweets of life. Nothing is a greater mark of a degenerate and vicious age than the common ridicule which passes on this state of life. It is, indeed, only happy in those who can look down with scorn or neglect on the impieties of the times, and tread the paths of life together in a constant uniform course of virtue.

C.[g]

[g] To this paper in its original form in folio is subjoined one of Addison's signatures C, signifying, probably, that it was written at Chelsea. Mr. T. Tickell has reprinted it in his edition of Addison's Works, with the one immediately following it, and several unmarked papers, some of which it is now certainly known were written by other hands. There is no signature at the conclusion of this paper in either of the editions of 1712.—See No. 268, let. 2. If this speculation was written by Addison, as it seems to have been, he was certainly unfortunate in the application of his general rules to his own particular case.

No. 262. MONDAY, December 31, 1711.

Nulla venenato litera mista joco est.
Ovid. Trist. ii. 566.

ADAPTED.

My paper flows from no satiric vein,
Contains no poison, and conveys no pain.

I think myself highly obliged to the public for their kind acceptance of a paper which visits them every morning, and has in it none of those seasonings that recommend so many of the writings which are in vogue among us.

As, on the one side, my paper has not in it a single word of news, a reflection in politics, nor a stroke of party; so, on the other, there are no fashionable touches of infidelity, no obscene ideas, no satires upon priesthood, marriage, and the like popular topics of ridicule, no private scandal, nor any thing that may tend to the defamation of particular persons, families, or societies.

There is not one of those above-mentioned subjects that would not sell a very indifferent paper, could I think of gratifying the public by such mean and base methods. But, notwithstanding I have rejected every thing that savours of party, every thing that is loose and immoral, and every thing that might create uneasiness in the minds of particular persons, I find that the demand of my papers has increased every month since their first appearance in the world. This does not perhaps reflect so much honour upon myself as on my readers, who give a much greater attention to discourses of virtue and morality than ever I expected or indeed could hope.

When I broke loose from that great body of writers who have employed their wit and parts in prop-

agating vice and irreligion, I did not question but I should be treated as an odd kind of fellow, that had a mind to appear singular in my way of writing: but the general reception I have found convinces me that the world is not so corrupt as we are apt to imagine; and that if those men of parts who have been employed in vitiating the age had endeavoured to rectify and amend it, they needed not to have sacrificed their good sense and virtue to their fame and reputation. No man is so sunk in vice and ignorance but there are still some hidden seeds of goodness and knowledge in him; which give him a relish of such reflections and speculations as have an aptness to improve the mind and to make the heart better.

I have shown, in a former paper, with how much care I have avoided all such thoughts as are loose, obscene, or immoral; and I believe my reader would still think the better of me, if he knew the pains I am at in qualifying what I write, after such a manner that nothing may be interpreted as aimed at private persons. For this reason, when I draw any faulty character, I consider all those persons to whom the malice of the world may possibly apply it, and take care to dash it with such particular circumstances as may prevent all such ill-natured applications. If I write any thing on a black man, I run over in my mind all the eminent persons in the nation who are of that complexion: when I place an imaginary name at the head of a character, I examine every syllable and letter of it that it may not bear any resemblance to one that is real. I know very well the value which every man sets upon his reputation, and how painful it is to be exposed to the mirth and derision of the public, and should therefore scorn to divert my reader at the expense of any private man.

As I have been thus tender of every particular person's reputation, so I have taken more than ordinary care not to give offence to those who appear in the higher figures of life. I would not make myself merry even with a piece of pasteboard that is invested with a public character; for which reason I have never glanced upon the late designed procession of his Holiness and his attendants, notwithstanding it might have afforded matter to many ludicrous speculations.[h] Among those advantages which the public may reap from this paper, it is not the least that it draws men's minds off from the bitterness of party, and furnishes them with subjects of discourse that may be treated without warmth or passion. This is said to have been the first design of those gentlemen who set on foot the Royal Society; and had then a very good effect, as it turned many of the greatest genuises of that age to the disquisitions of natural knowledge, who, if they had engaged in politics with the same parts and application, might have set their country in a flame. The air-pump, the barometer, the quadrant, and the like inventions, were thrown out to those busy spirits, as tubs and barrels are to a whale, that he may let the ship sail on without disturbance while he diverts himself with those innocent amusements.[i]

I have been so very scrupulous in this particular of not hurting any man's reputation, that I have for-

[h] His Holiness and his attendants, in all fifteen images in wax-work, prepared for diversion on the 17th of November, being queen Elizabeth's birth-day, fell under the displeasure of government, and were apprehended by a secretary of state's warrant. The devil, one of his Holiness's attendants, being thought to have a resemblance to the lord treasurer at that time, was saved from the flames.—See Journal Letters to Stella, Swift's Works, vol. xxiii. p. 94, 95, 100, 105, crown 8vo. 1769.

[i] See Johnson's Lives of English Poets, vol. ii. p. 364. 8vo. 1781.

born mentioning even such authors as I could not name with honor. This I must confess to have been a piece of very great self-denial: for as the public relishes nothing better than the ridicule which turns upon a writer of any eminence, so there is nothing which a man that has but a very ordinary talent in ridicule may execute with greater ease. One might raise laughter for a quarter of a year together upon the works of a person who has published but a very few volumes. For which reason I am astonished that those who have appeared against this paper have made so very little of it. The criticisms which I have hitherto published, have been made with an intention rather to discover beauties and excellences in the writers of my own time, than to publish any of their faults and imperfections. In the mean while, I should take it for a very great favour from some of my underhand detractors, if they would break all measures with me so far, as to give me a pretence for examining their performances with an impartial eye: nor shall I look upon it as any breach of charity to criticise the author, so long as I keep clear of the person.

In the mean while, till I am provoked to such hostilities, I shall from time to time endeavour to do justice to those who have distinguished themselves in the politer parts of learning, and to point out such beauties in their works as may have escaped the observation of others.

As the first place among our English poets is due to Milton; and as I have drawn more quotations out of him than from any other, I shall enter into a regular criticism upon his Paradise Lost, which I shall publish every Saturday till I have given my thoughts upon that poem. I shall not, however,

presume to impose upon others my own particular judgment on this author, but only deliver it as my private opinion. Criticism is of a very large extent; and every particular master in this art has his favourite passages in an author, which do not equally strike the best judges. It will be sufficient for me if I discover many beauties or imperfections which others have not attended to; and I should be very glad to see one of our eminent writers publish their discoveries on the same subject. In short, I would always be understood to write my papers of criticism in the spirit which Horace has expressed in those two famous lines:

—'Si quid novisti, rectius istis,
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.'
1 Ep. vi. ult.

'If you have made any better remarks of your own, communicate them with candour; if not, make use of these I present you with.

C.[k]

No. 263. TUESDAY, January 1, 1711–12.

Gratulor quòd eum quem necesse erat diligere, qualiscunque esset, talem habemus ut libenter quoque diligamus. Trebonius apud Tull.

I am glad, that he whom I must have loved from duty, whatever he had been, is such a one as I can love from inclination.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I am the happy father of a very towardly son, in whom I do not only see my life, but also my

[k] This paper, No. 262, has the signature C in the Spect. in folio, but no signature in the editions of 1712; it is reprinted as Addison's by Mr. Tickell. The signature seems to denote that it was written by Addison, at Chelsea. See final notes to Nos. 7, and 221.

manner of life renewed. It would be extremely beneficial to society, if you would frequently resume subjects which serve to bind these sort of relations faster, and endear the ties of blood with those of good-will, protection, observance, indulgence, and veneration. I would, methinks, have this done after an uncommon method, and do not think any one who is not capable of writing a good play, fit to undertake a work wherein there will necessarily occur so many secret instincts and biasses of human nature, which would pass unobserved by common eyes. I thank Heaven I have no outrageous offence against my own excellent parents to answer for; but when I am now and then alone, and look back on my past life, from my earliest infancy to this time, there are many faults which I committed that did not appear to me, even till I myself became a father. I had not until then a notion of the yearnings of heart which a man has when he sees his child do a laudable thing, or the sudden damp which seizes him when he fears he will act something unworthy. It is not to be imagined what a remorse touched me for a long train of childish negligences of my mother, when I saw my wife the other day look out of the window, and turn as pale as ashes upon seeing my younger boy sliding upon the ice. These slight intimations will give you to understand, that there are numberless little crimes which children take no notice of while they are doing, which, upon reflection, when they shall themselves become fathers, they will look upon with the utmost sorrow and contrition, that they did not regard, before those whom they offended were to be no more seen. How many thousand things do I remember which would have highly pleased my father, and I omitted for no other reason

but that I thought what he proposed the effect of humour and old age, which I am now convinced had reason and good sense in it. I cannot now go into the parlour to him, and make his heart glad with an account of a matter which was of no consequence but that I told it, and acted in it. The good man and woman are long since in their graves who used to sit and plot the welfare of us their children, while perhaps we were sometimes laughing at the old folks at another end of the house. The truth of it is, were we merely to follow nature in these great duties of life, though we have a strong instinct towards the performing of them, we should be on both sides very deficient. Age is so unwelcome to the generality of mankind, and growth towards manhood so desirable to all, that resignation to decay is too difficult a task in the father; and deference, amidst the impulse of gay desires, appears unreasonable to the son. There are so few who can grow old with a good grace, and yet fewer who can come slow enough into the world, that a father, were he to be actuated by his desires, and a son, were he to consult himself only, could neither of them behave himself as he ought to the other. But when reason interposes against instinct, where it would carry either out of the interests of the other, there arises that happiest intercourse of good offices between those dearest relations of human life. The father, according to the opportunities which are offered to him, is throwing down blessings on the son; and the son endeavouring to appear the worthy offspring of such a father. It is after this manner that Camillus and his first-born dwell together. Camillus enjoys a pleasing and indolent old age, in which passion is subdued and reason exalted. He waits the day of

his dissolution with a resignation mixed with delight, and the son fears the accession of his father's fortune with diffidence, lest he should not enjoy or become it as well as his predecessor. Add to this, that the father knows he leaves a friend to the children of his friends, an easy landlord to his tenants, and an agreeable companion to his acquaintance. He believes his son's behaviour will make him frequently remembered, but never wanted. This commerce is so well cemented, that, without the pomp of saying, "Son, be a friend to such a one when I am gone;" Camillus knows being in his favour is direction enough to the grateful youth who is to succeed him, without the admonition of his mentioning it. These gentlemen are honoured in all their neighbourhood, and the same effect which the court has on the manners of a kingdom, their characters have on all who live within the influence of them.

'My son and I are not of fortune to communicate our good actions or intentions to so many as these gentlemen do; but I will be bold to say, my son has, by the applause and approbation which his behaviour towards me has gained him, occasioned that many an old man besides myself has rejoiced. Other men's children follow the example of mine; and I have the inexpressible happiness of overhearing our neighbours, as we ride by, point to their children, and say, with a voice of joy, "There they go."

'You cannot, Mr. Spectator, pass your time better than in insinuating the delights which these relations well regarded bestow upon each other. Ordinary passages are no longer such, but mutual love gives an importance to the most indifferent things, and a merit to actions the most insignificant. When we look round the world, and observe the many mis-

understandings which are created by the malice and insinuation of the meanest servants between people thus related, how necessary will it appear that it were inculcated, that men would be upon their guard to support a constancy of affection, and that grounded upon the principles of reason, not the impulses of instinct.

'It is from the common prejudices which men receive from their parents, that hatreds are kept alive from one generation to another: and when men act by instinct, hatreds will descend when good offices are forgotten: for the degeneracy of human life is such, that our anger is more easily transferred to our children than our love. Love always gives something to the object it delights in, and anger spoils the person against whom it is moved of something laudable in him; from this degeneracy, therefore, and a sort of self-love, we are more prone to take up the ill-will of our parents, than to follow them in their friendships.

'One would think there should need no more to make men keep up this sort of relation with the utmost sanctity, than to examine their own hearts. If every father remembered his own thoughts and inclinations when he was a son, and every son remembered what he expected from his father when he himself was in a state of dependence, this one reflection would preserve men from being dissolute or rigid in these several capacities. The power and subjection between them, when broken, make them more emphatically tyrants and rebels against each other, with greater cruelty of heart, than the disruption of states and empires can possibly produce. I shall end this application to you with two letters which passed between a mother and son very lately, and are as follows:

'DEAR FRANK,

'If the pleasures, which I have the grief to hear you pursue in town, do not take up all your time, do not deny your mother so much of it, as to read seriously this letter. You said before Mr. Letacre, that an old woman might live very well in the country upon half my jointure, and that your father was a fond fool to give me a rent charge of eight hundred a-year to the prejudice of his son. What Letacre said to you upon that occasion, you ought to have borne with more decency, as he was your father's well-beloved servant, than to have called him country-put. In the first place, Frank, I must tell you I will have my rent duly paid, for I will make up to your sisters for the partiality I was guilty of, in making your father do so much as he has done for you. I may, it seems, live upon half my jointure! I lived upon much less, Frank, when I carried you from place to place in these arms, and could neither eat, dress, or mind any thing for feeding and tending you a weakly child, and shedding tears when the convulsions you were then troubled with returned upon you. By my care you outgrew them, to throw away the vigour of your youth in the arms of harlots, and deny your mother what is not yours to detain. Both your sisters are crying to see the passion which I smother; but if you please to go on thus like a gentleman of the town, and forget all regards to yourself and family, I shall immediately enter upon your estate for the arrear due to me, and, without one tear more, contemn you for forgetting the fondness of your mother, as much as you have the example of your father. O Frank, do I live to omit writing myself

'Your affectionate mother,

'A. T.!'

'MADAM,

'I WILL come down to-morrow and pay the money on my knees. Pray write so no more. I will take care you never shall, for I will be for ever hereafter, 'Your most dutiful son,

'F. T.

'I will bring down new heads for my sisters. Pray let all be forgotten.' T.[1]

No. 264. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1711-12.

'Secretum iter et fallentis semita vitæ.
HOR. 1 Ep. xviii. 103.

ADAPTED.

In public walks let who will shine or stray,
I'll silent steal through life in my own way.

IT has been from age to age an affectation to love the pleasure of solitude, among those who cannot possibly be supposed qualified for passing life in that manner. This people have taken up from reading the many agreeable things which have been writ on that subject, for which we are beholden to excellent persons who delighted in being retired and abstracted from the pleasures that enchant the generality of the world. This way of life is recommended indeed with great beauty, and in such a manner as disposes the reader for the time to a pleasing forgetfulness, or negligence of the particular hurry of life in which he is engaged, together with a longing for that state which he is charmed with in description. But when

[1] By Steele. The signature T seems to imply that it was composed or transcribed from the letter-box. See No. 324, note on T. sometimes the signature of Mr. T. Tickell.

we consider the world itself, and how few there are capable of a religious, learned, or philosophic solitude, we shall be apt to change a regard to that sort of solitude, for being a little singular in enjoying time after the way a man himself likes best in the world, without going so far as wholly to withdraw from it. I have often observed, there is not a man breathing who does not differ from all other men, as much in the sentiments of his mind, as the features of his face. The felicity is, when any one is so happy as to find out and follow what is the proper bent of his genius, and turn all his endeavours to exert himself according as that prompts him. Instead of this, which is an innocent method of enjoying a man's self, and turning out of the general tracks wherein you have crowds of rivals, there are those who pursue their own way out of a sourness and a spirit of contradiction. These men do every thing which they are able to support, as if guilt and impunity could not go together. They choose a thing only because another dislikes it; and affect forsooth an inviolable constancy in matters of no manner of moment. Thus sometimes an old fellow shall wear this or that sort of cut in his clothes with great integrity,[m] while all the rest of the world are degenerated into buttons, pockets, and loops unknown to their ancestors. As insignificant as even this is, if it were searched to the bottom, you perhaps would find it not sincere, but that he is in the fashion in his heart, and holds out from mere obstinacy. But I am running from my intended purpose, which was, to celebrate a certain particular manner of passing

[m] This seems to allude to the Earl of Nottingham's long pockets, and large buttons. See Tat. cr. 8vo. vol. ii. No. 45, and note, p. 106. Vol. v. addit. notes to vol. ii. p. 379. See also New Tat. vol. i. No. 21, and note.

away life, in contradiction to no man, but with a resolution to contract none of the exorbitant desires by which others are enslaved. The best way of separating a man's self from the world, is to give up the desire of being known to it. After a man has preserved his innocence, and performed all duties incumbent upon him, his time spent his own way is what makes his life differ from that of a slave. If they who affect show and pomp knew how many of their spectators derided their trivial taste, they would be very much less elated, and have an inclination to examine the merit of all they have to do with: they would soon find out that there are many who make a figure below what their fortune or merit entitles them to, out of mere choice, and an elegant desire of ease and disincumbrance. It would look like romance to tell you in this age, of an old man who is contented to pass for an humourist, and one who does not understand the figure he ought to make in the world, while he lives in a lodging of ten shillings a-week with only one servant; while he dresses himself, according to the season, in cloth or in stuff; and has no one necessary attention to any thing but the bell which calls to prayers twice a-day: I say it would look like a fable to report that this gentleman gives away all which is the overplus of a great fortune by secret methods to other men. If he has not the pomp of a numerous train, and of professors of service to him, he has every day he lives the conscience that the widow, the fatherless, the mourner, and the stranger, bless his unseen hand in their prayers. This humourist gives up all the compliments which people of his own condition could make to him, for the pleasure of helping the afflicted, supplying the needy, and befriending the neglected.

This humourist keeps to himself much more than he wants, and gives a vast refuse of his superfluities to purchase heaven, and, by freeing others from the temptations of worldly want, to carry a retinue with him thither.

Of all men who affect living in a particular way, next to this admirable character, I am the most enamoured of Irus, whose condition will not admit of such largesses, and perhaps would not be capable of making them if it were. Irus, though he is now turned of fifty, has not appeared in the world in his real character since five and twenty, at which age he ran out a small patrimony, and spent some time after with rakes who had lived upon him. A course of ten years time, passed in all the little alleys, by-paths, and sometimes open taverns and streets of this town, gave Irus a perfect skill in judging of the inclinations of mankind, and acting accordingly. He seriously considered he was poor, and the general horror which most men have of all who are in that condition. Irus judged very rightly, that while he could keep his poverty a secret, he should not feel the weight of it; he improved this thought into an affectation of closeness and covetousness. Upon this one principle he resolved to govern his future life; and in the thirty-sixth year of his age he repaired to Long-lane, and looked upon several dresses which hung there deserted by their first masters, and exposed to the purchase of the best bidder. At this place he exchanged his gay shabbiness of clothes fit for a much younger man, to warm ones that would be decent for a much older one. Irus came out thoroughly equipped from head to foot, with a little oaken cane, in the form of a substantial man that did not mind his dress, turned of fifty. He had at

this time fifty pounds in ready money; and in this habit, with this fortune, he took his present lodging in St. John-street, at the mansion-house of a tailor's widow, who washes, and can clear-starch his bands. From that time to this he has kept the main stock, without alteration under or over to the value of five pounds. He left off all his old acquaintance to a man, and all his arts of life, except the play of back-gammon, upon which he has more than bore his charges. Irus has, ever since he came into this neighbourhood, given all the intimations he skilfully could of being a close hunks worth money: no body comes to visit him, he receives no letters, and tells his money morning and evening. He has from the public papers a knowledge of what generally passes, shuns all discourses of money, but shrugs his shoulder when you talk of securities; he denies his being rich with the air which all do who are vain of being so. He is the oracle of a neighbouring justice of peace, who meets him at the coffee-house. The hopes that what he has must come to somebody, and that he has no heirs, have that effect wherever he is known, that he has every day three or four invitations to dine at different places, which he generally takes care to choose in such a manner as not to seem inclined to the richer man. All the young men respect him, and say he is just the same man he was when they were boys. He uses no artifice in the world, but makes use of men's designs upon him to get a maintenance out of them. This he carries on by a certain peevishness (which he acts very well), that no one would believe could possibly enter into the head of a poor fellow. His mien, his dress, his carriage, and his language, are such, that you would be at a loss to guess whether in the active part of

his life he had been a sensible citizen, or scholar that knew the world. These are the great circumstances in the life of Irus, and thus does he pass away his days a stranger to mankind; and at his death, the worst that will be said of him will be, that he got by every man who had expectations from him, more than he had to leave him.[n]

I have an inclination to print the following letters; for that I have heard the author of them has somewhere or other seen me; and, by an excellent faculty in mimicry, my correspondents tell me he can assume my air, and give my taciturnity a slyness which diverts more than any thing I could say if I were present. Thus I am glad my silence is atoned for to the good company in town. He has carried his skill in imitation so far, as to have forged a letter from my friend sir Roger in such a manner, that any one but I, who am thoroughly acquainted with him, would have taken it for genuine.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'HAVING observed in Lilly's grammar how sweetly Bacchus and Apollo run in a verse; I have (to preserve the amity between them) called in Bacchus to the aid of my profession of the theatre. So that while some people of quality are bespeaking

[n] See another paper on this subject, Spect. No. 360, marked in the original edition in folio, as this paper also is, with the signature T, not always the mark of Mr. Tickell, as has been said without any apparent authority, but of Steele, who seems to have employed the letter T generally as his editorial signature; though the annotator means not to affirm that there may not be several instances where this signature is placed indiscriminately to his own papers, and to communications of his correspondents which he adopted, probably without knowing the real authors; but the papers distinguished by an R seem, for the most part, to have been written originally by Steele himself. See No. 280, and final note to No. 324.

plays of me to be acted on such a day, and others, hogsheads for their houses against such a time; I am wholly employed in the agreeable service of wit and wine. Sir, I have sent you sir Roger de Coverley's letter to me, which pray comply with in favour of the Bumper Tavern. Be kind, for you know a player's utmost pride is the approbation of the Spectator.

'I am your admirer, though unknown,

'RICHARD ESTCOURT.'

'TO MR. ESTCOURT,

AT HIS HOUSE IN COVENT-GARDEN.

'OLD COMICAL ONE, 'Coverley, Dec. 18th, 1711.

'THE hogsheads of neat port came safe, and have gotten thee good reputation in these parts; and I am glad to hear, that a fellow who has been laying out his money ever since he was born, for the mere pleasure of wine, has bethought himself of joining profit and pleasure together. Our sexton, poor man! having received strength from thy wine since his fit of the gout, is hugely taken with it: he says it is given by nature for the use of families, and that no steward's table can be without it; that it strengthens digestion, excludes surfeits, fevers, and physic; which green wines of any kind can't do. Pray get a pure snug room, and I hope next term to help to fill your Bumper with our people of the club; but you must have no bells stirring when the Spectator comes; I forebore ringing to dinner while he was down with me in the country. Thank you for the little hams and Portugal onions; pray keep some always by you. You know my supper is only good Cheshire cheese, best mustard, a golden pip-

pin, attended with a pipe of John Sly's best. Sir Harry has stolen all your songs, and tells the story of the 5th of November to perfection.

'Yours to serve you,

'ROGER DE COVERLEY.

'We have lost old John since you were here.'

T.°

*** ADVERTISEMENT.

This is to give notice, that Mr. Estcourt has chosen and laid into the Bumper tavern in James-street, Covent-garden, (which will be opened on Tuesday the first of January, with the best accommodation,) neat natural wines fresh and in perfection; being bought of Brook and Hellier, by whom the said tavern will, from time to time, be supplied with the best growths that shall be imported; to be sold by wholesale as well as retail, with the utmost fidelity by his old servant trusty Anthony, who has so often adorned both the theatres in England and Ireland; and as he is a person altogether unknowing in the wine trade, it cannot be doubted but that he will deliver the wine in the same natural purity that he receives it from the said merchants; and on these assurances he hopes that all his friends and acquaintance will become his customers, desiring a continuance of their favours no longer than they shall find themselves well served. Note. The best growths of France will also constantly be sold at the abovesaid tavern. —Spect. in folio, Nos. 260 and 261. See Tat. ed. 1789, cr. 8vo. in 6 vols. Nos. 20 and 51, and notes, *ibidem, et passim;* and Spect. Nos. 358, and 468, and notes.

° The letter T seems to have been most commonly Steele's editorial mark, to signify that the paper was not originally his own, but transcribed: but it probably was at times, and perhaps here, the mark likewise of Mr. T. Tickell. See No. 324, final note, and No. 410, *ad finem.*

No. 265. THURSDAY, January 3, 1711-12

Dixerit è multis aliquis, quid virus in angues
Adjicis? et rabidæ tradis ovile lupæ?
Ovid. de Art. Am. iii. 7.

But some exclaim; What frenzy rules your mind?
Would you increase the craft of womankind?
Teach them new wiles and arts? As well you may
Instruct a snake to bite, or wolf to prey.
Congreve.

One of the fathers, if I am rightly informed, has defined a woman to be *ζῶον φιλοκόσμον*, an animal that delights in finery. I have already treated of the sex in two or three papers conformably to this definition; and have in particular observed, that in all ages they have been more careful than the men to adorn that part of the head which we generally call the outside.

This observation is so very notorious, that when in ordinary discourse we say a man has a fine head, a long head, or a good head, we express ourselves metaphorically, and speak in relation to his understanding; whereas, when we say of a woman, she has a fine, a long, or a good head, we speak only in relation to her commode. [P]

It is observed among birds, that nature has lavished all her ornaments upon the male, who very often appears in a most beautiful head-dress; whether it be a crest, a comb, a tuft of feathers, or a natural little plume, erected like a kind of pinnacle on the very top of the head. As nature on the contrary has poured out her charms in the greatest abundance upon the female part of our species; so they are very assiduous in bestowing upon themselves

[P] See Spect. No. 98, note; and Swift's Works, Vol. xxiii. p. 97. cr. 8vo. ed. 1769.

the finest garnitures of art. The peacock, in all his pride, does not display half the colours that appear in the garments of a British lady, when she is dressed either for a ball or a birth-day.

But to return to our female heads. The ladies have been for some time in a kind of moulting season with regard to that part of their dress, having cast great quantities of riband, lace, and cambric, and in some measure reduced that part of the human figure to the beautiful globular form which is natural to it. We have for a great while expected what kind of ornament would be substituted in the place of those antiquated commodes. But our female projectors were all the last summer so taken up with the improvement of their petticoats, that they had not time to attend to any thing else; but having at length sufficiently adorned their lower parts, they now begin to turn their thoughts upon the other extremity, as well remembering the old kitchen proverb, 'that if you light the fire at both ends, the middle will shift for itself.'

I am engaged in this speculation by a sight which I lately met with at the opera. As I was standing in the hinder part of a box, I took notice of a little cluster of women sitting together in the prettiest coloured hoods that I ever saw. One of them was blue, another yellow, and another philomot; the fourth was of a pink colour, and the fifth of a pale green. I looked with as much pleasure upon this little party-coloured assembly, as upon a bed of tulips, and did not know at first whether it might not be an embassy of Indian queens; but upon my going about into the pit, and taking them in front, I was immediately undeceived, and saw so much beauty in every face that I found them all to be

English. Such eyes and lips, cheeks and foreheads, could be the growth of no other country. The complexion of their faces hindered me from observing any farther the colour of their hoods, though I could easily perceive, by that unspeakable satisfaction which appeared in their looks, that their own thoughts were wholly taken up on those pretty ornaments they wore upon their heads.

I am informed that this fashion spreads daily, insomuch that the whig and tory ladies begin already to hang out different colours, and to show their principles in their head-dress. Nay, if I may believe my friend Will Honeycomb, there is a certain old coquette of his acquaintance, who intends to appear very suddenly in a rainbow hood, like the Iris in Dryden's Virgil, not questioning but that among such a variety of colours she shall have a charm for every heart.

My friend Will, who very much values himself upon his great insights into gallantry, tells me, that he can already guess at the humour a lady is in by her hood, as the courtiers of Morocco know the disposition of their present emperor by the colour of the dress which he puts on. When Melesinda wraps her head in flame colour, her heart is set upon execution: when she covers it with purple, I would not, says he, advise her lover to approach her; but if she appears in white, it is peace, and he may hand her out of her box with safety.

Will informs me likewise, that these hoods may be used as signals. Why else, says he, does Cornelia always put on a black hood when her husband is gone into the country?

Such are my friend Honeycomb's dreams of gallantry. For my own part, I impute this diversity of

colours in the hoods to the diversity of complexion in the faces of my pretty countrywomen. Ovid, in his art of love, has given some precepts as to this particular, though I find they are different from those which prevail among the moderns. He recommends a red striped silk to the pale complexion; white to the brown, and dark to the fair. On the contrary, my friend Will, who pretends to be a greater master in this art than Ovid, tells me, that the palest features look the most agreeable in white sarsnet; that a face which is over flushed appears to advantage in the deepest scarlet; and that the darkest complexion is not a little alleviated by a black hood. In short, he is for losing the colour of the face in that of the hood, as a fire burns dimly, and a candle goes half out, in the light of the sun. 'This,' says he, 'your Ovid himself has hinted, where he treats of these matters, when he tells us that the blue water-nymphs are dressed in sky-coloured garments; and that Aurora, who always appears in the light of the rising sun, is robed in saffron.'

Whether these his observations are justly grounded, I cannot tell; but I have often known him, as we have stood together behind the ladies, praise or dispraise the complexion of a face which he never saw, from observing the colour of her hood, and [he] has been very seldom out in these his guesses.

As I have nothing more at heart than the honour and improvement of the fair sex,[q] I cannot conclude this paper without an exhortation to the British ladies, that they would excel the women of all other nations as much in virtue and good sense, as they

[q] 'I will not meddle with the Spectator, let him "fair-sex" it to the world's end.'—Swift's Works, edit. *ut supra*, vol. xxiii. p. 158, crown 8vo.

do in beauty; which they may certainly do, if they will be as industrious to cultivate their minds, as they are to adorn their bodies. In the mean while, I shall recommend to their most serious consideration the saying of an old Greek poet:

Γυναικὶ κόσμος ὁ τροπος, κοὐ χρυσία.[r] C.[s]

No. 266. FRIDAY, January 4, 1711-12.

Id verò est, quod ego mihi puto palmarium
Me reperisse, quomodo adolescentulus
Meretricum ingenia et mores possit noscere:
Maturè ut cùm cognôrit, perpetuo oderit.
Ter. Eun. Act. v. Sc. 4.

This I conceive to be my master-piece, that I have discovered how unexperienced youth may detect the artifices of bad women, and, by knowing them early, detest them for ever.

No vice or wickedness which people fall into from indulgence to desires which are natural to all, ought to place them below the compassion of the virtuous

[r] Manners, and not dress, are the ornaments of women.—See Spect. No. 271, letter i. This quotation relative to the κοσμος, a name which Pythagoras first gave to the universe, and the *simplex munditiis* recommended more than once in the Tatler, implies that true skill in female finery is more displayed by neatness and elegant simplicity, than by gaudiness, magnificence, and expensiveness. The ladies may conceive the idea, not improperly, from the following lines:

"Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,
Veil'd in a simple robe, the best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most."

See Tatler, No. 212; and notes, *ibid.*

[s] The original paper in folio had the signature T; but in both the editions of 1712, it is marked, as here, with the letter C: the T in folio was an erratum, specified and corrected as now printed, *ibidem*, at the end of No. 267. This paper seems therefore to have been written by Addison, probably at Chelsea. See final note to Nos. 7, and 221, and note on Addison's signatures C, L, I, O.

part of the world; which indeed often makes me a little apt to suspect the sincerity of their virtue who are too warmly provoked at other people's personal sins. The unlawful commerce of the sexes is of all others the hardest to avoid; and yet there is no one which you shall hear the rigider part of womankind speak of with so little mercy. It is very certain that a modest woman cannot abhor the breach of chastity too much; but pray let her hate it for herself, and only pity it in others. Will Honeycomb calls these over-offended ladies the outrageously virtuous.

I do not design to fall upon failures in general, with relation to the gift of chastity, but at present only enter upon that large field, and begin with the consideration of poor and public whores. The other evening passing along near Covent-garden, I was jogged on the elbow as I turned into the piazza, on the right hand coming out of James-street, by a slim young girl of about seventeen, who with a pert air asked me if I was for a pint of wine. I do not know but I should have indulged my curiosity in having some chat with her, but that I am informed the man of the Bumper knows me;[t] and it would have made a story for him not very agreeable to some part of my writings, though I have in others so frequently said that I am wholly unconcerned in any scene I am in, but merely as a Spectator. This impediment being in my way, we stood under one of the arches by twilight; and there I could observe as exact features as I had ever seen; the most agreeabe shape, the finest neck and bosom, in a word, the whole person of a woman exquisitely beautiful. She affected to allure me with a forced wantonness in her look and air; but I saw it checked with hunger

[t] See No. 264, adv. and note.

and cold: her eyes were wan and eager, her dress thin and tawdry, her mien genteel and childish. This strange figure gave me much anguish of heart, and, to avoid being seen with her, I went away, but could not forbear giving her a crown. The poor thing sighed, courtesied, and with a blessing, expressed with the utmost vehemence, turned from me. This creature is what they call 'newly come upon the town,' but who, I suppose, falling into cruel hands, was left in the first month from her dishonour, and exposed to pass through the hands and discipline of one of those hags of hell whom we call bawds. But lest I should grow too suddenly grave on this subject, and be myself outrageously good, I shall turn to a scene in one of Fletcher's plays, where this character is drawn, and the economy of whoredom most admirably described. The passage I would point to is in the third scene of the second act of The Humourous Lieutenant. Leucippe, who is agent for the king's lust, and bawds at the same time for the whole court, is very pleasantly introduced reading her minutes as a person of business, with two maids, her under-secretaries, taking instructions at a table before her. Her women, both those under her present tutelage, and those which she is laying wait for, are alphabetically set down in her book; and she is looking over the letter C, in a muttering voice, as if between soliloquy and speaking out, she says,

'Her maidenhead will yield me; let me see new;
She is not fifteen they say; for her complexion—
Cloe, Cloe, Cloe, here I have her,
Cloe, the daughter of a country gentleman;
Her age upon fifteen. Now her complexion,
A lovely brown; here 'tis; eyes black and rolling,
The body neatly built; she strikes a lute well,

Sings most enticingly. These helps consider'd,
Her maidenhead will amount to some three hundred,
Or three hundred and fifty crowns, 'twill bear it handsomely:
Her father's poor, some little share deducted
To buy him a hunting nag.'—

These creatures are very well instructed in the circumstances and manners of all who are any way related to the fair-one whom they have a design upon. As Cloe is to be purchased with 350 crowns, and the father taken off with a pad; the merchant's wife, next to her who abounds in plenty, is not to have downright money, but the mercenary part of her mind is engaged with a present of plate, and a little ambition. She is made to understand that it is a man of quality who dies for her. The examination of a young girl for business, and the crying down her value for being a slight thing, together with every other circumstance in the scene, are inimitably excellent, and have the true spirit of comedy; though it were to be wished the author had added a circumstance which should make Leucippe's business more odious.

It must not be thought a digression from my intended speculation, to talk of bawds in a discourse upon wenches; for a woman of the town is not thoroughly and properly such, without having gone through the education of one of these houses. But the compassionate case of very many is, that they are taken into such hands without any the least suspicion, previous temptation, or admonition to what place they are going. The last week I went to an inn in the city to inquire for some provisions which were sent by a wagon out of the country; and as I waited in one of the boxes till the chamberlain had

looked over his parcels, I heard an old and a young voice repeating the questions and responses of the church-catechism. I thought it no breach of good-manners to peep at a crevice, and look in at people so well employed; but who should I see there but the most artful procuress in town examining a most beautiful country-girl, who had come up in the same wagon with my things, 'whether she was well educated, could forbear playing the wanton with servants and idle fellows, of which this town,' says she, 'is too full.' At the same time, 'whether she knew enough of breeding, as that if a squire or a gentleman, or one that was her betters, should give her a civil salute, she could courtesy and be humble nevertheless.' Her innocent 'forsooths, yesses, an't please you's, and she would do her endeavour,' moved the good old lady to take her out of the hands of a country bumpkin her brother, and hire her for her own maid. I staid till I saw them all march out to take coach; the brother loaded with a great cheese he prevailed upon her to take for her civilities to sister. This poor creature's fate is not far off that of hers whom I spoke of above; and it is not to be doubted, but, after she has been long enough a prey to lust, she will be delivered over to famine. The ironical commendation of the industry and character of these antiquated ladies, these directors of sin, after they can no longer commit it, makes up the beauty of the inimitable dedication to the Plain-Dealer, and is a master-piece of raillery on this vice. But to understand all the purlieus of this game the better, and to illustrate this subject in future discourses, I must venture myself with my friend Will into the haunts of beauty and gallantry; from pampered vice in the habitations of the wealthy,

to distressed indigent wickedness expelled the harbours of the brothel.[u] T.[w]

No. 267. SATURDAY, January 5, 1712.

Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii.
Propert. El. 34, lib. 2, ver. 95.
Give place, ye Roman and ye Grecian wits.

There is nothing in nature so irksome as general discourses, especially when they turn chiefly upon words. For this reason I shall wave the discussion of that point which was started some years since, whether Milton's Paradise Lost may be called an heroic poem? Those who will not give it that title may call it (if they please) a divine poem. It will be sufficient to its perfection, if it has in it all the beauties of the highest kind of poetry; and as for those who alledge it is not an heroic poem, they advance no more to the diminution of it, than if they should say Adam is not Æneas, nor Eve, Helen.

I shall therefore examine it by the rules of epic poetry, and see whether it falls short of the Iliad or Æneid, in the beauties which are essential to that kind of writing. The first thing to be considered in an epic poem, is the fable, which is perfect or imperfect according as the action which it relates is more or less so. This action should have three qualifications in it. First, it should be but one action: secondly, it should be an entire action: and thirdly, it should be a great action. To consider the action

[u] See Nos. 274, and 276.
[w] By Steele, most probably. See No. 324, *ad finem*.

of the Iliad, Æneid, and Paradise Lost, in these three several lights. Homer to preserve the unity of his action hastens into the midst of things, as Horace has observed: had he gone up to Leda's egg, or begun much later, even at the rape of Helen or the investing of Troy, it is manifest that the story of the poem would have been a series of several actions. He therefore opens his poem with the discord of his princes, and with great art interweaves, in the several succeeding parts of it, an account of every thing material which relates to them, and had passed before that fatal dissension. After the same manner Æneas makes his first appearance in the Tyrrhene seas, and within sight of Italy, bcause the action proposed to be celebrated was that of his settling himself in Latium. But because it was necessary for the reader to know what had happened to him in the taking of Troy, and in the preceding parts of his voyage, Virgil makes his hero relate it by way of episode in the second and third books of the Æneid. The contents of both which books come before those of the first book in the thread of the story, though for preserving of this unity of action they follow them in the disposition of the poem. Milton, in imitation of these two great poets, opens his Paradise Lost with an infernal council plotting the fall of man, which is the action he proposed to celebrate; and as for those great actions which preceded, in point of time, the battle of the angels and the creation of the world, (which would have entirely destroyed the unity of his principal action, had he related them in the same order that they happened,) he cast them into the fifth, sixth, and seventh books, by way of episode to this noble poem.

Aristotle himself allows that Homer has nothing

to boast of as to the unity of his fable, though at the same time that great critic and philosopher endeavours to palliate this imperfection in the Greek poet, by imputing it in some measure to the very nature of an epic poem. Some have been of opinion that the Æneid labours also in this particular, and has *Episodes* which may be looked upon as excrescences rather than as parts of the action. On the contrary, the poem which we have now under our consideration hath no other episodes than such as naturally arise from the subject, and yet is filled with such a multitude of astonishing incidents, that it gives us at the same time a pleasure of the greatest variety and of the greatest simplicity; *uniform in its nature, though diversified in the execution.*[x]

I must observe also, that as Virgil, in the poem which was designed to celebrate the original of the Roman empire, has described the birth of its great rival, the Carthaginian commonwealth, Milton, with the like art in his poem on the fall of man, has related the fall of those angels who are his professed enemies. Besides the many other beauties in such an episode, its running parallel with the great action of the poem hinders it from breaking the unity so much as another episode would have done, that had not so great an affinity with the principal subject. In short, this is the same kind of beauty which the critics admire in the Spanish Friar, or The Double Discovery, where the two different plots look like counter-parts and copies of one another.[y]

The second qualification required in the action of an epic poem is, that it should be an entire action.

[x] The clause in italics is not in the original paper in folio.

[y] A tragic-comedy by Dryden, 4to. 1681.

An action is entire when it is complete in all its parts; or, as Aristotle describes it, when it consists of a beginning, a middle, and an end. Nothing should go before it, be intermixed with it, or follow after it, that is not related to it: as, on the contrary, no single step should be omitted in that just and regular process which it must be supposed to take from its original to its consummation. Thus we see the anger of Achilles in its birth, its continuance, and effects; and Æneas's settlement in Italy, carried on through all the oppositions in his way to it both by sea and land. The action in Milton excels (I think) both the former in this particular: we see it contrived in hell, executed upon earth, and punished by Heaven. The parts of it are told in the most distinct manner, and grow out of one another in the most natural method.

The third qualification of an epic poem is its greatness. The anger of Achilles was of such consequence, that it embroiled the kings of Greece, destroyed the heroes of Troy, and engaged all the gods in factions. Æneas's settlement in Italy produced the Cæsars, and gave birth to the Roman empire. Milton's subject was still greater than either of the former: it does not determine the fate of single persons or nations, but of a whole species. The united powers of hell are joined together for the destruction of mankind, which they effected in part, and would have completed, had not Omnipotence itself interposed. The principal actors are, man in his greatest perfection, and woman in her highest beauty: their enemies are the fallen angels; the Messiah their friend, and the Almighty their protector. In short, every thing that is great in the whole circle of being, whether within the verge of

nature or out of it, has a proper part assigned it in this noble poem.

In poetry, as in architecture, not only the whole, but the principal members, and every part of them, should be great. I will not presume to say that the book of games in the Æneid, or that in the Iliad, are not of this nature; nor to reprehend Virgil's simile of a top, and many other of the same nature in the Iliad, as liable to any censure in this particular; but I think we may say, without derogating from those wonderful performances, that there is an unquestionable magnificence in every part of Paradise Lost, and indeed a much greater than could have been formed upon any pagan system.

But Aristotle, by the greatness of the action, does not only mean that it should be great in its nature, but also in its duration, or, in other words, that it should have a due length in it, as well as what we properly call greatness. The just measure of this kind of magnitude he explains by the following similitude. An animal no bigger than a mite cannot appear perfect to the eye, because the sight takes it in at once, and has only a confused idea of the whole, and not a distinct idea of all its parts; if, on the contrary, you should suppose an animal of ten thousand furlongs in length, the eye would be so filled with a single part of it, that it could not give the mind an idea of the whole. What these animals are to the eye, a very short or a very long action would be to the memory. The first would be, as it were, lost and swallowed up by it, and the other difficult to be contained in it. Homer and Virgil have shown their principal art in this particular; the action of the Iliad and that of the Æneid were in themselves exceeding short, but are so

beautifully extended and diversified by the invention of episodes, and the machinery of gods, with the like poetical ornaments, that they make up an agreeable story, sufficient to employ the memory without overcharging it. Milton's action is enriched with such a variety of circumstances, that I have taken as much pleasure in reading the contents of his books, as in the best invented story I ever met with. It is possible, that the traditions, on which the Iliad and Æneid were built, had more circumstances in them than the history of the fall of man, as it is related in Scripture. Besides, it was easier for Homer and Virgil to dash the truth with fiction, as they were in no danger of offending the religion of their country by it. But as for Milton, he had not only a very few circumstances upon which to raise his poem, but was also obliged to proceed with the greatest caution in every thing that he added out of his own invention. And, indeed, notwithstanding all the restraints he was under, he has filled his story with so many surprising incidents, which bear so close an analogy with what is delivered in holy writ, that it is capable of pleasing the most delicate reader, without giving offence to the most scrupulous.

The modern critics have collected from several hints in the Iliad and Æneid, the space of time which is taken up by the action of each of those poems; but as a great part of Milton's story was transacted in regions that lie out of the reach of the sun and the sphere of day, it is impossible to gratify the reader with such a calculation, which, indeed, would be more curious than instructive; none of the critics, either ancient or modern, having laid down rules to circumscribe the action of an epic poem

with any determined number of years, days, or hours.

This piece of criticism on Milton's Paradise Lost shall be carried on in the following Saturday's papers.[z] L.[a]

No. 268. MONDAY, JANUARY 7, 1712.

—Minus aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum—
HOR. 1 Sat. iii. 29.
—unfit
For lively sallies of corporeal wit.

IT is not that I think I have been more witty than I ought of late, that at present I wholly forbear any attempt towards it: I am of opinion that I ought sometimes to lay before the world the plain letters of my correspondents in the artless dress in which they hastily send them, that the reader may see I am not accuser and judge myself, but that the indictment is properly and fairly laid, before I proceed against the criminal.

[b] 'MR. SPECTATOR,

'As you are spectator-general, I apply myself to you in the following case, viz., I do not wear

[z] See Spect. Nos. 273, 279, 285, 291, 297, 303, 309, 315, 321, 327, 333, 339, 345, 351, 357, 363, and 369.

[a] By Addison, then, probably, in London. See No. 7.

[b] This letter, to which only the motto has a reference, was written by Mr. James Hywood, for many years a wholesale linen-draper on Fish-street-hill, who died at his house in Austin-friars, in the 90th year of his age, July 23, 1776. He was one of the governors of St. Bartholomew's, Christ's, Bridewell, and Bethlem Hospitals, and of the London Workhouse. Being elected alderman of Aldgate ward, against his earnest desire to the contrary, in the room of Micajah Perry, esq. who twice represented the

a sword, but I often divert myself at the theatre, where I frequently see a set of fellows pull plain people, by way of humour or frolic, by the nose, upon frivolous or no occasions. A friend of mine, the other night, applauding what a graceful exit Mr. Wilks made, one of these nose-wringers overhearing him, pinched him by the nose. I was in the pit the other night, (when it was very much crowded), a gentleman leaning upon me, and very heavily, I very civilly requested him to remove his hand, for which he pulled me by the nose. I would not resent it in so public a place, because I was unwilling to create a disturbance; but have since reflected upon it as a thing that is unmanly and disingenuous, renders the nose-puller odious, and makes the person pulled by the nose look little and contemptible. This grievance I humbly request you would endeavour to redress.

'I am your admirer, &c.

'JAMES EASY.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'YOUR discourse of the 29th of December[c] on love and marriage is of so useful a kind, that I

city of London in parliament; not choosing to advance into public life, he fined as usual 500*l*. On that occasion he resigned his office as a common-councilman for Bridge ward, which he had held for many years. He survived every alderman and common councilman that was in court in 1729, when he had been a common councilman for some years, and lived to see six aldermen successively elected for Aldgate ward after he fined, viz. Sir William Smith, his immediate successor, who was chosen in 1746, and died in 1753; Robert Scot, esq. who died in 1760; sir Thomas Challoner, who died in 1766; William Cracraft, who died in 1767; and William Lee, esq. who was alderman at the time of Mr. Heywood's death. He retained tolerable good health and spirits to the last, but his sight and his memory were much impaired in the latter years of life. See Mr. Heywood's Letters and Poems, 12mo. 2d edit. Lond. 1726, p. 100.

[c] No. 261.

cannot forbear adding my thoughts to yours on that subject. Methinks it is a misfortune, that the marriage-state, which in its own nature is adapted to give us the completest happiness this life is capable of, should be so uncomfortable a one to so many as it daily proves. But the mischief generally proceeds from the unwise choice people make for themselves, and an expectation of happiness from things not capable of giving it. Nothing but the good qualities of the person beloved can be a foundation for a love of judgment and discretion: and whoever expects happiness from any thing but virtue, wisdom, good-humour, and a similitude of manners, will find themselves widely mistaken. But how few are there who seek after these things, and do not rather make riches their chief, if not their only aim! How rare is it for a man, when he engages himself in the thoughts of marriage, to place his hopes of having in such a woman a constant agreeable companion; one who will divide his cares, and double his joys; who will manage that share of his estate he entrusts to her care with prudence and frugality, govern his house with economy and discretion, and be an ornament to himself and family! Where shall we find the man who looks out for one who places her chief happiness in the practice of virtue, and makes her duty her continual pleasure? No: men rather seek for money as the complement of all their desires; and, regardless of what kind of wives they take, they think riches will be a minister to all kind of pleasures, and enable them to keep mistresses, horses, hounds, to drink, feast, and game with their companions, pay their debts contracted by former extravagances, or some such vile and unworthy end; and indulge themselves in pleasures

which are a shame and a scandal to human nature. Now, as for the women; how few of them are there who place the happiness of their marriage in the having a wise and virtuous friend: one who will be faithful and just to all, and constant and loving to them; who with care and diligence will look after and improve the estate, and, without grudging, allow whatever is prudent and convenient! Rather, how few are there who do not place their happiness in outshining others in pomp and show; and that do not think within themselves, when they have married such a rich person, that none of their acquaintance shall appear so fine in their equipage, so adorned in their persons, or so magnificent in their furniture as themselves! Thus their heads are filled with vain ideas; and I heartily wish I could say that equipage and show were not the chief good of so many women as I fear it is.

'After this manner do both sexes deceive themselves, and bring reflections and disgrace upon the most happy and most honourable state of life; whereas, if they would but correct their depraved taste, moderate their ambition, and place their happiness upon proper objects, we should not find felicity in the marriage-state such a wonder in the world as it now is.

'Sir, if you think these thoughts worth inserting among your own, be pleased to give them a better dress; and let them pass abroad; and you will oblige

'Your admirer, A. B.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'As I was this day walking in the street, there happened to pass by, on the other side of the

way, a beauty, whose charms were so attracting, that it drew my eyes wholly on that side, insomuch that I neglected my own way, and chanced to run my nose directly against a post: which the lady no sooner perceived, but fell out into a fit of laughter, though at the same time she was sensible that herself was the cause of my misfortune, which in my opinion was the greater aggravation of her crime. I being busy wiping off the blood which trickled down my face, had not time to acquaint her with her barbarity, as also with my resolution, viz. never to look out of my way for one of her sex more; therefore, that your humble servant may be revenged, he desires you to insert this in one of your next papers, which he hopes will be a warning to all the rest of the women-gazers, as well as to poor

'ANTHONY GAPE.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I DESIRE to know in your next, if the merry game of "The parson has lost his cloak," is not mightily in vogue amongst the fine ladies this Christmas, because I see they wear hoods of all colours, which I suppose is for that purpose. If it is, and you think it proper, I will carry some of those hoods with me to our ladies in Yorkshire; because they enjoined me to bring them something from London that was very new. If you can tell any thing in which I can obey their commands more agreeably, be pleased to inform me, and you will extremely oblige

'Your humble servant.'

'MR. SPECTATOR, Oxford, Dec. 29.

'SINCE you appear inclined to be a friend to the distressed, I beg you would assist me in an

affair under which I have suffered very much. The reigning toast of this place is Patetia; I have pursued her with the utmost diligence this twelvemonth, and find nothing stands in my way but one who flatters her more than I can. Pride is her favourite passion; therefore if you would be so far my friend as to make a favourable mention of her in one of your papers, I believe I should not fail in my addresses. The scholars stand in rows, as they did to be sure in your time, at her pew-door; and she has all the devotion paid to her by a crowd of youths who are unacquainted with the sex, and have inexperience added to their passion. However, if it succeeds according to my vows, you will make me the happiest man in the world, and the most obliged amongst all

'Your humble servants.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I CAME to my mistress's toilet this morning, for I am admitted when her face is stark naked; she frowned and cried Pish when I said a thing that I stole; and I will be judged by you whether it was not very pretty. "Madam," said I, "You shall forbear that part of your dress; it may be well in others, but you cannot place a patch where it does not hide a beauty."'

T.[d]

[d] By Steele, transcribed. See final note to No. 324. It seems however that T was sometimes the signature of Mr. T. Tickell. See No. 410.

No. 269. TUESDAY, January 8, 1711-12.

—Ævo rarissima nostro
Simplicitas—
Ovid. Ars Am. i. 241.
Most rare is now our old Simplicity.
Dryden.

I was this morning surprised with a great knocking at the door, when my landlady's daughter came up to me, and told me that there was a man below desired to speak with me. Upon my asking her who it was, she told me it was a very grave elderly person, but that she did not know his name. I immediately went down to him, and found him to be the coachman of my worthy friend sir Roger de Coverley. He told me that his master came to town last night, and would be glad to take a turn with me in Gray's-inn walks. As I was wondering with myself what had brought sir Roger to town, not having lately received any letter from him, he told me that his master was come up to get a sight of prince Eugene,[e] and that he desired I would immediately meet him.

[e] Prince Eugene was at this time in London, and highly caressed by the queen, her ministry and courtiers, though his visit was unwished for, and unwelcome to them all. One Brinsden, an oculist originally, and frequently mentioned in the notes on the Tat. in 6 vols. ed. 1786, had been sent by Bolingbroke, to divert and prevent his coming, and to instil the opinions, suspicions, and prejudices, which this iniquitous ministry wished him to adopt. Their craft and their emissary did not succeed. The prince behaved with great politeness, but his firmness was not to be shaken. He accepted the invitation of the ministers and people of distinguished rank and fortune, though of suspicious and ambiguous political characters, promiscuously and with great civility; but he took all occasions to manifest his friendship for the Duke of Marlborough, and his partiality and attachment to the open and undisguised friends of the Hanoverian succession. During his short continuance here, he stood godfather for Steele's second son, who was named Eugene after him. See Steele's Epistolary Correspondence, 1787, vol. ii. let. 338, p. 322, note.

I was not a little pleased with the curiosity of the old knight, though I did not much wonder at it, having heard him say more than once in private discourse, that he looked upon Prince Eugenio (for so the knight always called him) to be a greater man than Scanderbeg.

I was no sooner come into Gray's-inn walks, but I heard my friend upon the terrace hemming twice or thrice to himself with great vigour, for he loves to clear his pipes in good air (to make use of his own phrase), and is not a little pleased with any one who takes notice of the strength which he still exerts in his morning hems.

I was touched with a secret joy at the sight of the good old man, who before he saw me was engaged in conversation with a beggar-man that had asked an alms of him. I could hear my friend chide him for not finding out some work; but at the same time saw him put his hand in his pocket and give him sixpence.

Our salutations were very hearty on both sides, consisting of many kind shakes of the hand, and several affectionate looks which we cast upon one another. After which the knight told me my good friend his chaplain was very well, and much at my service, and that the Sunday before he had made a most incomparable sermon out of Dr. Barrow. 'I have left,' says he, 'all my affairs in his hands, and, being willing to lay an obligation upon him, have deposited with him thirty marks, to be distributed among his poor parishioners.'

He then proceeded to acquaint me with the welfare of Will Wimble.[f] Upon which he put his hand

[f] See Spect. No. 108. This writer was assured by the late Dr. Amory, that the character of W. Wimble was drawn from a gentleman of the name

into his fob and presented me in his name with a tobacco-stopper, telling me that Will had been busy all the beginning of the winter in turning great quantities of them; and that he made a present of one to every gentleman in the country who has good principles, and smokes. He added, that poor Will was at present under great tribulation, for that Tom Touchy had taken the law of him for cutting some hazel sticks out of one of his hedges.

Among other pieces of news which the knight brought from his country-seat, he informed me that Moll White was dead, and that about a month after her death the wind was so very high that it blew down the end of one of his barns. 'But for my own part,' says sir Roger, 'I do not think that the old woman had any hand in it.'

He afterwards fell into an account of the diversions which had passed in his house during the holidays; for sir Roger, after the laudable custom of his ancestors, always keeps open house at Christmas. I learned from him that he had killed eight fat hogs for this season, that he had dealt about his chines very liberally amongst his neighbours, and that in particular he had sent a string of hogs-puddings with a pack of cards to every poor family in the parish. 'I have often thought,' says sir Roger, 'it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the middle of winter. It is the most dead uncomfortable time

of Bevis, of a family near Exeter. But he has more circumstantial proof now before him, which shall be given in its proper place, that the original of this character was Mr. Thomas Morecraft, a younger son of a baronet of that name in Yorkshire. Steele, who knew him very early in life, introduced him to Addison, by whose bounty he was for some years supported. At the death of this patron, Mr. Morecraft went into Ireland to his friend the bishop of Kildare, at whose house in Fishamble-street, Dublin, he died lamented in July 1741.

of the year, when the poor people would suffer very much from their poverty and cold, if they had not good cheer, warm fires, and Christmas gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor hearts at this season, and to see the whole village merry in my great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to my small-beer, and set it a running for twelve days to every one that calls for it. I have always a piece of cold beef and a mince-pye upon the table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in playing their innocent tricks, and smutting one another. Our friend Will Wimble is as merry as any of them, and shows a thousand roguish tricks upon these occasions.'

I was very much delighted with the reflection of my old friend, which carried so much goodness in it. He then launched out into the praise of the late act of parliament for securing the Church of England,[g] and told me with great satisfaction, that he believed it already began to take effect, for that a rigid dissenter, who chanced to dine at his house on Christmas-day, had been observed to eat very plentifully of his plum-porridge.

After having despatched all our country matters, sir Roger made several inquiries concerning the club, and particularly of his old antagonist sir Andrew Freeport. He asked me, with a kind of smile, whether sir Andrew had not taken advantage of his absence, to vent among them some of his republican doctrines; but soon after gathering up his countenance into a more than ordinary seriousness, 'Tell me truly,' says he, 'don't you think sir Andrew had a hand in the pope's procession?'[h]—But, without

[g] Stat. 10 Ann. cap. 2. The act against occasional conformity.

[h] See Spect. No. 262, and note.

giving me time to answer him, 'Well, well,' says he, 'I know you are a wary man, and do not care to talk of public matters.'

The knight then asked me if I had seen prince Eugenio, and made me promise to get him a stand in some convenient place where he might have a full sight of that extraordinary man, whose presence does so much honour to the British nation. He dwelt very long on the praises of this great general, and I found that since I was with him in the country, he had drawn many observations together out of his reading in Baker's Chronicle, and other authors, who always lie in his hall window, which very much redound to the honour of this prince.

Having passed away the greatest part of the morning in hearing the knight's reflections, which were partly private and partly political, he asked me if I would smoke a pipe with him over a dish of coffee at Squires's? As I love the old man, I take a delight in complying with every thing that is agreeable to him, and accordingly waited on him to the coffee-house, where his venerable figure drew upon us the eyes of the whole room. He had no sooner seated himself at the upper end of the high table, but he called for a clean pipe, a paper of tobacco, a dish of coffee, a wax candle, and the supplement,[i] with such an air of cheerfulness and good humour, that all the boys in the coffee-room (who seemed to take pleasure in serving him) were at once employed on his several errands, insomuch that nobody else could come at a dish of tea, till the knight had got all his conveniences about him. L.[k]

[i] See Tat. with notes, 6 vols. cr. 8vo. 1786, vol. iii. No. 91, p. 173, note on the periodical publications about this time.

[k] By Addison, at this time, probably, in London. See No. 7.

No. 270. WEDNESDAY, January 9, 1711–12.

Discit enim citius meminitque libentius illud
Quod quis deridet quam quod probat—
Hor. 1 Ep. ii. 262.

For what's derided by the censuring crowd,
Is thought on more than what is just and good.
Dryden.

There is a lust in man no power can tame,
Of loudly publishing his neighbour's shame:
On eagle's wings invidious scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born, and die.
E. of Cork.

Sooner we learn, and seldomer forget,
What critics scorn, than what they highly rate.
Hughes's Letters, vol. ii. p. 222.

I do not know that I have been in greater delight for these many years, than in beholding the boxes at the play the last time The Scornful Lady[1] was acted. So great an assembly of ladies placed in gradual rows in all the ornaments of jewels, silks, and colours, gave so lively and gay an impression to the heart, that methought the season of the year was vanished; and I did not think it an ill expression of a young fellow who stood near me, that called the boxes those 'beds of tulips.' It was a pretty variation of the prospect, when any one of these fine ladies rose up and did honour to herself and friend at a distance, by courtseying; and gave opportunity to that friend to show her charms to the same advantage in returning her salutation. Here that action is as proper and graceful, as it is at church unbecoming and impertinent. By the way I must take the liberty to observe, that I did not see any one who is usually so full of civilities at church, offer at any such indecorum during any part of the action

[1] A comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, 4to. 1625. See Dryden's Dramatic Essay, p. 35.

of the play. Such beautiful prospects gladden our minds, and, when considered in general, give innocent and pleasing ideas. He that dwells upon any one object of beauty, may fix his imagination to his disquiet; but the contemplation of a whole assembly together, is a defence against the encroachment of desire: at least to me, who have taken pains to look at beauty abstracted from the consideration of its being the object of desire; at power, only as it sits upon another, without any hopes of partaking any share of it; at wisdom and capacity, without any pretensions to rival or envy its acquisitions: I say to me, who am really free from forming any hopes by beholding the persons of beautiful women, or warming myself into ambition from the successes of other men, this world is not only a mere scene, but a very pleasant one. Did mankind but know the freedom which there is in keeping thus aloof from the world, I should have more imitators than the powerfullest man in the nation has followers. To be no man's rival in love, or competitor in business, is a character which if it does not recommend you as it ought to benevolence among those whom you live with, yet has it certainly this effect, that you do not stand so much in need of their approbation, as you would if you aimed at it more, in setting your heart on the same things which the generality doat on. By this means, and with this easy philosophy, I am never less at a play than when I am at the theatre; but indeed I am seldom so well pleased with the action as in that place; for most men follow nature no longer than while they are in their night-gowns, and all the busy part of the day are in characters which they neither become, or act in with pleasure to themselves or their beholders. But to return to

my ladies: I was very well pleased to see so great a crowd of them assembled at a play, wherein the heroine, as the phrase is, is so just a picture of the vanity of the sex in tormenting their admirers. The lady who pines for the man whom she treats with so much impertinence and inconstancy, is drawn with much art and humour. Her resolutions to be extremely civil, but her vanity arising just at the instant that she resolved to express herself kindly, are described as by one who had studied the sex. But when my admiration is fixed upon this excellent character, and two or three others in the play, I must confess I was moved with the utmost indignation, at the trivial, senseless and unnatural representation of the chaplain. It is possible there may be a pedant in holy orders, and we have seen one or two of them in the world: but such a driveller as sir Roger,[m] so bereft of all manner of pride, which is the characteristic of a pedant, is what one would not believe could come into the head of the same man who drew the rest of the play. The meeting between Welford and him shows a wretch without any notion of the dignity of his function; and it is out of all common sense that he should give an account of himself 'as one sent four or five miles in a morning on foot for eggs.' It is not to be denied, but this part, and that of the maid whom he makes love to, are excellently well performed; but a thing which is blameable in itself grows still more so by the success in the execution of it. It is so mean a thing to gratify a loose age with a scandalous representation of what is reputable among men, not to say

[m] In former times priests were distinguished by the addition of Sir to their christian names, as if they had been knights. See Dodsley's Old Plays, *passim*.

what is sacred, that no beauty, no excellence in an author ought to atone for it; nay, such excellence is an aggravation of his guilt, and an argument that he errs against the conviction of his own understanding and conscience. Wit should be tried by this rule, and an audience should rise against such a scene as throws down the reputation of any thing which the consideration of religion or decency should preserve from contempt. But all this evil arises from this one corruption of mind, that makes men resent offences against their virtue less than those against their understanding. An author shall write as if he thought there was not one man of honour or woman of chastity in the house, and come off with applause: for an insult upon all the ten commandments with the little critics is not so bad as the breach of an unity of time or place. Half wits do not apprehend the miseries that must necessarily flow from a degeneracy of manners; nor do they know that order is the support of society. Sir Roger and his mistress are monsters of the poet's own forming; the sentiments in both of them are such as do not arise in fools of their education. We all know that a silly scholar, instead of being below every one he meets with, is apt to be exalted above the rank of such as are really his superiors: his arrogance is always founded upon particular notions of distinction in his own head, accompanied with a pedantic scorn of all fortune and pre-eminence, when compared with his knowledge and learning. This very one character of sir Roger, as silly as it really is, has done more towards the disparagement of holy orders, and consequently of virtue itself, than all the wit that author or any other could make up for in the conduct of the longest life after it. I do not pretend in saying

this to give myself airs of more virtue than my neighbours, but assert it from the principles by which mankind must always be governed. Sallies of imagination are to be overlooked, when they are committed out of warmth in the recommendation of what is praiseworthy; but a deliberate advancing of vice, with all the wit in the world, is as ill an action as any that comes before the magistrate, and ought to be received as such by the people.[n] T.[o]

No. 271. THURSDAY, January 10, 1711–12.

Mille trahens varios adverso sole colores.
Virg. Æn. iv. 701.
Drawing a thousand colours from the light.
Dryden.

I receive a double advantage from the letters of my correspondents; first, as they show me which of my papers are most acceptable to them; and in the next place, as they furnish me with materials for new speculations. Sometimes indeed I do not make use of the letter itself, but form the hints of it into plans of my own invention; sometimes I take the liberty to change the language or thought into my own way of speaking and thinking, and always (if it can be done without prejudice to the sense) omit the many compliments and applauses which are usually bestowed upon me.

Besides the two advantages above-mentioned which I receive from the letters that are sent me,

[n] See Wilson's Memoirs of the Life, &c. of Congreve. Lond. 8vo. 1730, p. 64.

[o] By Steele. See No. 271, paragr. 1, and No. 324.

they give me an opportunity of lengthening out my paper by the skilful management of the subscribing part at the end of them, which perhaps does not a little conduce to the ease both of myself and reader.

Some will have it, that I often write to myself, and am the only punctual correspondent I have. This objection would indeed be material, were the letters I communicate to the public stuffed with my own commendations; and if, instead of endeavouring to divert or instruct my readers, I admired in them the beauty of my own performances. But I shall leave these wise conjecturers to their own imaginations, and produce the three following lettters for the entertainment of the day.

'SIR,

'I WAS last Thursday in an assembly of ladies, where there were thirteen different coloured hoods.[p] Your Spectator of that day lying upon the table, they ordered me to read it to them, which I did with a very clear voice, until I came to the Greek verse at the end of it.[q] I must confess I was a little startled at its popping upon me so unexpectedly. However, I covered my confusion as well as I could, and, after having muttered two or three hard words to myself, laughed heartily, and cried, "a very good jest, faith." The ladies desired me to explain it to them; but I begged their pardon for that, and told them, that if it had been proper for them to hear they may be sure the author would not have wrapped it up in Greek. I then let drop several expressions, as if there was something in it that was not fit to be spoken before a company of ladies. Upon

[p] See Tat. with notes, 6 vol. ed. cr. 8vo. 1786. No. 212, note on hoods.

[q] See No. 265, *ad finem.*

which, the matron of the assembly, who was dressed in a cherry-coloured hood, commended the discretion of the writer for having thrown his filthy thoughts into Greek, which was likely to corrupt but few of his readers. At the same time she declared herself very well pleased that he had not given a decisive opinion upon the new-fashioned hoods; "for to tell you truly," says she, "I was afraid he would have made us ashamed to show our heads." Now, Sir, you must know, since this unlucky accident happened to me in a company of ladies, among whom I passed for a most ingenious man, I have consulted one who is well versed in the Greek language, and he assures me upon his word, that your late quotation means no more than that "manners, and not dress, are the ornaments of a woman." If this comes to the knowledge of my female admirers, I shall be very hard put to it to bring myself off handsomely. In the mean while, I give you this account, that you may take care hereafter not to betray any of your well-wishers into the like inconveniences. It is in the number of these that I beg leave to subscribe myself,

'TOM TRIPPIT.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'YOUR readers are so well pleased with your character of sir Roger de Coverley, that there appeared a sensible joy in every coffee-house, upon hearing the old knight was come to town.[r] I am now with a knot of his admirers, who make it their joint request to you, that you would give us public notice of the window or balcony where the knight intends to make his appearance. He has already

[r] See No. 269.

given great satisfaction to several who have seen him at Squires's coffee-house. If you think fit to place your short face at sir Roger's left elbow, we shall take the hint, and gratefully acknowledge so great a favour. 'I am, SIR,

'Your most devoted humble servant,

'C. D.'

'SIR,

'KNOWING that you are very inquisitive after every thing that is curious in nature, I will wait on you if you please in the dusk of the evening, with my show upon my back, which I carry about with me in a box, as only consisting of a man, a woman, and a horse. The two first are married, in which state the little cavalier has so well acquitted himself, that his lady is with child. The big-bellied woman and her husband, with their whimsical palfrey, are so very light, that when they are put together into a scale, an ordinary man may weigh down the whole family. The little man is a bully in his nature; but, when he grows choleric, I confine him to his box till his wrath is over, by which means I have hitherto prevented him from doing mischief. His horse is likewise very vicious, for which reason I am forced to tie him close to his manger with a pack-thread. The woman is a coquette. She struts as much as it is possible for a lady of two foot high, and would ruin me in silks, were not the quantity that goes to a large pincushion sufficient to make her a gown and petticoat. She told me the other day, that she heard the ladies wore coloured hoods, and ordered me to get her one of the finest blue. I am forced to comply with her demands whilst she is in her present condition,

being very willing to have more of the same breed. I do not know what she may produce me, but provided it be a show I shall be very well satisfied. Such novelties should not, I think, be concealed from the British Spectator; for which reason I hope you will excuse this presumption in

'Your most dutiful, most obedient,

'and most humble servant,

L.[s] 'S. T.'

*** Three dwarfs; a very little man, a woman equally diminutive, and a horse proportionable, were on exhibition in London about this time. The advertisement and hand-bill used on this occasion to draw company, the annotator could re-publish, but they are all ill-written, and too long for insertion here.

No. 272. FRIDAY, JANUARY 11, 1711-12.

—Longa est injuria, longæ
Ambages— VIRG. Æn. i. 345.
Great is the injury, and long the tale.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THE occasion of this letter is of so great importance, and the circumstances of it such, that I know you will but think it just to insert it, in preference of all other matters that can present themselves to your consideration. I need not, after I have said this, tell you that I am in love. The circumstances of my passion I shall let you understand as well as a disordered mind will admit. "That cursed pickthank, Mrs. Jane!"—Alas! I am railing at one to you by her name, as familiarly as if you were acquainted with her as well as myself: but I

[s] By Addison, at this time, probably, in London. See final note to No. 7.

will tell you all, as fast as the alternate interruptions of love and anger will give me leave. There is the most agreeable young woman in the world, whom I am passionately in love with, and from whom I have for some space of time received as great marks of favour as were fit for her to give, or me to desire. The successful progress of the affair, of all others the most essential towards a man's happiness, gave a new life and spirit not only to my behaviour and discourse, but also a certain grace to all my actions in the commerce of life, in all things tho' never so remote from love. You know the predominant passion spreads itself through all a man's transactions, and exalts or depresses him according to the nature of such passion. But, alas! I have not yet begun my story, and what is making sentences and observations when a man is pleading for his life? To begin then: this lady has corresponded with me under the names of love, she my Belinda, I her Cleanthes. Though I am thus well got into the account of my affair, I cannot keep in the thread of it so much as to give you the character of Mrs. Jane, whom I will not hide under a borrowed name; but let you know, that this creature has been, since I knew her, very handsome, (though I will not allow her even "she has been" for the future,) and during the time of her bloom and beauty was so great a tyrant to her lovers, so over-valued herself and under-rated all her pretenders, that they have deserted her to a man; and she knows no comfort but that common one to all in her condition, the pleasure of interrupting the amours of others. It is impossible but you must have seen several of these volunteers in malice, who pass their whole time in the most laborious way of life in getting intelligence,

running from place to place with new whispers, without reaping any other benefit but the hopes of making others as unhappy as themselves. Mrs. Jane happened to be at a place where I, with many others well acquainted with my passion for Belinda, passed a Christmas evening. There was among the rest a young lady, so free in mirth, so amiable in a just reserve that accompanied it—I wrong her to call it reserve—but there appeared in her a mirth or cheerfulness which was not a forbearance of more immoderate joy, but the natural appearance of all which could flow from a mind possessed of an habit of innocence and purity. I must have utterly forgot Belinda to have taken no notice of one who was growing up to the same womanly virtues which shine to perfection in her, had I not distinguished one who seemed to promise to the world the same life and conduct with my faithful and lovely Belinda. When the company broke up, the fine young thing permitted me to take care of her home. Mrs. Jane saw my particular regard to her, and was informed of my attending her to her father's house. She came early to Belinda the next morning, and asked her, "If Mrs. Such-a-one had been with her?" "No," "If Mr. Such-a-one's lady?" "No." "Nor your cousin Such-a-one?" "No."—"Lord," says Mrs. Jane, "what is the friendship of women?—Nay, they may well laugh at it.—And did no one tell you any thing of the behaviour of your lover, Mr. What d'ye-call, last night? But perhaps it is nothing to you that he is to be married to young Mrs. —— on Tuesday next?" Belinda was here ready to die with rage and jealousy. Then Mrs. Jane goes on: "I have a young kinsman, who is clerk to a great conveyancer, who shall show you

the rough draught of the marriage settlement. The world says her father gives him two thousand pounds more than he could have with you." I went innocently to wait on Belinda as usual, but was not admitted; I writ to her, and my letter was sent back unopened. Poor Betty, her maid, who is on my side, has been here just now blubbering, and told me the whole matter. She says she did not think I could be so base; and that she is now odious to her mistress for having so often spoke well of me, that she dare not mention me more. All our hopes are placed in having these circumstances fairly represented in the Spectator, which Betty says she dare not but bring up as soon as it is brought in; and has promised when you have broke the ice to own this was laid between us, and, when I can come to an hearing, the young lady will support what we say by her testimony, that I never saw her but that once in my whole life. Dear Sir, do not omit this true relation, nor think it too particular; for there are crowds of forlorn coquettes who intermingle themselves with other ladies, and contract familiarities out of malice, and with no other design but to blast the hopes of lovers, the expectation of parents, and the benevolence of kindred. I doubt not but I shall be,

"SIR, your most obliged humble servant,

'CLEANTHES.'

'SIR, 'Will's Coffee-house, Jan. 10.

'THE other day, entering a room adorned with the fair sex, I offered, after the usual manner, to each of them a kiss; but one, more scornful than the rest, turned her cheek. I did not think proper

to take any notice of it until I had asked your advice.

'Your humble servant,' E. S.'

The correspondent is desired to say which cheek the offender turned to him.

ADVERTISEMENT.

From the parish-vestry, Jan. 9.

ALL ladies who come to church in the new-fashioned hoods, are desired to be there before divine service begins, lest they divert the attention of the congregation. RALPH.

T.[t]

No. 273. SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1711-12.

—Notandi sunt tibi mores.
HOR. Ars Poet. 156.
Note well the manners.

HAVING examined the action of Paradise Lost, let us in the next place consider the actors. This is Aristotle's method of considering: first, the fable; and, secondly, the manners, or, as we generally call them in English, the fable and the characters.

Homer has excelled all the heroic poets that ever wrote in the multitude and variety of his characters. Every god that is admitted into his poem acts a part which would have been suitable to no other deity:

[t] By Steele. See No. 271, paragraph 1. The signature T seems to have been originally put by Steele to papers transcribed, &c. It appears likewise to have been used at times by Mr. Tho. Tickell. See final note to No. 324, and No. 410, *ad finem*.

his princes are as much distinguished by their manners, as by their dominions; and even those among them whose characters seem wholly made up of courage, differ from one another as to the particular kinds of courage in which they excel. In short, there is scarce a speech or action in the Iliad, which the reader may not ascribe to the person that speaks or acts, without seeing his name at the head of it.

Homer does not only outshine all other poets in the variety, but also in the novelty of his characters. He hath introduced among his Grecian princes a person who had lived thrice the age of man, and conversed with Theseus, Hercules, Polyphemus, and the first race of heroes. His principal actor is the son of a goddess, not to mention the offspring of other deities who have likewise a place in his poem, and the venerable Trojan prince who was the father of so many kings and heroes. There is in these several characters of Homer a certain dignity as well as novelty, which adapts them in a more peculiar manner to the nature of an heroic poem. Though at the same time, to give them the greater variety, he has described a Vulcan that is a buffoon among his gods, and a Thersites among his mortals.

Virgil falls infinitely short of Homer in the characters of his poem, both as to their variety and novelty. Æneas is indeed a perfect character; but as for Achates, though he is styled the hero's friend, he does nothing in the whole poem which may deserve that title. Gyas, Mnestheus, Sergestus, and Cloanthes, are all of them men of the same stamp and character:

—'Fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthem.'

There are indeed several natural incidents in the

part of Ascanius; as that of Dido cannot be sufficiently admired. I do not see any thing new or particular in Turnus. Pallas and Evander are remote copies of Hector and Priam, as Lausus and Mezentius are almost parallels to Pallas and Evander. The characters of Nisus and Euryalus are beautiful, but common. We must not forget the parts of Sinon, Camilla, and some few others, which are beautiful improvements on the Greek poet. In short, there is neither that variety nor novelty[a] in the persons of the Æneid which we meet with in those of the Iliad.

If we look into the characters of Milton, we shall find that he has introduced all the variety his poem was capable of receiving. The whole species of mankind was in two persons at the time to which the subject of his poem is confined. We have, however, four distinct characters in these two persons.—We see man and woman in the highest innocence and perfection, and in the most abject state of guilt and infirmity. The two last characters are, indeed, very common and obvious; but the two first are not only more magnificent, but more new than any characters, either in Virgil or Homer, or indeed in the whole circle of nature.

Milton was so sensible of this defect in the subject of his poem, and of the few characters it would afford him, that he has brought into it two actors of a shadowy and fictitious nature, in the persons of Sin and Death, by which means he has interwoven into the body of his fable a very beautiful and well-invented allegory. But notwithstanding the fineness of this allegory may atone for it in some meas-

[a] See Heron's Letters of Literature, 1785, *passim*.

ure, I cannot think that persons of such a chimerical existence are proper actors in an epic poem;[w] because there is not that measure of probability annexed to them which is requisite in writings of this kind, as I shall show more at large hereafter.

Virgil has indeed admitted Fame as an actress in the Æneid; but the part she acts is very short, and none of the most admired circumstances in that divine work. We find in mock heroic poems, particularly in the Dispensary and the Lutrin,[x] several allegorical persons of this nature, which are very beautiful in those compositions, and may perhaps be used as an argument that the authors of them were of opinion such characters might have a place in an epic work. For my own part I should be glad the reader would think so for the sake of the poem I am now examining; and must farther add, that if such empty unsubstantial beings may be ever made use of on this occasion, never were any more nicely imagined, and employed in more proper actions, than those of which I am now speaking.

Another principal actor in this poem is the great enemy of mankind. The part of Ulysses, in Homer's Odyssey, is very much admired by Aristotle, as perplexing that fable with very agreeable plots and intricacies, not only by the many adventures in his voyage, and the subtilty of his behaviour, but by the various concealments and discoveries of his person in several parts of that poem. But the crafty being I have now mentioned makes a much longer voyage than Ulysses, puts in practice many more wiles and stratagems, and hides himself under a

[w] See Newton's edition of Milton's Paradise Lost, vol. i. 169, *& seq.*

[x] The titles of two poems, the first in English by Dr. Garth, and the second in French by Boileau.

greater variety of shapes and appearances, all of which are severally detected, to the great delight and surprise of the reader.

We may likewise observe with how much art the poet has varied several characters of the persons that speak in his infernal assembly. On the contrary, how has he represented the whole Godhead exerting itself towards man in its full benevolence, under the threefold distinction of a Creator, a Redeemer, and a Comforter!

Nor must we omit the person of Raphael, who, amidst his tenderness and friendship for man, shows such a dignity and condescension in all his speech and behaviour as are suitable to a superior nature. The angels are indeed as much diversified in Milton, and distinguished by their proper parts, as the gods are in Homer or Virgil. The reader will find nothing ascribed to Uriel, Gabriel, Michael, or Raphael, which is not in a particular manner suitable to their respective characters.[y]

There is another circumstance in the principal actors of the Iliad and Æneid, which gives a peculiar beauty to those two poems, and was therefore contrived with very great judgment: I mean, the authors having chosen for their heroes persons who were so nearly related to the people for whom they wrote. Achilles was a Greek, and Æneas the remote founder of Rome. By this means their countrymen (whom they principally propose to themselves for their readers) were particularly attentive to all the parts of their story, and sympathized with their heroes in all their adventures. A Roman could not but rejoice in the escapes, successes, and victories

[y] These two last sentences were not in the original paper in folio.

of Æneas, and be grieved at any defeats, misfortunes or disappointments that befel him: as a Greek must have had the same regard for Achilles. And it is plain, that each of those poems have lost this great advantage among those readers to whom their heroes are as strangers or indifferent persons.

Milton's poem is admirable in this respect, since it is impossible for any of its readers, whatever nation, country, or people he may belong to, not to be related to the persons who are the principal actors in it; but what is still infinitely more to its advantage, the principal actors in this poem are not only our progenitors, but our representatives. We have an actual interest in every thing they do, and no less than our utmost happiness is concerned, and lies at stake in all their behaviour.

I shall subjoin, as a corollary to the foregoing remark, an admirable observation out of Aristotle, which hath been very much misrepresented in the quotations of some modern critics: 'If a man of perfect and consummate virtue falls into a misfortune, it raises our pity, but not our terror, because we do not fear that it may be our own case, who do not resemble the suffering person.' But, as that great philosopher adds, 'if we see a man of virtue mixed with infirmities fall into any misfortune, it does not only raise our pity, but our terror; because we are afraid that the like misfortune may happen to ourselves, who resemble the character of the suffering person.'

I shall take another opportunity to observe, that a person of an absolute and consummate virtue should never be introduced in tragedy, and shall only remark in this place, that the foregoing observation of Aristotle, though it may be true in other occasions,

does not hold in this; because in the present case, though the persons who fall into misfortune are of the most perfect and consummate virtue, it is not to be considered as what may possibly be, but what actually is our own case; since we are embarked with them on the same bottom, and must be partakers of their happiness or misery.

In this, and some other very few instances, Aristotle's rules for epic poetry (which he had drawn from his reflections upon Homer) cannot be supposed to quadrate exactly with the heroic poems which have been made since his time; since it is plain his rules would still have been more perfect could he have perused the Æneid, which was made some hundred years after his death.

In my next, I shall go through other parts of Milton's poem; and hope that what I shall there advance, as well as what I have already written, will not only serve as a comment upon Milton but upon Aristotle. L.[a]

No. 274. MONDAY, JANUARY 14, 1711–12.

Audire est operæ pretium, procedere rectè
Qui mœchis non vultis—

HOR. 1 SAT. ii. 37.

All you who think the city ne'er can thrive
Till every cuckold-maker's flay'd alive,
Attend—[b]

POPE.

I HAVE upon several occasions (that have occurred since I first took into my thoughts the present state

[a] By Addison, dated, it seems, London. See final note to No. 7.

* * *

See Nos. 267, 279, 285, 291, 297, 303, 309, 315, 321, 327, 333, 339, 345, 351, 357, 363, and 369.

[b] On this subject of criminal love, see Nos. 266, 276, and 286.

of fornication) weighed with myself, in behalf of guilty females, the impulses of flesh and blood, together with the arts and gallantries of crafty men; and reflect with some scorn that most part of what we in our youth think gay and polite, is nothing else but an habit of indulging a pruriency that way. It will cost some labour to bring people to so lively a sense of this, as to recover the manly modesty in the behaviour of my men readers, and the bashful grace in the faces of my women; but in all cases which come into debate there are certain things previously to be done before we can have a true light into the subject matter; therefore it will, in the first place, be necessary to consider the impotent wenchers and industrious hags, who are supplied with, and are constantly supplying, new sacrifices to the devil of lust. You are to know then, if you are so happy as not to know it already, that the great havoc which is made in the habitations of beauty and innocence is committed by such as can only lay waste and not enjoy the soil. When you observe the present state of vice and virtue, the offenders are such as one would think should have no impulse to what they are pursuing: as in business you see sometimes fools pretend to be knaves, so in pleasure you will find old men set up for wenchers. This latter sort of men are the great basis and fund of iniquity in the kind we are speaking of: you shall have an old rich man often receive scrawls from the several quarters of the town, with descriptions of the new wares in their hands, if he will please to send word when he will be waited on. This interview is contrived, and the innocent is brought to such indecencies as from time to time banish shame and raise desire. With these preparatives the hags break their wards by little and

little, till they are brought to lose all apprehensions of what shall befal them in the possession of younger men. It is a common postscript of an hag to a young fellow whom she invites to a new woman, 'She has, I assure you, seen none but old Mr. Such-a-one.' It pleases the old fellow that the nymph is brought to him unadorned, and from his bounty she is accommodated with enough to dress her for other lovers. This is the most ordinary method of bringing beauty and poverty into the possession of the town: but the particular cases of kind keepers, skilful pimps, and all others who drive a separate trade, and are not in the general society or commerce of sin, will require distinct consideration. At the same time that we are thus severe on the abandoned, we are to represent the case of others with that mitigation as the circumstances demand. Calling names does no good; to speak worse of any thing than it deserves, does only take off from the credit of the accuser, and has implicitly the force of an apology in the behalf of the person accused. We shall therefore, according as the circumstances differ, vary our appellations of these criminals: those who offend only against themselves, and are not scandals to society, but out of deference to the sober part of the world, have so much good left in them as to be ashamed, must not be huddled in the common word due to the worst of women; but regard is to be had to their circumstances when they fell, to the uneasy perplexity under which they lived under senseless and severe parents, to the importunity of poverty, to the violence of a passion in its beginning well-grounded, and all other alleviations which make unhappy women resign the characteristic of their sex, modesty. To do otherwise than thus, would be

to act like a pedantic Stoic, who thinks all crimes alike, and not like an impartial Spectator, who looks upon them with all the circumstances that diminish or enhance the guilt. I am in hopes, if this subject be well pursued, women will hereafter from their infancy be treated with an eye to their future state in the world; and not have their tempers made too untractable from an improper sourness or pride, or too complying from familiarity or forwardness contracted at their own houses. After these hints on this subject, I shall end this paper with the following genuine letter; and desire all who think they may be concerned in future speculations on this subject, to send in what they have to say for themselves for some incidents in their lives, in order to have proper allowances made for their conduct.

'MR. SPECTATOR, 'Jan. 5, 1711-12.

'THE subject of your yesterday's paper,[c] is of so great importance, and the thorough handling of it may be so very useful to the preservation of many an innocent young creature, that I think every one is obliged to furnish you with what lights he can, to expose the pernicious arts and practices of those unnatural women called bawds. In order to this the inclosed is sent to you, which is verbatim the copy of a letter written by a bawd of figure in this town to a noble lord. I have concealed the names of both, my intention being not to expose the persons but the thing.

'I am, SIR, your humble servant.'

"MY LORD,

"I HAVING a great esteem for your honour, and a better opinion of you than of any of the qual-

[c] No. 266.

ity, makes me acquaint you of an affair that I hope will oblige you to know, I have a niece that came to town about a fortnight ago. Her parents being lately dead, she came to me, expecting to a found me in so good a condition as to set her up in a milliner's shop. Her father gave fourscore pound with her for five years: her time is out, and she is not sixteen: as pretty a black gentlewoman as ever you saw; a little woman, which I know your lordship likes; well-shaped, and as fine a complexion for red and white as ever I saw; I doubt not but your lordship will be of the same opinion. She designs to go down about a month hence, except I can provide for her, which I cannot at present. Her father was one with whom all he had died with him, so there is four children left destitute; so if your lordship thinks fit to make an appointment where I shall wait on you with my niece, by a line or two, I stay for your answer; for I have no place fitted up since I left my house fit to entertain your honour. I told her she should go with me to see a gentleman, a very good friend of mine; so I desire you to take no notice of my letter, by reason she is ignorant of the ways of the town. My lord, I desire if you meet us, to come alone; for upon my word and honour you are the first that ever I mentioned her to. So I remain

"Your Lordship's

"Most humble servant to command.

"I beg of you to burn it when you've read it."

T.[d]

[d] By Steele, transcribed. See No. 324, *ad finem*.

No. 275. TUESDAY, January 15, 1711-12.

—tribus Anticyris caput insanabile—
Hor. Ars Poet. 300.
A head no hellebore can cure.

* *
*

I was yesterday engaged in an assembly of virtuosos, where one of them produced many curious observations which he had lately made in the anatomy of an human body. Another of the company communicated to us several wonderful discoveries, which he had also made on the same subject by the help of very fine glasses. This gave birth to a great variety of uncommon remarks, and furnished discourse for the remaining part of the day.

The different opinions which were started on this occasion, presented to my imagination so many new ideas, that, by mixing with those which were already there, they employed my fancy all the last night, and composed a very wild extravagant dream.

I was invited methought to the dissection of a beau's head and of a coquette's heart, which were both of them laid on a table before us. An imaginary operator opened the first with a great deal of nicety, which, upon a cursory and superficial view, appeared like the head of another man; but upon applying our glasses to it, we made a very odd discovery, namely, that what we looked upon as brains, were not such in reality, but an heap of strange

*** This paper, and No. 281, its sequel, probably suggested to Mr. G. Alexander Stevens the first idea of his Lecture on Heads, which, with suitable variations and improvements, furnished for a long time an elegant rational amusement to the public, and in the end abundantly rewarded the pains, expense, and ingenuity of the lecturer.

materials wound up in that shape and texture, and packed together with wonderful art in the several cavities of the skull. For, as Homer tells us that the blood of the gods is not real blood, but only something like it; so we found that the brain of a beau[e] is not a real brain, but only something like it.

The pineal gland, which many of our modern philosophers suppose to be the seat of the soul, smelt very strong of essence and orange-flower water, and was encompassed with a kind of horny substance, cut into a thousand little faces or mirrors which were imperceptible to the naked eye, insomuch that the soul, if there had been any here, must have been always taken up in contemplating her own beauties.

We observed a large antrum or cavity in the sinciput, that was filled with ribands, lace and embroidery, wrought together in a most curious piece of net-work, the parts of which were likewise imperceptible to the naked eye. Another of these antrums or cavities was stuffed with invisible billet-doux, love-letters, prick dances, and other trumpery of the same nature. In another we found a kind of powder, which set the whole company a sneezing, and by the scent discovered itself to be right Spanish. The several other cells were stored with commodities of the same kind, of which it would be tedious to give the reader an exact inventory.

There was a large cavity on each side the head, which I must not omit. That on the right side was filled with fictions, flatteries, and falsehoods, vows,

[e] See Tat. crown 8vo. 6 vols. ed. 1786. No. 9, p. 99, note

promises, and protestations; that on the left, with oaths and imprecations. There issued out a duct from each of these cells, which ran into the root of the tongue, where both joined together, and passed forward in one common duct to the tip of it. We discovered several little roads or canals running from the ear into the brain, and took particular care to trace them out through their several passages. One of them extended itself to a bundle of sonnets and little musical instruments. Others ended in several bladders which were filled either with wind or froth. But the large canal entered into a great cavity of the scull, from whence there went another canal into the tongue. This great cavity was filled with a kind of spongy substance, which the French anatomists call galimatias, and the English, nonsense.

The skins of the forehead were extremely tough and thick, and, what very much surprised us, had not in them any single blood-vessel that we were able to discover, either with or without our glasses; from whence we concluded, that the party when alive must have been entirely deprived of the faculty of blushing.

The os cribriforme was exceedingly stuffed, and in some places damaged with snuff. We could not but take notice in particular of that small muscle which is not often discovered in dissections, and draws the nose upwards, when it expresses the contempt which the owner of it has, upon seeing any thing he does not like, or hearing any thing he does not understand. I need not tell my learned reader, this is that muscle which performs the motion so often mentioned by the Latin poets, when they talk of a man's cocking his nose, or playing the rhinoceros.

We did not find any thing very remarkable in the eye, saving only that the musculi amatorii, or, as we may translate it into English, the ogling muscles, were very much worn and decayed with use; whereas, on the contrary, the elevator, or the muscle which turns the eye towards heaven, did not appear to have been used at all.

I have only mentioned in this dissection such new discoveries as we were able to make, and have not taken any notice of those parts which are to be met with in common heads. As for the skull, the face, and indeed the whole outward shape and figure of the head, we could not discover any difference from what we observe in the heads of other men. We were informed that the person to whom this head belonged, had passed for a man above five and thirty years; during which time he eat and drank like other people, dressed well, talked loud, laughed frequently, and on particular occasions had acquitted himself tolerably at a ball or an assembly; to which one of the company added, that a certain knot of ladies took him for a wit. He was cut off in the flower of his age by the blow of a paring shovel, having been surprised by an eminent citizen, as he was tendering some civilities to his wife.

When we had thoroughly examined this head with all its apartments, and its several kinds of furniture, we put up the brain, such as it was, into its proper place, and laid it aside under a broad piece of scarlet cloth, in order to be prepared, and kept in a great repository of dissections; our operator telling us that the preparation would not be so difficult as that of another brain, for that he had observed several of the little pipes and tubes which ran through the brain were already filled with a

kind of mercurial substance, which he looked upon to be true quicksilver.

He applied himself in the next place to the coquette's heart, which he likewise laid open with great dexterity. There occurred to us many particularities in this dissection; but being unwilling to burthen my reader's memory too much, I shall reserve this subject for the speculation of another day.[f] L.[g]

No. 276. WEDNESDAY, January 16, 1711-12.

Errori nomen virtus posuisset honestum.
Hor. 1 Sat. iii. 42.
Misconduct screen'd behind a specious name.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I HOPE you have philosophy enough to be capable of bearing the mention of your faults. Your papers which regard the fallen part of the fair-sex are, I think, written with an indelicacy which makes them unworthy to be inserted in the writings of a moralist who knows the world.[h] I cannot allow that you are at liberty to observe upon the actions of mankind with the freedom which you seem to resolve upon: at least, if you do so, you should take along with you the distinction of manners of the world, according to the quality and way of life of the persons concerned. A man of breeding speaks of even misfortune among ladies, without giving it the most terrible aspect it can bear: and this ten-

[f] See No. 281.

[g] By Addison, dated from his house in London. See No. 7.

[h] This seems to refer particularly to No. 274, in which there are some indelicate and reprehensible passages. No. 266, on criminal love, is liable also to similar censure.

derness towards them, is much more to be preserved when you speak of vices. All mankind are so far related, that care is to be taken, in things to which all are liable, you do not mention what concerns one in terms which shall disgust another. Thus to tell a rich man of the indigence of a kinsman of his, or abruptly to inform a virtuous woman of the lapse of one who until then was in the same degree of esteem with herself, is a kind of involving each of them in some participation of those disadvantages. It is therefore expected from every writer, to treat his argument in such a manner as is most proper to entertain the sort of readers to whom his discourse is directed. It is not necessary when you write to the tea-table, that you should draw vices which carry all the horror of shame and contempt: if you paint an impertinent self-love, an artful glance, an assumed complexion, you say all which you ought to suppose they can possibly be guilty of. When you talk with this limitation, you behave yourself so as that you may expect others in conversation may second your raillery; but when you do it in a style which every body else forbears in respect to their quality, they have an easy remedy in forbearing to read you, and hearing no more of their faults. A man that is now and then guilty of an intemperance is not to be called a drunkard; but the rule of polite raillery is to speak of a man's faults as if you loved him. Of this nature is what was said by Cæsar: when one was railing with an uncourtly vehemence, and broke out, "What must we call him who was taken in an intrigue with another man's wife?" Cæsar answered very gravely, "A careless fellow." This was at once a reprimand for speaking of a crime which in those days had not the abhorrence attending it as it

ought, as well as an intimation that all intemperate behaviour before superiors loses its aim by accusing in a method unfit for the audience. A word to the wise. All I mean here to say to you is, that the most free person of quality can go no farther than being an unkind woman; and you should never say of a man of figure worse than that he knows the world.

'I am, SIR,
'Your most humble servant,
'FRANCIS COURTLY.[1]'

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a woman of an unspotted reputation, and know nothing I have ever done which should encourage such insolence; but here was one the other day, and he was dressed like a gentleman too, who took liberty to name the words "lusty fellow" in my presence. I doubt not but you will resent it in behalf of,

'SIR, your humble servant,
'CELIA.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'YOU lately put out a dreadful paper, wherein you promise a full account of the state of criminal love; and call all the fair who have transgressed in that kind by one very rude name, which I do not care to repeat: but I desire to know of you whether I am or I am not one of those? My case is as follows: I am kept by an old bachelor, who took me so young, that I know not how he came by me. He is a bencher of one of the inns of court, a

[1] See No. 286, let. 1.

very gay healthy old man, which is a very lucky thing for him; who has been, he tells me, a scowerer, a scamperer, a breaker of windows, and invader of constables, in the days of yore, when all dominion ended with the day, and males and females met helter skelter, and the scowerers drove before them all who pretended to keep up order or rule to the interruption of love and honour. This is his way of talk, for he is very gay when he visits me; but as his former knowledge of the town has alarmed him into an invincible jealousy, he keeps me in a pair of slippers, neat bodice, warm petticoats, and my own hair woven in ringlets, after a manner he says he remembers. I am not mistress of one farthing of money, but have all necessaries provided for me, under the guard of one who procured for him while he had any desires to gratify. I know nothing of a wench's life, but the reputation of it: I have a natural voice, and a pretty untaught step in dancing. His manner is to bring an old fellow who has been his servant from his youth, and is gray-headed. This man makes on the violin a certain jiggish noise, to which I dance, and when that is over I sing to him some loose air that has more wantonness than music in it. You must have seen a strange windowed house near Hyde-park, which is so built that no one can look out of any of the apartments; my rooms are after this manner, and I never see man, woman, or child, but in company with the two persons above mentioned. He sends me in all the books, pamphlets, plays, operas, and songs that come out; and his utmost delight in me as a woman is, to talk over all his old amours in my presence, to play with my neck, say "the time was," give me a kiss, and bid

me be sure to follow the directions of my guardian (the above-mentioned lady), and I shall never want. The truth of my case is, I suppose, that I was educated for a purpose he did not know he should be unfit for when I came to years. Now, Sir, what I ask of you as a casuist is, to tell me how far in these circumstances I am innocent, though submissive; he guilty, though impotent?

'I am, SIR,

'Your constant reader,

'PUCELLA.'

'TO THE MAN CALLED THE SPECTATOR.

'FRIEND,

'FORASMUCH as at the birth of thy labour thou didst promise upon thy word, that, letting alone the vanities that do abound, thou wouldest only endeavour to strengthen the crooked morals of this our Babylon, I gave credit to thy fair speeches, and admitted one of thy papers every day, save Sunday, into my house, for the edification of my daughter Tabitha, and to the end that Susanna the wife of my bosom might profit thereby. But, alas! my friend, I find that thou art a liar, and that the truth is not in thee; else why didst thou in a paper which thou didst lately put forth, make mention of those vain coverings for the heads of our females, which thou lovest to liken unto tulips, and which are lately sprung up among us? Nay, why didst thou make mention of them in such a seeming, as if thou didst approve the invention, insomuch that my daughter Tabitha beginneth to wax wanton, and to lust after these foolish vanities? Surely thou dost

see with the eyes of the flesh. Verily, therefore, unless thou dost speedily amend, and leave off following thine own imaginations, I will leave off thee.

'Thy friend as hereafter thou dost demean thyself,

T.[k] 'HEZEKIAH BROADBRIM.'

No. 277. THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1711-12.

——fas est ab hoste doceri.
OVID. Met. lib. 4, 488.
Receive instruction from an enemy.

I PRESUME I need not inform the polite part of my readers, that before our correspondence with France was unhappily interrupted by the war, our ladies had all their fashions from thence; which the milliners took care to furnish them with by means of a jointed baby, that came regularly over once a month, habited after the manner of the most eminent toasts in Paris.

I am credibly informed, that, even in the hottest time of the war, the sex made several efforts, and raised large contributions towards the importation of this wooden mademoiselle.

Whether the vessel they set out was lost or taken, or whether its cargo was seized on by the officers of the custom-house as a piece of contraband goods, I have not yet been able to learn; it is however certain that their first attempts were without success, to the no small disappointment of our whole female world; but as their constancy and application, in a

[k] By Steele. Composed or communicated from the letter-box. See Spect. No. 271. No. 324, final note on letter T.

matter of so great importance, can never be sufficiently commended, so I am glad to find, that, in spite of all opposition, they have at length carried their point, of which I received advice by the two following letters:

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM so great a lover of whatever is French, that I lately discarded an humble admirer because he neither spoke that tongue nor drank claret. I have long bewailed in secret the calamities of my sex during the war, in all which time we have laboured under the insupportable inventions of English tire-women, who, though they sometimes copy indifferently well, can never compose with that "gout" they do in France.

'I was almost in despair of ever more seeing a model from that dear country, when last Sunday I overheard a lady in the next pew to me whisper another, that at the Seven Stars in King-street, Covent-garden, there was a mademoiselle completely dressed just come from Paris.

'I was in the utmost impatience during the remaining part of the service, and as soon as ever it was over, having learnt the milliner's "*addresse*," I went directly to her house in King-street, but was told that the French lady was at a person of quality's in Pall-mall, and would not be back again till very late that night. I was therefore obliged to renew my visit early this morning, and had then a full view of the dear moppet from head to foot.

'You cannot imagine, worthy Sir, how ridiculously I find we have all been trussed up during the war, and how infinitely the French dress excels ours.

'The mantua has no leads in the sleeves, and I

hope we are not lighter than the French ladies, so as to want that kind of ballast: the petticoat has no whalebone, but sits with an air altogether gallant and degagē: the coiffure is inexpressibly pretty, and, in short, the whole dress has a thousand beauties in it which I would not have as yet made too public.

'I thought fit, however, to give you this notice, that you may not be surprised at my appearing ā la mode de Paris on the next birth-night.

'I am, Sir, your humble servant,

'TERAMINTA.'

Within an hour after I had read this letter, I received another from the owner of the puppet.

'SIR,

'ON Saturday last, being the 12th instant, there arrived at my house in King-street, Covent-garden, a French baby for the year 1712. I have taken the utmost care to have her dressed by the most celebrated tire-women and mantua-makers in Paris, and do not find that I have any reason to be sorry for the expense I have been at in her clothes and importation: however, as I know no person who is so good a judge of dress as yourself, if you please to call at my house in your way to the city, and take a view of her, I promise to amend whatever you shall disapprove in your next paper, before I exhibit her as a pattern to the public.

'I am, Sir, your most humble admirer,

'and most obedient servant,

'BETTY CROSS-STITCH.'

As I am willing to do any thing in reason for the

service of my countrywomen, I went last night to the house of the above-mentioned Mrs. Cross-stitch. As soon as I entered, the maid of the shop, who, I suppose, was prepared for my coming, without asking me any questions, introduced me to the little damsel, and ran away to call her mistress.

The puppet was dressed in a cherry-coloured gown and petticoat, with a short working apron over it, which discovered her shape to the most advantage. Her hair was cut and divided very prettily, with several ribands stuck up and down in it. The milliner assured me, that her complexion was such as was worn by all the ladies of the best fashion in Paris. Her head was extremely high, on which subject having long since declared my sentiments, I shall say nothing more to it at present. I was also offended at a small patch she wore on her breast, which I cannot suppose is placed there with any good design.

Her necklace was of an immoderate length, being tied before in such a manner that the two ends hung down to her girdle; but whether these supply the place of kissing-strings in our enemy's country, and whether our British ladies have any occasion for them, I shall leave to their serious consideration.

After having observed the particulars of her dress, as I was taking a view of it altogether, the shop-maid, who is a pert wench, told me that mademoiselle had something very curious in the tying of her garters; but as I pay a due respect even to a pair of sticks when they are under petticoats, I did not examine into that particular. Upon the whole I was well enough pleased with the appearance of this gay lady, and the more so because she was not talkative, a quality very rarely to be met with in the rest of her countrywomen.

As I was taking my leave, the milliner farther informed me, that with the assistance of a watch-maker who was her neighbour, and the ingenious Mr. Powel,[1] she had also contrived another puppet, which by the help of several little springs to be wound up within it, could move all its limbs; and that she had sent it over to her correspondent in Paris to be taught the various leanings and bendings of the head, the risings of the bosom, the courtesy and recovery, the genteel trip, and the agreeable jet, as they are now practised at the court of France.

She added that she hoped she might depend upon having my encouragement as soon as it arrived; but as this was a petition of too great importance to be answered extempore, I left her without a reply, and made the best of my way to Will Honeycomb's lodgings, without whose advice I never communicate any thing to the public of this nature.

X.[m]

[1] See Tatler, in 6 vols. edit. 1786, No. 11, and notes, *passim*. Powel was a deformed cripple, who grew rich by his puppet-shows. In the latter end of queen Anne's reign her ministry hired Punch to turn prophet, and employed him not unsuccessfully against the fanatics called French prophets.

[m] The signature X, subjoined to this speculation, No. 227, ascertains it the production of Mr. Eustace Budgell.—See Spect. No. 555. No. 319, on male-dress, seems to have been the sequel of this paper on female dress. Nos. 283, 301, 307, and 313, on various subjects, have all the same signature, and must therefore be ascribed to the same author.

No. 278. FRIDAY, January 18, 1711–12.

— Sermones ego mallem
Repentes per humum—
Hor. 1 Ep. ii. 250.
I rather choose a low and creeping style.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'SIR,

'Your having done considerable services in this great city by rectifying the disorders of families; and several wives having preferred your advice and directions to those of their husbands, emboldens me to apply to you at this time. I am a shopkeeper, and, though but a young man, I find by experience that nothing but the utmost diligence, both of husband and wife, (among trading people,) can keep affairs in any tolerable order. My wife at the beginning of our establishment showed herself very assisting to me in my business as much as could lie in her way, and I have reason to believe it was with her inclination: but of late she has got acquainted with a schoolman who values himself for his great knowledge in the Greek tongue: he entertains her frequently in the shop with discourses of the beauties and excellences of that language; and repeats to her several passages out of the Greek poets, wherein he tells her there is unspeakable harmony and agreeable sounds that all other languages are wholly unacquainted with. He has so infatuated her with his jargon, that, instead of using her former diligence in the shop, she now neglects the affairs of the house, and is wholly taken up with her tutor in learning by heart scraps of Greek, which she vents upon all occasions. She told me some days ago, that whereas I use some Latin inscriptions in my

shop, she advised me, with a great deal of concern, to have them changed into Greek; it being a language less understood, would be more conformable to the mystery of my profession; that our good friend would be assisting to us in this work; and that a certain faculty of gentlemen would find themselves so much obliged to me that they would infallibly make my fortune. In short, her frequent importunities upon this and other impertinences of the like nature, make me very uneasy; and if your remonstrances have no more effect upon her than mine, I am afraid I shall be obliged to ruin myself to procure her a settlement at Oxford with her tutor, for she is already too mad for Bedlam. Now, Sir, you see the danger my family is exposed to, and the likelihood of my wife's becoming both troublesome and useless, unless her reading herself in your paper may make her reflect. She is so very learned that I cannot pretend by word of mouth to argue with her. She laughed out at your ending a paper in Greek, and said it was a hint to women of literature, and very civil not to translate it to expose them to the vulgar. You see how it is with,

'SIR,

'Your humble servant.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'IF you have that humanity and compassion in your nature that you take such pains to make one think you have, you will not deny your advice to a distressed damsel, who intends to be determined by your judgment in a matter of great importance to her. You must know then, there is an agreeable young fellow, to whose person, wit and humour no body makes any objection, that pre-

tends so have been long in love with me. To this I must add, (whether it proceeds from the vanity of my nature, or the seeming sincerity of my lover, I won't pretend to say,) that I verily believe he has a real value for me; which, if true, you will allow may justly augment his merit with his mistress. In short, I am so sensible of his good qualities, and what I owe to his passion, that I think I could sooner resolve to give up my liberty to him than any body else, were there not an objection to be made to his fortunes, in regard they do not answer the utmost mine may expect, and are not sufficient to secure me from undergoing the reproachful phrase so commonly used, "that she has played the fool." Now, though I am one of those few who heartily despise equipage, diamonds, and a coxcomb, yet since such opposite notions from mine prevail in the world, even amongst the best, and such as are esteemed the most prudent people, I can't find in my heart to resolve upon incurring the censure of those wise folks, which I am conscious I shall do, if, when I enter into a married state, I discover a thought beyond that of equalling, if not of advancing my fortunes. Under this difficulty I now labour, not being in the least determined whether I shall be governed by the vain world and the frequent examples I meet with, or hearken to the voice of my lover and the motions I find in my heart in favour of him. Sir, your opinion and advice in this affair is the only thing I know can turn the balance; and which, I earnestly entreat, I may receive soon; for till I have your thoughts upon it, I am engaged not to give my swain a final discharge.

'Besides the particular obligation you will lay on me, by giving this subject room in one of your pa-

pers, it is possible it may be of use to some others of my sex, who will be as grateful for the favour as,

'Sir, your humble servant,

'Florinda.

'P. S. To tell you the truth I am married to him already, but pray say something to justify me.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'You will forgive us professors of music if we make a second application to you, in order to promote our design of exhibiting entertainments of music in York-buildings. It is industriously insinuated that our intention is to destroy operas in general; but we beg of you to insert this plain explanation of ourselves in your paper. Our purpose is only to improve our circumstances by improving the art which we profess. We see it utterly destroyed at present, and as we were the persons who introduced operas, we think it a groundless imputation that we should set up against the opera itself. What we pretend to assert is, that the songs of different authors injudiciously put together, and a foreign tone and manner which are expected in every thing now performed amongst us, has put music itself to a stand; insomuch that the ears of the people cannot now be entertained with any thing but what has an impertinent gaiety, without any just spirit or a languishment of notes, without any passion or common sense. We hope those persons of sense and quality who have done us the honour to subscribe, will not be ashamed of their patronage towards us, and not receive impressions that patronising us is being for

or against the opera, but truly promoting their own diversions in a more just and elegant manner than has been hitherto performed.

'We are, SIR, your most humble servants,

'THOMAS CLAYTON,
'NICOLINO HAYM,
'CHARLES DIEUPART.[n]

'There will be no performances in York-buildings till after that of the subscription.'

T.[o]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

*** By her majesty's company of comedians, at the Theatre Royal in Drury-lane, this present Tuesday, December 18, 1711, will be presented a comedy, called The Tender Husband; or, the Accomplished Fools; for the entertainment of the new toasts and several ladies of quality. The part of Biddy, by Mrs. Oldfield; Sir H. Gubbin, Mr. Bullock; Mr. Tipkin, Mr. Norris; Mr. Clerimont, Mr. Mills; Captain Clerimont, Mr. Wilks; H. Gubbin, Mr. Pinkethman; Mr. Pounce, Mr. Pack. Mrs. Clerimont, Mrs. Bradshaw; the Aunt, Mrs. Powell. The farce, The Country Wake, Hob, Mr. Dogget; Sir T. Testy, Mr. Bullock; Friendly, Mr. Pack; and Flora, Mrs. Santlow.—Spect. in folio. No. 251.

†††† Whereas it hath been maliciously reported, that Mr. B. Ferrers, face-painter, who is deaf and dumb, hath left off painting, this is to inform the public that he doth still continue his profession in Duke-street, York-buildings, and that the said report is villanous and false.—*Ibidem.*

[n] See No. 258, and note.

[o] By Steele, composed or communicated from the letter-box. See Spect. No. 271, and note.

No. 279. SATURDAY, January 19, 1711–12.

Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.
Hor. Ars Poet. 316.
He knows what best befits each character.

We have already taken a general survey of the fable and characters in Milton's Paradise Lost.[P] The parts which remain to be considered, according to Aristotle's method, are the sentiments and the language. Before I enter upon the first of these, I must advertise my reader, that it is my design, as soon as I have finished my general reflections on these four several heads, to give particular instances out of the poem now before us of beauties and imperfections which may be observed under each of them, as also of such other particulars as may not properly fall under any of them. This I thought fit to premise, that the reader may not judge too hastily of this piece of criticism, or look upon it as imperfect, before he has seen the whole extent of it.

The sentiments in an epic poem are the thoughts and behaviour which the author ascribes to the persons whom he introduces, and are just when they are conformable to the characters of the several persons. The sentiments have likewise a relation of things as well as persons, and are then perfect when they are such as are adapted to the subject. If in either of these cases the poet argues or explains, magnifies or diminishes, raises love or hatred, pity or terror, or any other passion, we ought to consider whether the sentiments he makes use of are proper for those

P Paper iii. On the sentiments of Milton's Paradise Lost, by Addison, see Nos. 267, 273, 285, 291, 297, 303, 309, 315, 321, 327, 333, 339, 345, 351, 357, 363, and 369.

ends. Homer is censured by the critics for his defect as to this particular in several parts of the Iliad and Odyssey, though at the same time, those who have treated this great poet with candour have attributed this defect to the times in which he lived. It was the fault of the age, and not of Homer, if there wants that delicacy in some of his sentiments which now appears in the works of men of a much inferior genius. Besides, if there are blemishes in any particular thoughts, there is an infinite beauty in the greatest part of them. In short, if there are many poets who would not have fallen into the meanness of some of his sentiments, there are none who could have risen up to the greatness of others. Virgil has excelled all others in the propriety of his sentiments. Milton shines likewise very much in this particular: nor must we omit one consideration which adds to his honour and reputation. Homer and Virgil introduced persons whose characters are commonly known among men, and such as are to be met with either in history or in ordinary conversation. Milton's characters, most of them, lie out of nature, and were to be formed purely by his own invention. It shows a greater genius in Shakspeare to have drawn his Caliban, than his Hotspur or Julius Cæsar; the one was to be supplied out of his own imagination, whereas the other might have been formed upon tradition, history, and observation. It was much easier therefore for Homer to find proper sentiments for an assembly of Grecian generals, than for Milton to diversify his infernal council with proper characters and inspire them with a variety of sentiments. The loves of Dido and Æneas are only copies of what has passed between other persons. Adam and Eve, before the fall, are a different species from that of

mankind who are descended from them; and none but a poet of the most unbounded invention, and the most exquisite judgment, could have filled their conversation and behaviour with such beautiful circumstances during their state of innocence.

Nor is it sufficient for an epic poem to be filled with such thoughts as are natural, unless it abound also with such as are sublime. Virgil in this particular falls short of Homer. He has not indeed so many thoughts that are low and vulgar; but, at the same time, has not so many thoughts that are sublime and noble. The truth of it is, Virgil seldom rises into very astonishing sentiments where he is not fired by the Iliad. He every where charms and pleases us by the force of his own genius; but seldom elevates and transports us where he does not fetch his hints from Homer.

Milton's chief talent, and indeed his distinguishing excellence, lies in the sublimity of his thoughts. There are others of the moderns who rival him in every other part of poetry; but in the greatness of his sentiments he triumphs over all the poets both modern and ancient, Homer only excepted. It is impossible for the imagination of man to distend itself with greater ideas than those which he has laid together in his first, second, and sixth books. The seventh, which describes the creation of the world, is likewise wonderfully sublime, though not so apt to stir up emotion in the mind of the reader, nor, consequently, so perfect in the epic way of writing, because it is filled with less action. Let the reader compare what Longinus has observed on several passages in Homer, and he will find parallels for most of them in the Paradise Lost.

From what has been said we may infer, that as

there are two kinds of sentiments—the natural and the sublime, which are always to be pursued in an heroic poem, there are also two kinds of thoughts which are carefully to be avoided. The first are such as are affected and unnatural; the second, such as are mean and vulgar. As for the first kind of thoughts, we meet with little or nothing that is like them in Virgil: he has none of those trifling points and puerilities that are so often to be met with in Ovid; none of the epigrammatic turns of Lucan; none of those swelling sentiments which are so frequent in Statius and Claudian; none of those mixed embellishments of Tasso. Every thing is just and natural: his sentiments show that he had a perfect insight into human nature, and that he knew every thing which was the most proper to affect it.

Mr. Dryden has in some places, which I may hereafter take notice of, misrepresented Virgil's way of thinking as to this particular, in the translation he has given us of the Æneid. I do not remember that Homer any where falls into the faults above-mentioned, which were indeed the false refinements of later ages. Milton, it must be confest, has sometimes erred in this respect, as I shall show more at large in another paper; though, considering how all the poets of the age in which he writ were infected with this wrong way of thinking, he is rather to be admired that he did not give more into it, than that he did sometimes comply with the vicious taste which still prevails so much among modern writers.

But since several thoughts may be natural which are low and grovelling, an epic poet should not only avoid such sentiments as are unnatural or affected, but also such as are low and vulgar. Homer has opened a great field of raillery to men of more deli-

cacy than greatness of genius, by the homeliness of some of his sentiments. But, as I have before said, these are rather to be imputed to the simplicity of the age in which he lived, to which I may also add, of that which he described, than to any imperfection in that divine poet. Zoilus among the ancients, and monsieur Perrault among the moderns, pushed their ridicule very far upon him on account of some such sentiments. There is no blemish to be observed in Virgil under this head, and but very few in Milton.

I shall give but one instance of this impropriety of sentiments in Homer, and, at the same time, compare it with an instance of the same nature both in Virgil and Milton. Sentiments which raise laughter can very seldom be admitted with any decency into an heroic poem, whose business it is to excite passions of a much nobler nature. Homer, however, in his characters of Vulcan and Thersites, in his story of Mars and Venus, in his behaviour of Irus, and in other passages, has been observed to have lapsed into the burlesque character, and to have departed from that serious air which seems essential to the magnificence of an epic poem. I remember but one laugh in the whole Æneid, which rises in the fifth book upon Monœtes, where he is represented as thrown overboard and drying himself upon a rock. But this piece of mirth is so well timed that the severest critic can have nothing to say against it, for it is in the book of games and diversions, where the reader's mind may be supposed to be sufficiently relaxed for such an entertainment. The only piece of pleasantry in Paradise Lost, is where the evil spirits are described as rallying the angels upon the success of their new-invented artillery. This passage

I look upon to be the most exceptionable in the whole poem, as being nothing else but a string of puns, and those too very indifferent ones.

'—Satan beheld their plight,
And to his mates thus in derision call'd:
"O friends, why come not on these victors proud?
Ere while they fierce were coming, and when we,
To entertain them fair with open front
And breast, (what could we more?) propounded terms
Of composition, straight they chang'd their minds,
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell
As they would dance; yet for a dance they seem'd
Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps
For joy of offer'd peace; but I suppose,
If our proposals once again were heard,
We should compel them to a quick result."
'To whom thus Belial, in like gamesome mood:
"Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And stumbled many; who receives them right,
Had need from head to foot well understand;
Not understood, this gift they have besides,
They show us when our foes walk not upright."
'Thus they among themselves in pleasant vein
Stood scoffing—'

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST, b. vi. l. 609, &c.

'L.[q]

No. 280. MONDAY, JANUARY 21, 1711–12.

Principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus est.
HOR. 1 Ep. xvii. 35.
To please the great is not the smallest praise.
CREECH.

THE desire of pleasing makes a man agreeable or unwelcome to those with whom he converses, according

[q] By Addison. See No. 7, note, &c.

to the motive from which that inclination appears to flow. If your concern for pleasing others arises from an innate benevolence, it never fails of success; if from a vanity to excel, its disappointment is no less certain. What we call an agreeable man, is he who is endowed with that natural bent to do acceptable things from a delight he takes in them merely as such; and the affectation of that character is what constitutes a fop. Under these leaders one may draw up all those who make any manner of figure, except in dumb show. A rational and select conversation is composed of persons who have the talent of pleasing with delicacy of sentiments, flowing from habitual chastity of thought; but mixed company is frequently made up of pretenders to mirth, and is usually pestered with constrained, obscene, and painful witticisms. Now and then you meet with a man so exactly formed for pleasing, that it is no matter what he is doing or saying, that is to say, that there need be no manner of importance in it, to make him gain upon every body who hears or beholds him. This felicity is not the gift of nature only, but must be attended with happy circumstances, which add a dignity to the familiar behaviour which distinguishes him whom we call an agreeable man. It is from this that every body loves and esteems Polycarpus. He is in the vigour of his age and the gaiety of life, but has passed through very conspicuous scenes in it: though no soldier, he has shared the danger, and acted with great gallantry and generosity on a decisive day of battle. To have those qualities which only make other men conspicuous in the world as it were supernumerary to him, is a circumstance which gives weight to his most indifferent actions; for as a known credit is ready cash to a

trader, so is acknowledged merit immediate distinction, and serves in the place of equipage, to a gentleman. This renders Polycarpus graceful in mirth, important in business, and regarded with love in every ordinary occurrence. But not to dwell upon characters which have such particular recommendations to our hearts, let us turn our thoughts rather to the methods of pleasing which must carry men through the world, who cannot pretend to such advantages. Falling in with the particular humour or manner of one above you, abstracted from the general rules of good behaviour, is the life of a slave. A parasite differs in nothing from the meanest servant, but that the footman hires himself for bodily labour, subjected to go and come at the will of his master, but the other gives up his very soul: he is prostituted to speak, and professes to think after the mode of him whom he courts. This servitude to a patron, in an honest nature, would be more grievous than that of wearing his livery; therefore we shall speak of those methods only which are worthy and ingenuous.

The happy talent of pleasing either those above you or below you, seems to be wholly owing to the opinion they have of your sincerity. This quality is to attend the agreeable man in all the actions of his life; and I think there need be no more said in honour of it, than that it is what forces the approbation even of your opponents. The guilty man has an honour for the judge who with justice pronounces against him the sentence of death itself. The author of the sentence at the head of this paper was an excellent judge of human life, and passed his own in company the most agreeable that ever was in the world. Augustus lived amongst his friends

as if he had his fortune to make in his own court. Candour and affability, accompanied with as much power as ever mortal was vested with, were what made him in the utmost manner agreeable among a set of admirable men, who had thoughts too high for ambition, and views too large to be gratified by what he could give them in the disposal of an empire, without the pleasures of their mutual conversation. A certain unanimity of taste and judgment, which is natural to all of the same order in the species, was the band of this society; and the emperor assumed no figure in it but what he thought was his due from his private talents and qualifications, as they contributed to advance the pleasures and sentiments of the company.

Cunning people, hypocrites, all who are but half virtuous, or half wise, are incapable of tasting the refined pleasure of such an equal company as could wholly exclude the regard of fortune in their conversations. Horace, in the discourse from whence I take the hint of the present speculation, lays down excellent rules for conduct in conversation with men of power; but he speaks it with an air of one who had no need of such an application for any thing which related to himself. It shows he understood what it was to be a skilful courtier, by just admonitions against importunity, and showing how forcible it was to speak modestly of your own wants. There is indeed something so shameless in taking all opportunities to speak of your own affairs, that he who is guilty of it towards him upon whom he depends, fares like the beggar who exposes his sores, which, instead of moving compassion, makes the man he begs of turn away from the object.

I cannot tell what is become of him, but I remember about sixteen years ago an honest fellow, who so justly understood how disagreeable the mention or appearance of his wants would make him, that I have often reflected upon him as a counterpart of Irus, whom I have formerly mentioned.[r] This man, whom I have missed for some years in my walks, and have heard was some way employed about the army, made it a maxim, that good wigs, delicate linen, and a cheerful air, were to a poor dependant the same that working tools are to a poor artificer. It was no small entertainment to me, who knew his circumstances, to see him, who had fasted two days, attribute the thinness they told him of, to the violence of some gallantries he had lately been guilty of. The skilful dissembler carried this on with the utmost address; and if any suspected his affairs were narrow, it was attributed to indulging himself in some fashionable vice rather than an irreproachable poverty, which saved his credit with those on whom he depended.

The main art is to be as little troublesome as you can, and make all you hope for come rather as a favour from your patron than claim from you. But I am here prating of what is the method of pleasing so as to succeed in the world, when there are crowds who have, in city, town, court, and country, arrived to considerable acquisitions, and yet seem incapable of acting in any constant tenor of life, but have gone on from one successful error to another: therefore I think I may shorten this inquiry after the method of pleasing; and as the old beau said to his son, once for all, 'Pray, Jack, be a fine gentleman;' so

[r] See No. 264, and also No. 360.

may I to my reader, abridge my instructions, and finish the art of pleasing in a word, 'Be rich.'

T.[s]

No. 281. TUESDAY, January 22, 1711-12.

Pectoribus inhians spirantia consulit exta.
Virg. Æn. iv. 64.

Anxious the reeking entrails he consults.

Having already given an account of the dissection of a beau's head, with the several discoveries made on that occasion;[t] I shall here, according to my promise, enter upon the dissection of a coquette's heart, and communicate to the public such particularities as we observed in that curious piece of anatomy.

I should perhaps have waived this undertaking, had not I been put in mind of my promise by several of my unknown correspondents, who are very importunate with me to make an example of the coquette, as I have already done of the beau. It is therefore, in compliance with the request of friends, that I have looked over the minutes of my former dream, in order to give the public an exact relation of it, which I shall enter upon without farther preface.

Our operator, before he engaged in this visionary dissection, told us that there was nothing in his art more difficult than to lay open the heart of a coquette, by reason of the many labyrinths and recesses

[s] By Steele, composed perhaps from hints in the letter-box. See Spect. No. 271; and No. 324, final note.

[t] See No. 275, and note.

which are to be found in it, and which do not appear in the heart of any other animal.

He desired us first of all to observe the pericardium, or outward case of the heart, which we did very attentively; and by the help of our glasses discerned in it millions of little scars, which seemed to have been occasioned by the points of innumerable darts and arrows, that from time to time had glanced upon the outward coat; though we could not discover the smallest orifice by which any of them had entered and pierced the inward substance.

Every smatterer in anatomy knows that this pericardium, or case of the heart, contains in it a thin reddish liquor, supposed to be bred from the vapours which exhale out of the heart, and being stopt here, are condensed into this watry substance. Upon examining this liquor, we found that it had in it all the qualities of that spirit which is made use of in the thermometer to show the change of weather.

Nor must I here omit an experiment one of the company assured us he himself had made with this liquor, which he found in great quantity about the heart of a coquette whom he had formerly dissected. He affirmed to us, that he had actually inclosed it in a small tube made after the manner of a weather-glass; but that, instead of acquainting him with the variations of the atmosphere, it showed him the qualities of those persons who entered the room where it stood. He affirmed also, that it rose at the approach of a plume of feathers, an embroidered coat, or a pair of fringed gloves; and that it fell as soon as an ill-shaped periwig, a clumsy pair of shoes, or an unfashionable coat came into his house. Nay, he proceeded so far as to assure us, that upon his laughing aloud when he stood by it, the liquor

mounted very sensibly, and immediately sunk again upon his looking serious. In short, he told us that he knew very well by this invention, whenever he had a man of sense or a coxcomb in his room.

Having cleared away the pericardium, or the case, and liquor above-mentioned, we came to the heart itself. The outward surface of it was extremely slippery, and the mucro, or point, so very cold withal, that upon endeavouring to take hold of it, it glided through the fingers like a smooth piece of ice.

The fibres were turned and twisted in a more intricate and perplexed manner than they are usually found in other hearts; insomuch that the whole heart was wound up together like a Gordian knot, and must have had very irregular and unequal motions, while it was employed in its vital function.

One thing we thought very observable, namely, that upon examining all the vessels which came into it, or issued out of it, we could not discover any communication that it had with the tongue.

We could not but take notice likewise that several of those little nerves in the heart which are affected by the sentiments of love, hatred, and other passions, did not descend to this before us from the brain, but from the muscles which lie about the eye.

Upon weighing the heart in my hand, I found it to be extremely light, and consequently very hollow, which I did not wonder at, when, upon looking into the inside of it, I saw multitudes of cells and cavities running one within another, as our historians describe the apartments of Rosamond's bower. Several of these little hollows were stuffed with innumerable sorts of trifles, which I shall forbear giving any particular account of, and shall therefore only

take notice of what lay first and uppermost, which, upon our unfolding it, and applying our microscopes to it, appeared to be a flame-coloured hood.

We are informed that the lady of this heart, when living, received the addresses of several who made love to her, and did not only give each of them encouragement, but made every one she conversed with believe that she regarded him with an eye of kindness; for which reason we expected to have seen the impression of multitudes of faces among the several plaits and foldings of the heart; but to our great surprise not a single print of this nature discovered itself till we came into the very core and centre of it. We there observed a little figure, which, upon applying our glasses to it, appeared dressed in a very fantastic manner. The more I looked upon it, the more I thought I had seen the face before, but could not possibly recollect either the place or time; when at length one of the company, who had examined this figure more nicely than the rest, showed us plainly by the make of its face, and the several turns of its features, that the little idol which was thus lodged in the very middle of the heart was the deceased beau, whose head I gave some account of in my last Tuesday's paper.[u]

As soon as we had finished our dissection, we resolved to make an experiment of the heart, not being able to determine among ourselves the nature of its substance, which differed in so many particulars from that in the heart of other females. Accordingly we laid it into a pan of burning coals, when we observed in it a certain salamandrine quality, that made it capable of living in the midst of fire and flame, without being consumed or so much as singed.

[u] See No. 275.

As we were admiring this strange phenomenon, and standing round the heart in a circle, it gave a most prodigious sigh, or rather crack, and dispersed all at once in smoke and vapour. This imaginary noise, which methought was louder than the burst of a cannon, produced such a violent shake in my brain, that it dissipated the fumes of sleep, and left me in an instant broad awake.

L.[w]

No. 282. WEDNESDAY, January 23, 1711-12.

—Spes incerta futuri.

Virg. Æn. viii. 580.

Hopes and fears in equal balance laid.

Dryden.

It is a lamentable thing that every man is full of complaints, and constantly uttering sentences against the fickleness of fortune, when people generally bring upon themselves all the calamities they fall into, and are constantly heaping up matter for their own sorrow and disappointment. That which produces the greatest part of the delusions of mankind, is a false hope which people indulge with so sanguine a flattery to themselves, that their hearts are bent upon fantastical advantages which they had no reason to believe should ever have arrived to them. By this unjust measure of calculating their happiness, they often mourn with real affliction for imaginary losses. When I am talking of this unhappy way of accounting for ourselves, I cannot but reflect upon a particular set of people, who, in their own favour, resolve every thing that is possible into what is probable,

[w] By Addison, dated, as the signature seems to denote, from his house in London. See final note to No. 7.

and then reckon on that probability as on what must certainly happen. Will Honeycomb, upon my observing him looking on a lady with some particular attention, gave me an account of the great distresses which had laid waste that her very fine face, and had given an air of melancholy to a very agreeable person. That lady and a couple of sisters of hers were, said Will, fourteen years ago the greatest fortunes about town; but, without having any loss by bad tenants, by bad securities, or any damage by sea or land, are reduced to very narrow circumstances. They were at that time the most inaccessible haughty beauties in town; and their pretensions to take upon them at that unmerciful rate were raised upon the following scheme, according to which all their lovers were answered.

'Our father is a youngish man, but then our mother is somewhat older, and not likely to have any children: his estate being 800*l.* per annum, at twenty years' purchase, is worth 16,000*l.* Our uncle, who is about fifty, has 400*l.* per annum, which, at the aforesaid rate, is 8000*l.* There is a widow aunt, who has 10,000*l.* at her own disposal, left by her husband, and an old maiden aunt, who has 6000*l.* Then our father's mother has 900*l.* per annum, which is worth 18,000*l.* and 1000*l.* each of us has of her own, which can't be taken from us. These summed up together stand thus:

Father's	£800		£16,000
Uncle's	400		8,000
Aunts	10,000		16,000
	6,000		
Grandmother	900		18,000
Own, each	1,000		3,000
		Total	£61,000

This equally divided between us three amounts to 20,000*l.* each: an allowance being given for enlargement upon common fame, we may lawfully pass for 30,000*l.* fortunes.'

In prospect of this, and the knowledge of their own personal merit, every one was contemptible in their eyes, and they refused those offers which had been frequently made them. But mark the end. The mother dies, the father is married again, and has a son; on him was entailed the father's, uncle's, and grandmother's estate. This cut off 43,000*l.* The maiden aunt married a tall Irishman, and with her went the 6,000*l.* The widow died, and left but enough to pay her debts and bury her; so that there remained for these three girls but their own 1,000*l.* They had by this time passed their prime, and got on the wrong side of thirty; and must pass the remainder of their days, upbraiding mankind that they mind nothing but money, and bewailing that virtue, sense and modesty, are had at present in no manner of estimation.

I mention this case of ladies before any other, because it is the most irreparable: for though youth is the time least capable of reflection, it is in that sex the only season in which they can advance their fortunes. But if we turn our thoughts to the men, we see such crowds unhappy from no other reason but an ill-grounded hope, that it is hard to say which they rather deserve, our pity or contempt. It is not unpleasant to see a fellow, after growing old in attendance, and after having passed half a life in servitude, call himself the unhappiest of all men, and pretend to be disappointed, because a courtier broke his word. He that promises himself any thing but

what may naturally arise from his own property or labour, and goes beyond the desire of possessing above two parts in three even of that, lays up for himself an increasing heap of afflictions and disappointments. There are but two means in the world of gaining by other men; and these are by being either agreeable or considerable. The generality of mankind do all things for their own sakes; and when you hope any thing from persons above you, if you cannot say, 'I can be thus agreeable, or thus serviceable,' it is ridiculous to pretend to the dignity of being unfortunate when they leave you; you were injudicious in hoping for any other than to be neglected for such as can come within these descriptions of being capable to please, or serve your patron, when his humour or interests call for their capacity either way.

It would not, methinks, be an useless comparison between the condition of a man who shuns all the pleasures of life, and of one who makes it his business to pursue them. Hope in the recluse makes his austerities comfortable; while the luxurious man gains nothing but uneasiness from his enjoyments. What is the difference in the happiness of him who is macerated by abstinence, and his who is surfeited with excess? He who resigns the world has no temptation to envy, hatred, malice, anger, but is in constant possession of a serene mind: he who follows the pleasures of it, which are in their very nature disappointing, is in constant search of care, solicitude, remorse, and confusion.

'MR. SPECTATOR, 'Jan. the 14th, 1712.

'I AM a young woman, and have my fortune to make; for which reason I come constantly

to church to hear divine service, and make conquests: but one great hindrance in this my design is, that our clerk, who was once a gardener,[u] has this Christmas so over-deckt the church with greens, that he has quite spoilt my prospect; insomuch that I have scarce seen the young baronet I dress at these three weeks, though we have both been very constant at our devotions, and don't sit above three pews off. The church, as it is now equipt, looks more like a green-house than a place of worship. The middle aisle is a very pretty shady walk, and the pews look like so many arbours on each side of it. The pulpit itself has such clusters of ivy, holly, and rosemary about it, that a light fellow in our pew took occasion to say, that the congregation heard the word out of a bush, like Moses. Sir Anthony Love's pew in particular is so well hedged, that all my batteries have no effect. I am obliged to shoot at random among the boughs, without taking any manner of aim. Mr. Spectator, unless you will give orders for removing these greens, I shall grow a very awkward creature at church, and soon have little else to do there but to say my prayers. I am in haste,

'Dear Sir,

'Your most obedient servant,

T.[x] 'Jenny Simper.'

[u] See No. 284, last let.

[x] By Steele, transcribed. See final note to No. 324, and Spect. No. 271.

No. 283. THURSDAY, January 24, 1711–12.

Magister artis ingenique largitor
Venter——

Pers. Prolog. 20.

Necessity is the mother of invention.

[English Proverb.]

Lucian rallies the philosophers in his time, who could not agree whether they should admit riches into the number of real goods; the professors of the severer sects threw them quite out, while others as resolutely inserted them.

I am apt to believe, that, as the world grew more polite, the rigid doctrines of the first were wholly discarded; and I do not find any one so hardy at present as to deny that there are very great advantages in the enjoyment of a plentiful fortune. Indeed the best and wisest of men, though they may possibly despise a good part of those things which the world calls pleasures, can, I think, hardly be insensible of that weight and dignity which a moderate share of wealth adds to their characters, counsels, and actions.

We find it a general complaint in professions and trades, that the richest members of them are chiefly encouraged, and this is falsely imputed to the ill-nature of mankind, who are ever bestowing their favours on such as least want them. Whereas if we fairly consider their proceedings in this case, we shall find them founded on undoubted reason: since supposing both equal in their natural integrity, I ought, in common prudence, to fear foul play from an indigent person, rather than from one whose circumstances seem to have placed him above the bare temptation of money.

This reason also makes the commonwealth regard her richest subjects, as those who are most concerned for her quiet and interest, and consequently attest to be intrusted with her highest employments. On the contrary, Catiline's saying to those men of desperate fortunes, who applied themselves to him, and of whom he afterwards composed his army, that they had nothing to hope for but from a civil war, was too true not to make the impressions he desired.

I believe I need not fear but what I have said in praise of money, will be more than sufficient with most of my readers to excuse the subject of my present paper, which I intend as an essay on the ways to raise a man's fortune, or the art of growing rich.

The first and most infallible method towards the attaining of this end is thrift. All men are not equally qualified for getting money, but it is in the power of every one alike to practise this virtue: and I believe there are very few persons, who, if they please to reflect on their past lives, will not find that had they saved all those little sums which they have spent unnecessarily, they might at present have been masters of a competent fortune. Diligence justly claims the next place to thrift: I find both these excellently well recommended to common use in the three following Italian proverbs:

'Never do that by proxy which you can do yourself.
Never defer that till to-morrow which you can do to-day.
Never neglect small matters and expenses.'

A third instrument in growing rich, is method in business, which, as well as the two former, is also attainable by persons of the meanest capacities.

The famous De Wit, one of the greatest states-

men of the age in which he lived, being asked by a friend how he was able to despatch that multitude of affairs in which he was engaged? replied, that his whole art consisted in doing one thing at once. 'If,' says he, 'I have any necessary despatches to make, I think of nothing else till those are finished: if any domestic affairs require my attention, I give myself up wholly to them till they are set in order.'

In short, we often see men of dull and phlegmatic tempers arriving to great estates, by making a regular and orderly disposition of their business; and that without it the greatest parts and most lively imaginations rather puzzle their affairs, than bring them to an happy issue.

From what has been said, I think I may lay it down as a maxim, that every man of good common sense may, if he pleases, in his particular station of life, most certainly be rich. The reason why we sometimes see that men of the greatest capacities are not so, is either because they despise wealth in comparison of something else; or at least are not content to be getting an estate, unless they may do it their own way, and at the same time enjoy all the pleasures and gratifications of life.

But besides these ordinary forms of growing rich, it must be allowed that there is room for genius as well in this as in all other circumstances of life.

Though the ways of getting money were long since very numerous, and though so many new ones have been found out of late years, there is certainly still remaining so large a field for invention, that a man of an indifferent head might easily sit down and draw up such a plan for the conduct and support of his life, as was never yet once thought of.

We daily see methods put in practice by hungry and ingenious men, which demonstrate the power of invention in this particular.

It is reported of Scaramouch, the first famous Italian comedian, that being at Paris and in great want, he bethought himself of constantly plying near the door of a noted perfumer in that city, and when any one came out who had been buying snuff, never failed to desire a taste of them: when he had by this means got together a quantity made up of several different sorts, he sold it again at a lower rate to the same perfumer, who finding out the trick, called it '*Tabac de mille fleurs*,' or 'Snuff of a thousand flowers.' The story farther tells us, that by this means he got a very comfortable subsistence, till making too much haste to grow rich, he one day took such an unreasonable pinch out of the box of a Swiss officer, as engaged him in a quarrel, and obliged him to quit this ingenious way of life.

Nor can I in this place omit doing justice to a youth of my own country, who though he is scarce yet twelve years old, has with great industry and application attained to the art of beating the grenadier's march on his chin. I am credibly informed that by this means he does not only maintain himself and his mother, but that he is laying up money every day, with a design, if the war continues, to purchase a drum at least, if not a pair of colours.

I shall conclude these instances with the device of the famous Rabelais, when he was at a great disdistance from Paris, and without money to bear his expenses thither. This ingenious author being thus sharp-set, got together a convenient quantity of

brick-dust, and having disposed of it into several papers, writ upon one, 'Poison for monsieur,' upon a second, 'Poison for the dauphin,' and on a third, 'Poison for the king.' Having made this provision for the royal family of France, he laid his papers so that his landlord, who was an inquisitive man and a good subject, might get a sight of them.

The plot succeeded as he desired. The host gave immediate intelligence to the secretary of state. The secretary presently sent down a special messenger, who brought up the traitor to court, and provided him at the king's expense with proper accommodations on the road. As soon as he appeared, he was known to be the celebrated Rabelais, and his powder upon examination being found very innocent, the jest was only laughed at; for which a less eminent droll would have been sent to the galleys.

Trade and commerce might doubtless be still varied a thousand ways, out of which would arise such branches as have not yet been touched. The famous Doily is still fresh in every one's memory, who raised a fortune by finding out materials for such stuffs as might at once be cheap and genteel. I have heard it affirmed, that had not he discovered this frugal method of gratifying our pride, we should hardly have been able to carry on the last war.

I regard trade not only as highly advantageous to the commonwealth in general, but as the most natural and likely method of making a man's fortune; having observed, since my being a Spectator in the world, greater estates got about Change, than at Whitehall or St. James's. I believe I may also add, that the first acquisitions are generally attended with more satisfaction, and as good a conscience.

I must not however close this essay without ob-

serving, that what has been said is only intended for persons in the common ways of thriving, and is not designed for those men who, from low beginnings, push themselves up to the top of states, and the most considerable figures in life. My maxim of saving is not designed for such as these, since nothing is more usual than for thrift to disappoint the ends of ambition; it being almost impossible that the mind should be intent upon trifles, while it is at the same time forming some great design.

I may therefore compare these men to a great poet, who, as Longinus says, while he is full of the most magnificent ideas, is not always at leisure to mind the little beauties and niceties of his art.

I would however have all my readers take great care how they mistake themselves for uncommon geniuses and men above rule, since it is very easy for them to be deceived in this particular. X.[y]

No. 284. FRIDAY, January 25, 1711-12.

Posthabui tamen illorum mea seria ludo.[z]
Virg. Ecl. vii. 17.
Their mirth to share, I bid my business wait.

An unaffected behaviour is, without question, a very great charm; but, under the notion of being unconstrained and disengaged, people take upon them to be unconcerned in any duty of life. A general negli-

[y] By Mr. Eustace Budgell. See Spect. No. 555. See a small tract on this subject, published in four leaves 8vo. in the form of an almanack; and in the supplement to Dr. Franklin's Works, under the diversified titles of The Way to Wealth and Poor Richard's Almanack.

[z] The motto of the original paper in folio was what is now the motto of No. 54. '*Strenua nos exercet inertia.*' Hor.

gence is what they assume upon all occasions, and set up for an aversion to all manner of business and attention. 'I am the carelessest creature in the world;' 'I have certainly the worst memory of any man living,' are frequent expressions in the mouth of a pretender of this sort. It is a professed maxim with these people never to think; there is something so solemn in reflection, they, forsooth, can never give themselves time for such a way of employing themselves. It happens often that this sort of a man is heavy enough in his nature to be a good proficient in such matters as are attainable by industry; but, alas! he has such an ardent desire to be what he is not, to be too volatile, to have the faults of a person of spirit, that he professes himself the most unfit man living for any manner of application. When this humour enters into the head of a female, she generally professes sickness upon all occasions, and acts all things with an indisposed air. She is offended, but her mind is too lazy to raise her to anger, therefore she lives only as actuated by a violent spleen and gentle scorn: she has hardly curiosity to listen to scandal of her acquaintance, and has never attention enough to hear them commended. This affectation in both sexes makes them vain of being useless, and take a certain pride in their insignificancy.

Opposite to this folly is another no less unreasonable, and that is, the 'impertinence of being always in a hurry.' There are those who visit ladies, and beg pardon before they are well seated in their chairs; that they just called in, but are obliged to attend to business of importance elsewhere the very next moment. Thus they run from place to place, professing that they are obliged to be still in another

company than that which they are in. These persons who are just a going somewhere else should never be detained ; let all the world allow that business is to be minded, and their affairs will be at an end. Their vanity is to be importuned, and compliance with their multiplicity of affairs would effectually despatch them. The travelling ladies who have half the town to see of an afternoon, may be pardoned for being in a constant hurry ; but it is inexcusable in men to come where they have no business, to profess they absent themselves where they have. It has been remarked by some nice observers and critics, that there is nothing discovers the true temper of a person so much as his letters. I have by me two epistles, which are written by two people of the different humours above-mentioned. It is wonderful that a man cannot observe upon himself when he sits down to write, but that he will gravely commit himself to paper the same man that he is in the freedom of conversation. I have hardly seen a line from any of these gentlemen, but spoke them as absent from what they were doing as they profess they are when they come into company. For the folly is, that they have persuaded themselves they really are busy. Thus their whole time is spent in suspense of the present moment to the next, and then from the next to the succeeding, which, to the end of life, is to pass away with pretence to many things and execution of nothing.

'SIR,

'The post is just going out, and I have many other letters of very great importance to write this evening, but I could not omit making my compliments to you for your civilities to me when I was

last in town. It is my misfortune to be so full of business, that I cannot tell you a thousand things which I have to say to you. I must desire you to communicate the contents of this to no one living; but believe me to be, with the greatest fidelity,

'Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

'STEPHEN COURIER.'

'MADAM,

'I HATE writing of all things in the world; however, though I have drank the waters, and am told I ought not to use my eyes so much, I cannot forbear writing to you, to tell you I have been to the last degree hipped since I saw you. How could you entertain such a thought, as that I should hear of that silly fellow with patience? Take my word for it, there is nothing in it; and you may believe it, when so lazy a creature as I am undergo the pains to assure you of it by taking pen, ink and paper in my hand. Forgive this, you know I shall not often offend in this kind. I am very much

'Your servant,

'BRIDGET EITHERDOWN.'

'The fellow is of your country, pr'ythee send me word however whether he has so great an estate.'

'MR. SPECTATOR, Jan. 24, 1712.

'I AM clerk of the parish from whence Mrs. Simper sends her complaint, in your Spectator of Wednesday last.[a] I must beg of you to publish this as a public admonition to the aforesaid Mrs. Simper, otherwise all my honest care in the disposi-

[a] See No. 282, last letter.

tion of the greens in the church will have no effect: I shall therefore, with your leave, lay before you the whole matter: I was formerly, as she charges me, for several years a gardener in the county of Kent; but I must absolutely deny that it is out of any affection I retain for my old employment that I have placed my greens so liberally about the church, but out of a particular spleen I conceived against Mrs. Simper (and others of the same sisterhood) some time ago. As to herself: I had one day set the hundredth Psalm, and was singing the first line in order to put the congregation into the tune, she was all the while courtesying to sir Anthony in so affected and indecent a manner, that the indignation I conceived at it made me forget myself so far, as from the tune of that psalm, to wander into Southwell tune, and from thence into Windsor tune; still unable to recover myself till I had, with the utmost confusion, set a new one. Nay, I have often seen her rise up and smile, and courtesy to one at the lower end of the church in the midst of a Gloria Patri; and when I have spoken the assent to a prayer with a long Amen, uttered with a decent gravity, she has been rolling her eyes about in such a manner as plainly showed, however she was moved, it was not towards an heavenly object. In fine, she extended her conquests so far over the males, and raised such envy in the females, that, what between love of those, and the jealousy of these, I was almost the only person that looked in a prayer-book all church time. I had several projects in my head to put a stop to this growing mischief; but as I have long lived in Kent, and there often heard how the Kentish men evaded the Conqueror, by carrying green boughs over their heads, it put me in mind of practising this device

against Mrs. Simper. I find I have preserved many a young man from her eye-shot by this means: therefore humbly pray the boughs may be fixed till she shall give security for her peaceable intentions.

'Your humble servant,

T.[b] 'FRANCIS STERNHOLD.'

*** At Drury-lane, Jan. 24, revived The Tempest; or, Enchanted Island, altered from Shakspeare by sir W. Davenant and the late Mr. Dryden, poet-laureat. Jan. 25, Revived the Royal Merchant; or, Beggar's Bush; and on Saturday, Jan. 26, Philaster; or, Love lies a Bleeding.—Spect. in folio.

No. 285. SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1711-12.[c]

Ne quicunque Deus, quicunque adhibebitur heros,
Regali conspectus in auro nuper et ostro,
Migret in obscuras humili sermone tabernas:
Aut, dum vitat humum, nubes et inania captet.
HOR. Ars. Poet. 227.

But then they did not wrong themselves so much
To make a god, a hero, or a king,
(Stript of his golden crown and purple robe,)
Descend to a mechanic dialect;
Nor (to avoid such meanness) soaring high,
With empty sound and airy notions fly.
ROSCOMMON.

HAVING already treated of the fable, the characters, and sentiments in the Paradise Lost, we are in the last place, to consider the language; and as the learned world is very much divided upon Milton as to this point, I hope they will excuse me if I appear particular in any of my opinions, and incline to

[b] By Steele. See No. 271. The signature T seems to imply that it was transcribed, most probably by Steele, perhaps by Mr. T. Tickell, who appears to have had, at times, the care of publishing this paper intrusted to him. See final notes to Nos. 324, 410, &c.

[c] Paper iv. On the diction of Milton's Paradise Lost. See Nos. 267, 273, 279, 291, 297, 303, 309, 315, 321, 327, 333, 339, 345, 351, 357, 363, 369.

those who judge the most advantageously of the author.

It is requisite that the language of an heroic poem should be both perspicuous and sublime. In proportion as either of these two qualities are wanting, the language is imperfect. Perspicuity is the first and most necessary qualification; insomuch that a good-natured reader sometimes overlooks a little slip, even in the grammar or syntax, where it is impossible for him to mistake the poet's sense. Of this kind is that passage in Milton, wherein he speaks of Satan:

> — 'God and his Son except,
> Created thing nought valu'd he nor shunn'd:' [d]

and that in which he describes Adam and Eve:

> 'Adam the goodliest man of men since born
> His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.'

It is plain that in the former of these passages, according to the natural syntax, the divine persons mentioned in the first line are represented as created beings; and that, in the other, Adam and Eve are confounded with their sons and daughters. Such little blemishes as these, when the thought is great and natural, we should, with Horace, impute to a pardonable inadvertency, or to the weakness of human nature, which cannot attend to each minute particular, and give the last finishing to every circumstance in so long a work. The ancient critics, therefore, who were actuated by a spirit of candour rather than that of cavilling, invented certain fig-

[d] See Newton's edit. of Milton's Paradise Lost, vol. i. p. 283, &c.

ures of speech on purpose to palliate little errors of this nature in the writings of those authors who had so many greater beauties to atone for them.

If clearness and perspicuity were only to be consulted, the poet would have nothing else to do but to clothe his thoughts in the most plain and natural expressions. But since it often happens that the most obvious phrases, and those which are used in ordinary conversation, become too familiar to the ear, and contract a kind of meanness by passing through the mouths of the vulgar, a poet should take particular care to guard himself against idiomatic ways of speaking. Ovid and Lucan have many poornesses of expression upon this account, as taking up with the first phrases that offered, without putting themselves to the trouble of looking after such as would not only have been natural, but also elevated and sublime. Milton has but few failings of this kind, of which, however, you may meet with some instances, as in the following passages:

'Embrios and idiots, eremites and friars,
White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery.
Here pilgrims roam—
— Awhile discourse they hold,
No fear lest dinner cool; when thus began
Our author—
Who of all ages to succeed, but feeling
The evil on him brought by me, will curse
My head, ill fare our ancestor impure,
For this we may thank Adam —'

The great masters in composition know very well that many an elegant phrase becomes improper for a poet or an orator when it has been debased by common use. For this reason the works of ancient authors, which are written in dead languages, have a great advantage over those which are written in

languages that are now spoken. Were there any mean phrases or idioms in Virgil and Homer, they would not shock the ear of the most delicate modern reader so much as they would have done that of an old Greek or Roman, because we never hear them pronounced in our streets or in ordinary conversation.

It is not therefore sufficient that the language of an epic poem be perspicuous, unless it be also sublime. To this end it ought to deviate from the common forms and ordinary phrases of speech. The judgment of a poet very much discovers itself in shunning the common roads of expression, without falling into such ways of speech as may seem stiff and unnatural; he must not swell into a false sublime by endeavouring to avoid the other extreme. Among the Greeks, Æschylus, and sometimes Sophocles, were guilty of this fault; among the Latins, Claudian and Statius; and among our own countrymen, Shakspeare and Lee. In these authors the affectation of greatness often hurts the perspicuity of the style, as in many others the endeavour after perspicuity prejudices its greatness.

Aristotle has observed that the idiomatic style may be avoided, and the sublime formed, by the following methods; First, by the use of metaphors; like those in Milton:

> 'Imparadised in one another's arms,
> — And in his hand a reed
> Stood waving, tipt with fire—
> The grassy clods now calv'd
> Spangled with eyes —'

In these, and innumerable other instances, the metaphors are very bold but beautiful; I must how-

ever observe that the metaphors are not thick sown in Milton, which always savours too much of wit; that they never clash with one another, which as Aristotle observes, turns a sentence into a kind of enigma or riddle; and that he seldom has recourse to them where the proper and natural words will do as well.

Another way of raising the language and giving it a poetical turn, is to make use of the idioms of other tongues. Virgil is full of the Greek forms of speech, which the critics call Hellenisms, as Horace, in his odes, abounds with them much more than Virgil. I need not mention the several dialects which Homer has made use of for this end. Milton, in conformity with the practice of ancient poets, and with Aristotle's rule, has infused a great many Latinisms, as well as Græcisms, and sometimes Hebraisms, into the language of his poem ; as, towards the beginning of it :

'Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel.
Yet to their general's voice they soon obey'd—
—Who shall tempt with wandering feet
The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss,
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his airy flight
Upborn with indefatigable wings
Over the vast abrupt!
—So both ascend
In the visions of God.'— Book 2.

Under this head may be reckoned the placing the adjective after the substantive, the transposition of words, the turning the adjective into a substantive, with several other foreign modes of speech which this poet has naturalized to give his verse the greater sound, and throw it out of prose.

The third method mentioned by Aristotle, is what agrees with the genius of the Greek language more than with that of any other tongue, and is therefore more used by Homer than by any other poet. I mean, the lengthening of a phrase by the addition of words which may be either inserted or omitted, as also by the extending or contracting of particular words by the insertion or omission of certain syllables. Milton has put in practice this method of raising his language, as far as the nature of our tongue will permit, as, in the passage above-mentioned, eremite, for what is hermit in common discourse. If you observe the measure of his verse, he has with great judgment suppressed a syllable in several words, and shortened those of two syllables into one; by which method, besides the above-mentioned advantage, he has given a greater variety to his numbers. But this practice is more particularly remarkable in the names of persons and of countries, as Beelzebub, Hessebon, and in many other particulars, wherein he has either changed the name, or made use of that which is not the most commonly known, that he might the better deviate from the language of the vulgar.

The same reason recommended to him several old words, which also make his poem appear the more venerable, and gives it a greater air of antiquity.

I must likewise take notice that there are in Milton several words of his own coining, as 'cerberean, miscreated, hell-doom'd, embryon' atoms, and many others. If the reader is offended at this liberty in our English poet, I would recommend to him a discourse in Plutarch, which shows us how frequently Homer has made use of the same liberty.

Milton, by the above-mentioned helps, and by

the choice of the noblest words and phrases which our tongue would afford him, has carried our language to a greater height than any of the English poets have ever done before or after him, and made the sublimity of his style equal to that of his sentiments.

I have been the more particular in these observations on Milton's style, because it is in that part of him in which he appears the most singular. The remarks I have here made upon the practice of other poets, with my observations out of Aristotle, will perhaps alleviate the prejudice which some have taken to his poem upon this account; though, after all, I must confess that I think his style, though admirable in general, is in some places too much stiffened and obscured by the frequent use of those methods which Aristotle has prescribed for the raising of it.

This redundancy of those several ways of speech, which Aristotle calls 'foreign language,' and with which Milton has so very much enriched, and in some places darkened the language of his poem, was the more proper for his use, because his poem is written in blank verse. Rhyme, without any other assistance, throws the language off from prose, and very often makes an indifferent phrase pass unregarded; but where the verse is not built upon rhymes, there pomp of sound and energy of expression are indispensably necessary to support the style, and keep it from falling to the flatness of prose.

Those who have not a taste for this elevation of style, and are apt to ridicule a poet when he departs from the common forms of expression, would do well to see how Aristotle has treated an ancient author called Euclid, for his insipid mirth upon this

occasion. Mr. Dryden used to call these sort of men his prose-critics.

I should, under this head of the language, consider Milton's numbers, in which he has made use of several elisions that are not customary among other English poets, as may be particularly observed in his cutting off the letter Y when it precedes a vowel. This and some other innovations in the measure of his verse, has varied his numbers in such a manner as makes them incapable of satiating the ear and cloying the reader, which the same uniform measure would certainly have done, and which the perpetual returns of rhyme never fail to do in long narrative poems. I shall close these reflections upon the language of Paradise Lost, with observing, that Milton has copied after Homer rather than Virgil, in the length of his periods, the copiousness of his phrases, and the running of his verses into one another.

L.[e]

No. 286. MONDAY, JANUARY 28, 1711–12.

Nomina honesta prætenuntur vitiis.
TACIT. Ann. l. xiv. c. 21.
Specious names are lent to cover vices.

'MR. SPECTATOR, York, Jan. 18, 1711–12.

'I PRETEND not to inform a gentleman of so just a taste, whenever he pleases to use it; but it may not be amiss to inform your readers that there is a false delicacy as well as a true one. True delicacy, as I take it, consists in exactness of judgment and dignity of sentiment, or, if you will, purity of

[e] By Addison, dated London. See final notes to No. 334 and 221.

affection, as this is opposed to corruption and grossness. There are pedants in breeding as well as in learning. The eye that cannot bear the light is not delicate but sore. A good constitution appears in the soundness and vigour of the parts, not in the squeamishness of the stomach; and a false delicacy is affectation, not politeness. What then can be the standard of delicacy but truth and virtue!—virtue, which as the satirist long since observed, is real honour; whereas the other distinctions among mankind are merely titular. Judging by that rule, in my opinion, and in that of many of your virtuous female readers, you are so far from deserving Mr. Courtly's accusation,[f] that you seem too gentle, and to allow too many excuses for an enormous crime which is the reproach of the age, and is in all its branches and degrees expressly forbidden by that religion we pretend to profess; and whose laws, in a nation that calls itself Christian, one would think should take place of those rules which men of corrupt minds, and those of weak understandings, follow. I know not any thing more pernicious to good manners than the giving fair names to foul actions: for this confounds vice and virtue, and takes off that natural horror we have to do evil. An innocent creature, who would start at the name of strumpet, may think it pretty to be called a mistress, especially if her seducer has taken care to inform her, that an union of hearts is the principal matter in the sight of heaven, and that the business at church is a mere idle ceremony. Who knows not that the difference between obscene and modest words expressing the same action, consists only in the acces-

[f] See No. 276, letter 1; and No. 274.

sary idea, for there is nothing immodest in letters and syllables. Fornication and adultery are modest words; because they express an evil action as criminal, and so as to excite horror and aversion; whereas words representing the pleasure rather than the sin, are for this reason indecent and dishonest. Your papers would be chargeable with something worse than indelicacy, they would be immoral, did you treat the detestable sins of uncleanness in the same manner as you rally an impertinent self-love and an artful glance; as those laws would be very unjust that should chastise murder and petty larceny with the same punishment. Even delicacy requires that the pity shown to distressed indigent wickedness, first betrayed into and then expelled the harbours of the brothel, should be changed to detestation, when we consider pampered vice in the habitations of the wealthy. The most free person of quality, in Mr. Courtly's phrase, that is, to speak properly, a woman of figure who has forgot her birth and breeding, dishonoured her relations and herself, abandoned her virtue and reputation, together with the natural modesty of her sex, and risked her very soul, is so far from deserving to be treated with no worse character than that of a kind woman, which is doubtless Mr. Courtly's meaning, (if he has any,) that one can scarce be too severe on her, inasmuch as she sins against greater restraints, is less exposed, and liable to fewer temptations, than beauty in poverty and distress. It is hoped, therefore, Sir, that you will not lay aside your generous design of opposing that monstrous wickedness of the town, whereby a multitude of innocents are sacrificed in a more barbarous manner than those who were offered to Moloch. The unchaste are provoked to see their vice exposed, and

the chaste cannot rake into such filth without danger of defilement, but a mere spectator may look into the bottom, and come off without partaking in the guilt. The doing so will convince us you pursue public good, and not merely your own advantage; but if your zeal slackens, how can one help thinking that Mr. Courtly's letter is but a feint to get from a subject in which either your own, or the private and base ends of others to whom you are partial, or those of whom you are afraid, would not endure a reformation?

'I am, SIR, your humble servant and admirer, so long as you tread in the paths of truth, virtue, and honour.'

'MR. SPECTATOR, Trin. Coll. Cantab. Jan. 11th 1711–12.[5]

'IT is my fortune to have a chamber-fellow with whom, though I agree very well in many sentiments, yet there is one in which we are as contrary as light and darkness. We are both in love. His mistress is a lovely fair, and mine a lovely brown. Now as the praise of our mistresses' beauty employs much of our time, we have frequent quarrels in entering upon that subject, while each says all he can to defend his choice. For my own part, I have racked my fancy to the utmost; and sometimes, with the greatest warmth of imagination, have told him, that night was made before day, and many more fine things, though without any effect: nay, last night I could not forbear saying, with more heat than judgment, that the devil ought to be painted white. Now my desire is, Sir, that you would be pleased to give us in black or white your opinion in the mat-

[5] See Spect. No. 396.

ter of dispute between us; which will either furnish me with fresh and prevailing arguments to maintain my own taste, or make me with less repining allow that of my chamber-fellow. I know very well that I have Jack Cleveland[h] and Bond's Horace on my side; but then he has such a band of rhymers and romance writers with which he opposes me, and is so continually chiming to the tune of golden tresses, yellow locks, milk, marble, ivory, silver, swans, snow, daisies, doves, and the lord knows what; which he is always sounding with so much vehemence in my ears, that he often puts me into a brown study how to answer him; and I find that I am in a fair way to be quite confounded without your timely assistance afforded to,

'Sir, your humble servant,

Z.[i] 'Philobrune.'

No. 287. TUESDAY, January 29, 1711-12.

Ὦ φιλτάτη γῆ μῆτερ, ὡς σεμνὸν σφόδρ' εἶ
Τοῖς νοῦν ἐχέσι κτῆμα;—
mmmm ⊂R Menand.
Dear native land, how do the good and wise
Thy happy clime and countless blessings prize!

I look upon it as a peculiar happiness, that were I to choose of what religion I would be, and under

[h] See Poems by J. Cleveland, 1653, 24mo. The Senses' Festival, p. 1.

[i] The annotator does not know who was the real author of the papers in this volume distinguished by the signature Z, which appears at the end of this No. 286, and of No. 316; it stood likewise at the bottom of No. 292, in the original paper in folio, but it was omitted on its first republication in 8vo., in 1712. In the small edition of 1712, in 12mo., No. 292 is marked as in the folio, with the signature Z.—See Spect. Nos. 404, 408, 425, and 467.

what government I would live, I should most certainly give the preference to that form of religion and government which is established in my own country. In this point I think I am determined by reason and conviction; but if I shall be told that I am acted by prejudice, I am sure it is an honest prejudice; it is a prejudice that arises from the love of my country, and therefore such an one as I will always indulge. I have in several papers endeavoured to express my duty and esteem for the church of England, and design this as an essay upon the civil part of our constitution, having often entertained myself with reflections on this subject, which I have not met with in other writers.

That form of government appears to me the most reasonable, which is most conformable to the equality that we find in human nature, provided it be consistent with public peace and tranquillity. This is what may properly be called liberty, which exempts one man from subjection to another, so far as the order and economy of government will permit.

Liberty should reach every individual of a people, as they all share one common nature. If it only spreads among particular branches, there had better be none at all; since such a liberty only aggravates the misfortune of those who are deprived of it, by setting before them a disagreeable subject of comparison.

This liberty is best preserved where the legislative power is lodged in several persons, especially if those persons are of different ranks and interests; for where they are of the same rank, and consequently have an interest to manage peculiar to that rank, it differs but little from a despotical government in a single person. But the greatest security a people

can have for their liberty, is when the legislative power is in the hands of persons so happily distinguished, that, by providing for the particular interest of their several ranks, they are providing for the whole body of the people; or, in other words, when there is no part of the people that has not a common interest with at least one part of the legislators.

If there be but one body of legislators, it is no better than a tyranny; if there are only two, there will want a casting voice, and one of them must at length be swallowed up by disputes and contentions that will necessarily arise between them. Four would have the same inconvenience as two, and a greater number would cause too much confusion. I could never read a passage in Polybius and another in Cicero to this purpose, without a secret pleasure in applying it to the English constitution, which it suits much better than the Roman. Both these great authors give the pre-eminence to a mixed government, consisting of three branches, the regal, the noble, and the popular. They had doubtless in their thoughts the constitution of the Roman commonwealth, in which the consul represented the king, the senate the nobles, and the tribunes the people. This division of the three powers in the Roman constitution was by no means so distinct and natural as it is in the English form of government. Among several objections that might be made to it, I think the chief are those that affect the consular power, which had only the ornaments without the force of the regal authority. Their number had not a casting voice in it; for which reason, if one did not chance to be employed abroad, while the other sat at home, the public business was sometimes at a stand, while the consuls pulled two different ways in it. Besides,

I do not find that the consuls had ever a negative voice in the passing of a law or decree of the senate; so that indeed they were rather the chief body of the nobility, or the first ministers of state, than a distinct branch of the sovereignty, in which none can be looked upon as a part who are not a part of the legislature. Had the consuls been invested with the regal authority to as great a degree as our monarchs, there would never have been any occasions for a dictatorship, which had in it the power of all the three orders, and ended in the subversion of the whole constitution.

Such an history as that of Suetonius, which gives us a succession of absolute princes, is to me an unanswerable argument against despotic power. Where the prince is a man of wisdom and virtue, it is indeed happy for his people that he is absolute; but since, in the common run of mankind, for one that is wise and good you find ten of a contrary character, it is very dangerous for a nation to stand to its chance, or to have its public happiness or misery depend on the virtue or vices of a single person. Look into the historian I have mentioned, or into any series of absolute princes, how many tyrants must you read through before you come at an emperor that is supportable! But this is not all: an honest private man often grows cruel and abandoned, when converted into an absolute prince. Give a man power of doing what he pleases with impunity, you extinguish his fear, and consequently overturn in him one of the great pillars of morality. This too we find confirmed by matter of fact. How many hopeful heirs apparent to grand empires, when in the possession of them, have become such monsters of lust and cruelty as are a reproach to human nature!

Some tell us we ought to make our governments on earth like that in heaven, which, say they, is altogether monarchical and unlimited. Was man like his Creator in goodness and justice, I should be for following this great model; but where goodness and justice are not essential to the ruler, I would by no means put myself into his hands to be disposed of according to his particular will and pleasure.

It is odd to consider the connection between despotic government and barbarity, and how the making of one person more than man makes the rest less. Above nine parts of the world in ten are in the lowest state of slavery, and consequently sunk in the most gross and brutal ignorance. European slavery is indeed a state of liberty if compared with that which prevails in the other three divisions of the world; and therefore it is no wonder that those who grovel under it have many tracks of light among them, of which, the others are wholly destitute.

Riches and plenty are the natural fruits of liberty, and, where these abound, learning and all the liberal arts will immediately lift up their heads and flourish. As a man must have no slavish fears and apprehensions hanging upon his mind, who will indulge the flights of fancy or speculation, and push his researches into all the abstruse corners of truth; so it is necessary for him to have about him a competency of all the conveniences of life.

The first thing every one looks after is, to provide himself with necessaries. This point will engross our thoughts till it be satisfied. If this is taken care of to our hands, we look out for pleasures and amusements; and, among a great number of idle people, there will be many whose pleasures will lie in reading and contemplation. These are the two

great sources of knowledge, and as men grow wise they naturally love to communicate their discoveries; and others seeing the happiness of such a learned life, and improving by their conversation, emulate, imitate, and surpass one another, till a nation is filled with races of wise and understanding persons. Ease and plenty are therefore the great cherishers of knowledge: and as most of the despotic governments of the world have neither of them, they are naturally overrun with ignorance and barbarity. In Europe, indeed, notwithstanding several of its princes are absolute, there are men famous for knowledge and learning; but the reason is, because the subjects are many of them rich and wealthy, the prince not thinking fit to exert himself in his full tyranny like the princes of the eastern nations, lest his subjects should be invited to new-mould their constitution, having so many prospects of liberty within their view. But in all despotic governments, though a particular prince may favour arts and letters, there is a natural degeneracy of mankind; as you may observe, from Augustus's reign, how the Romans lost themselves by degrees till they fell to an equality with the most barbarous nations that surrounded them. Look upon Greece under its free states, and you would think its inhabitants lived in different climates, and under different heavens, from those at present: so different are the geniuses which are formed under Turkish slavery and Grecian liberty.

Besides poverty and want, there are other reasons that debase the minds of men who live under slavery, though I look on this as the principal. This natural tendency of despotic power to ignorance and barbarity, though not insisted upon by others, is, I think, an unanswerable argument against that form

of government, as it shows how repugnant it is to the good of mankind, and the perfection of human nature, which ought to be the great ends of all civil institutions. L.[k]

*** At Drury-lane, on Monday, Jan. 28, The Stratagem: on Tuesday, Jan. 29, The Pilgrim. At the Haymarket, Rinaldo; Argantes, by Mr. Beutler, newly arrived; Godofredo, by S. Margarita de L'Espine; Eustacio, by Mrs. Barbier.

††† Excellent Citron Water, from Barbadoes, &c.—Spect. in folio. See Tat. ed. 1786. 12mo. 6 vol. Vol. vi. No. 235, introductory note on Addison, &c.

No. 288. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1711–12.

— Pavor est utrique molestus.
HOR. 1 Ep. vi. 10.
Both fear alike.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'WHEN you spoke of the jilts and coquets, you then promised to be very impartial, and not to spare even your own sex, should any of their secret or open faults come under your cognizance; which has given me encouragement to describe a certain species of mankind under the denomination of male jilts. They are gentlemen who do not design to marry; yet that they may appear to have some sense of gallantry, think they must pay their devoirs to one particular fair; in order to which they single out from amongst the herd of females her to whom they design to make their fruitless addresses. This done, they first take every opportunity of being in her company; and then never fail upon all occasions to

[k] By Addison, dated, it seems, London. See note on Addison's signatures, Nos. 7, 221, &c.

be particular to her, laying themselves at her feet, protesting the reality of their passion with a thousand oaths, soliciting a return, and saying as many fine things as their stock of wit will allow: and, if they are not deficient that way, generally speak so as to admit of a double interpretation; which the credulous fair is too apt to turn to her own advantage; since it frequently happens to be a raw, innocent young creature, who thinks all the world as sincere as herself; and so her unwary heart becomes an easy prey to those deceitful monsters, who no sooner perceive it, but immediately they grow cool, and shun her whom they before seemed so much to admire, and proceed to act the same commonplace villany towards another. A coxcomb flushed with many of these infamous victories shall say he is sorry for the poor fools, protest and vow he never thought of matrimony, and wonder talking civilly can be so strangely misinterpreted. Now, Mr. Spectator, you that are a professed friend to love will, I hope, observe upon those who abuse that noble passion, and raise it in innocent minds by a deceitful affectation of it, after which they desert the enamoured. Pray bestow a little of your counsel to those fond believing females who already have, or are in danger of broken hearts; in which you will oblige a great part of this town, but in a particular manner,

'Sir,

'Your (yet heart-whole) admirer,

'And devoted humble servant,

'Melainia.'

Melainia's complaint is occasioned by so general a folly, that it is wonderful one could so long overlook it. But this false gallantry proceeds from an

impotence of mind, which makes those who are guilty of it incapable of pursuing what they themselves approve. Many a man wishes a woman his wife, whom he dare not take for such. Though no one has power over his inclinations or fortunes, he is a slave to common fame. For this reason I think Melainia gives them too soft a name in that of male coquets. I know not why irresolution of mind should not be more contemptible than impotence of body; and these frivolous admirers would be but tenderly used in being only included in the same term with the insufficient another way. They whom my correspondent calls male coquets, should hereafter be called fribblers. A fribbler is one who professes rapture and admiration for the woman to whom he addresses, and dreads nothing so much as her consent. His heart can flutter by the force of imagination, but cannot fix from the force of judgment. It is not uncommon for the parents of young women of moderate fortune to wink at the addresses of fribblers, and expose their children to the ambiguous behaviour which Melainia complains of, till, by the fondness to one they are to lose, they become incapable of love towards others, and, by consequence, in their future marriage lead a joyless or a miserable life. As therefore I shall in the speculations which regard love, be as severe as I ought on jilts and libertine women, so will I be as little merciful to insignificant and mischievous men.[1] In order to this, all visitants who frequent families wherein there are young females, are forthwith required to declare themselves, or absent from places where their presence banishes such as would pass their time

[1] See No. 300, let. 2.

more to the advantage of those whom they visit. It is a matter of too great moment to be dallied with: and I shall expect from all my young people a satisfactory account of appearances. Strephon has from the publication hereof seven days to explain the riddle he presented to Eudamia; and Chloris an hour after this comes to her hand, to declare whether she will have Philotas, whom a woman of no less merit than herself, and of superior fortune, languishes to call her own.

'TO THE SPECTATOR.

'SIR,

'SINCE so many dealers turn authors, and write quaint advertisements in praise of their wares, one, who from an author turned dealer, may be allowed for the advancement of trade to turn author again. I will not however set up like some of them, for selling cheaper than the most able honest tradesman can; nor do I send this to be better known for choice and cheapness of China and Japan wares, tea, fans, muslins, pictures, arrack, and other Indian goods. Placed as I am in Leadenhall-street, near the India company, and the centre of that trade, thanks to my fair customers my warehouse is graced as well as the benefit days of my plays and operas; and the foreign goods I sell seem no less acceptable than the foreign books I translated, Rabelais and Don Quixote. This the critics allow me, and while they like my wares they may dispraise my writing. But as it is not so well known yet that I frequently cross the seas of late, and speak in Dutch and French, besides other languages, I have the conveniency of buying and importing rich brocades, Dutch atlases,

with gold and silver, or without, and other foreign silks of the newest modes and best fabrics, fine Flanders lace, linens, and pictures, at the best hand; this my new way of trade I have fallen into, I cannot better publish than by an application to you. My wares are fit only for such as your readers; and I would beg of you to print this address in your paper, that those whose minds you adorn may take the ornaments for their persons and houses from me. This, Sir, if I may presume to beg it, will be the greater favour, as I have lately received rich silks and fine lace to a considerable value, which will be sold cheap for a quick return, and as I have also a large stock of other goods. Indian silks were formerly a great branch of our trade; and since we must not sell them, we must seek amends by dealing in others. This I hope will plead for one who would lessen the number of teasers of the Muses, and who, suiting his spirit to his circumstances, humbles the poet to exalt the citizen. Like a true tradesman, I hardly ever look into any books but those of accounts. To say the truth, I cannot, I think, give you a better idea of my being a downright man of traffic, than by acknowledging I oftener read the advertisements than the matter of even your paper. I am under a very great temptation to take this opportunity of admonishing other writers to follow my example, and trouble the town no more; but as it is my present business to increase the number of buyers rather than sellers, I hasten to tell you that I am,

'SIR,

'Your most humble and most obedient servant,

T. 'PETER MOTTEUX.'[m]

[m] This writer died a violent death, and is said to have been his own exe-

No. 289. THURSDAY, January 31, 1711–12.

Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.
Hor. 1 Od. iv. 15.

Life's span forbids us to extend our cares,
And stretch our hopes beyond our years. Creech.

Upon taking my seat in a coffee-house, I often draw the eyes of the whole room upon me, when in the hottest seasons of news, and at a time perhaps that the Dutch mail is just come in, they hear me ask the coffee-man for his last week's bill of mortality. I find that I have been sometimes taken on this occasion for a parish sexton, sometimes for an undertaker, and sometimes for a doctor of physic. In this, however, I am guided by the spirit of a philosopher, as I take occasion from hence to reflect upon the regular increase and diminution of mankind, and consider the several various ways through which we pass from life to eternity. I am very well pleased with these weekly admonitions, that bring into my mind such thoughts as ought to be the daily entertainment of every reasonable creature; and can consider with pleasure to myself, by which of those deliverances, or, as we commonly call them, distempers, I may possibly make my escape out of this

cutioner. In an advertisement dated Whitehall, March 24, 1717–18, he is styled Peter Anthony Motteux, late of Leadenhall-street, and the time of his death is precisely ascertained. It says he was found dead on Wednesday morning the 19th of Feb. last, in an house of ill-fame in Star-court, Butcher-row, near Temple-bar, and that there were several circumstances to support a suspicion of his having been murdered. The adv. goes on to offer a conditional pardon, and a reward of 50l. for the discovery of the actual murderer. See Lond. Gaz. Nos. 2628, 2629, and 2630. It is said, that at the time of his death he was the husband of a very fine amiable woman, and the father of a fine young family. He published a poem on tea; translated Rabelais and Don Quixote, and various dramatic pieces, some or most of which he took the liberty to alter, and accommodate to the English stage.

world of sorrows, into that condition of existence wherein I hope to be happier than it is possible for me at present to conceive.

But this is not all the use I make of the above-mentioned weekly paper. A bill of mortality is, in my opinion, an unanswerable argument for a Providence. How can we, without supposing ourselves under the constant care of a Supreme Being, give any possible account for that nice proportion which we find in every great city, between the deaths and births of its inhabitants, and between the number of males and that of females who are brought into the world? What else could adjust in so exact a manner the recruits of every nation to its losses, and divide these new supplies of people into such equal bodies of both sexes? Chance could never hold the balance with so steady a hand. Were we not counted out by an intelligent supervisor, we should sometimes be overcharged with multitudes, and at others waste away into a desert: we should be sometimes a *populus virorum*, as Florus elegantly expresses it, a generation of males, and at others a species of women. We may extend this consideration to every species of living creatures, and consider the whole animal world as an huge army made up of innumerable corps, if I may use that term, whose quotas have been kept entire near five thousand years, in so wonderful a manner, that there is not probably a single species lost during this long tract of time. Could we have general bills of mortality of every kind of animal, or particular ones of every species in each continent and island, I could almost say in every wood, marsh, or mountain, what astonishing instances would there be of that Providence which watches over all its works!

I have heard of a great man in the Romish church, who upon reading those words in the fifth chapter of Genesis, 'And all the days that Adam lived were nine hundred and thirty years, and he died; and all the days of Seth were nine hundred and twelve years, and he died; and all the days of Methuselah were nine hundred and sixty-nine years, and he died;' immediately shut himself up in a convent, and retired from the world, as not thinking any thing in this life worth pursuing which had not regard to another.

The truth of it is, there is nothing in history which is so improving to the reader, as those accounts which we meet with of the deaths of eminent persons, and of their behaviour in that dreadful season. I may also add, that there are no parts in history which affect or please the reader in so sensible a manner. The reason I take to be this; because there is no other single circumstance in the story of any person which can possibly be the case of every one who reads it. A battle or a triumph are conjunctures in which not one man in a million is likely to be engaged; but when we see a person at the point of death, we cannot forbear being attentive to every thing he says or does, because we are sure that some time or other we shall ourselves be in the same melancholy circumstances. The general, the statesman, or the philosopher, are perhaps characters which we may never act in, but the dying man is one whom sooner or later we shall certainly resemble.

It is perhaps for the same kind of reason, that few books written in English have been so much perused as Dr. Sherlock's Discourse upon Death; though at the same time I must own, that he who

has not perused this excellent piece has not perhaps read one of the strongest persuasives to a religious life that was ever written in any language.

The consideration with which I shall close this essay upon death, is one of the most ancient and most beaten morals that has been recommended to mankind. But its being so very common, and so universally received, though it takes away from it the grace of novelty, adds very much to the weight of it, as it shows that it falls in with the general sense of mankind. In short, I would have every one consider that he is in this life nothing more than a passenger, and that he is not to set up his rest here, but to keep an attentive eye upon that state of being to which he approaches every moment, and which will be for ever fixed and permanent. This single consideration would be sufficient to extinguish the bitterness of hatred, the thirst of avarice, and the cruelty of ambition.

I am very much pleased with the passage of Antiphanes, a very ancient poet, who lived near an hundred years before Socrates, which represents the life of man under this view, as I have here translated it word for word. 'Be not grieved,' says he, 'above measure for thy deceased friends. They are not dead, but have only finished that journey which it is necessary for every one of us to take. We ourselves must go to that great place of reception in which they are all of them assembled, and in this general rendezvous of mankind live together in another state of being.'

I think I have in a former paper taken notice of those beautiful metaphors in scripture, where life is termed a pilgrimage, and those who pass through it are all called strangers and sojourners upon earth.

I shall conclude this with a story, which I have somewhere read in the travels of sir John Chardin. That gentleman, after having told us that the inns which receive the caravans in Persia, and the eastern countries, are called by the name of caravansaries, gives us a relation to the following purpose.

A dervise travelling through Tartary, being arrived at the town of Balk, went into the king's palace by mistake, as thinking it to be a public inn, or caravansary. Having looked about him for some time, he entered into a long gallery, where he laid down his wallet and spread his carpet, in order to repose himself upon it, after the manner of the eastern nations. He had not been long in this posture before he was discovered by some of the guards, who asked him what was his business in that place? The dervise told them he intended to take up his night's lodging in that caravansary. The guards let him know in a very angry manner that the house he was in was not a caravansary but the king's palace. It happened that the king himself passed through the gallery during this debate, and, smiling at the mistake of the dervise, asked him how he could possibly be so dull as not to distinguish a palace from a caravansary? 'Sir,' says the dervise, 'give me leave to ask your majesty a question or two. Who were the persons that lodged in this house when it was first built?' The king replied, 'His ancestors.' 'And who,' says the dervise, 'was the last person that lodged here?' The king replied, 'His father.' 'And who is it,' says the dervise, 'that lodges here at present?' The king told him, that it was he himself. 'And who,' says the dervise, 'will be here after you?' The king answered, 'The young prince his son.' 'Ah, Sir,' said the der-

vise, a house that changes its inhabitants so often, and receives such a perpetual succession of guests, is not a palace, but a caravansary.' L.[n]

*** Air pumps, single and double barrelled, with apparatus for demonstrating the several properties of the air; small air pumps, with glasses for the new way of cupping; scarificators, one of which makes at once 10, another 13, another 16 effectual incisions; syphons and blow-pipes, with valves for anatomical injections; hydrostatic balances, &c. sold in Hind-court, Fleet-street. A lamp, 6 cupping-glasses.

No. 290. FRIDAY, February 1, 1711–12.

Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba.
Hor. Ars Poet. 97. [o]
Forgets his swelling and gigantic words.
Roscommon.

The players, who know I am very much their friend, take all opportunities to express a gratitude to me for being so. They could not have a better occasion of obliging me, than one which they lately took hold of. They desired my friend Will Honeycomb to bring me to the reading of a new tragedy; it is called The Distrest Mother.[p] I must confess, though some days are passed since I enjoyed that entertainment, the passions of the several characters dwell

[n] By Addison, dated, it is supposed, London. See No. 334, and No. 221, notes on Addison's signatures C. L. I. O.

[o] The motto in the original paper in folio was from Horace likewise:

'Spirat Tragicum satis, et feliciter audet.'

[p] The tragedy, called The Distrest Mother, on which this paper is a critique, was written by Ambrose Philips, and printed in 12mo. in 1713. It is little more than a translation from the Andromaque of Racine, who, as well as Philips, deviates from the truth of history, in making Hermione kill herself on the body of Pyrrhus, who was slain by her instigation. She survived him, and was afterwards the wife of Orestes.

strongly upon my imagination; and I congratulate the age, that they are at last to see truth and human life represented in the incidents which concern heroes and heroines. The style of the play is such as becomes those of the first education, and the sentiments worthy those of the highest figure. It was a most exquisite pleasure to me, to observe real tears drop from the eyes of those who had long made it their profession to dissemble affliction; and the player who read frequently threw down the book, till he had given vent to the humanity which rose in him at some irresistible touches of the imagined sorrow. We have seldom had any female distress on the stage, which did not, upon cool examination, appear to flow from the weakness rather than the misfortune of the person represented: but in this tragedy you are not entertained with the ungoverned passions of such as are enamoured of each other, merely as they are men and women, but their regards are founded upon high conceptions of each other's virtue and merit; and the character which gives name to the play, is one who has behaved herself with heroic virtue in the most important circumstances of a female life, those of a wife, a widow, and a mother. If there be those whose minds have been too attentive upon the affairs of life to have any notion of the passion of love in such extremes as are known only to particular tempers, yet in the above-mentioned considerations the sorrow of the heroine will move even the generality of mankind. Domestic virtues concern all the world, and there is no one living who is not interested that Andromache should be an imitable character. The generous affection to the memory of her deceased husband, that tender care for her son, which is ever heightened with the

consideration of his father, and these regards preserved in spite of being tempted with the possession of the highest greatness, are what cannot but be venerable, even to such an audience as at present frequents the English theatre. My friend Will Honeycomb commended several tender things that were said, and told me they were very genteel; but whispered me, that he feared the piece was not busy enough for the present taste. To supply this, he recommended to the players to be very careful in their scenes, and, above all things, that every part should be perfectly new dressed. I was very glad to find that they did not neglect my friend's admonition, because there are a great many in his class of criticism who may be gained by it; but indeed the truth is, that as to the work itself, it is every where nature. The persons are of the highest quality in life, even that of princes; but their quality is not represented by the poet, with directions that guards and waiters should follow them in every scene, but their grandeur appears in greatness of sentiment, flowing from minds worthy their condition. To make a character truly great, this author understands that it should have its foundation in superior thoughts and maxims of conduct. It is very certain, that many an honest woman would make no difficulty, though she had been the wife of Hector, for the sake of a kingdom, to marry the enemy of her husband's family and country; and indeed who can deny but she might be still an honest woman, but no heroine? That may be defensible, nay laudible, in one character, which would be in the highest degree exceptionable in another. When Cato Uticensis killed himself, Cottius, a Roman of ordinary quality and character, did the same thing; upon which one said,

smiling, 'Cottius might have lived, though Cæsar has seized the Roman liberty.' Cottius's condition might have been the same, let things at the upper end of the world pass as they would. What is farther very extraordinary in this work is, that the persons are all of them laudable, and their misfortunes arise rather from unguarded virtue, than propensity to vice. The town has an opportunity of doing itself justice in supporting the representations of passion, sorrow, indignation, even despair itself, within the rules of decency, honour, and good-breeding; and since there is no one can flatter himself his life will be always fortunate, they may here see sorrow as they would wish to bear it whenever it arrives.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM appointed to act a part in the new tragedy called The Distrest Mother. It is the celebrated grief of Orestes which I am to personate; but I shall not act it as I ought, for I shall feel it too intimately to be able to utter it. I was last night repeating a paragraph to myself, which I took to be an expression of rage, and in the middle of the sentence there was a stroke of self-pity which quite unmanned me. Be pleased, Sir, to print this letter, that, when I am oppressed in this manner at such an interval, a certain part of the audience may not think I am out; and I hope, with this allowance, to do it with satisfaction.

'I am, SIR,

'Your most humble servant,

'GEORGE POWELL.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'As I was walking t'other day in the Park, I saw a gentleman with a very short face; I desire to know whether it was you. Pray inform me as soon as you can, lest I become the most heroic Hecatissa's rival.

'Your humble servant to command,

'SOPHIA.'

'DEAR MADAM,

'IT is not me you are in love with, for I was very ill and kept my chamber all that day.

'Your most humble servant,

T.[q] 'THE SPECTATOR.'

ADVERTISEMENT.

A large quantity of excellent Citron-Water, arrived from Barbadoes by the last fleet, is to be sold by Mr. Charles White, Goldsmith in Holborn, over against Chancery-lane end.—Spect. in folio, No. 281.

N. B. This liquor was then commonly known under the name of Barbadoes water.—See Tat. with notes, No. 235, note.

No. 291.* SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1711–12.

—Ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura.—
HOR. Ars Poet. 351.

But in a poem elegantly writ,
I will not quarrel with a slight mistake,
Such as our nature's frailty may excuse.
ROSCOMMON.

I HAVE now considered Milton's Paradise Lost under those four great heads of the fable, the characters,

[q] By Steele, from the letter-box, see No. 270, paragr. 1.

* Continuation of Addison's critique on Paradise Lost, or, as it is called, his Comment on Milton. See No. 273, *ad finem*. Part v. On true criti-

the sentiments, and the language; and have shown that he excels in general, under each of these heads. I hope that I have made several discoveries which may appear new even to those who are versed in critical learning. Were I indeed to choose my readers, by whose judgment I would stand or fall, they should not be such as are acquainted only with the French and Italian critics, but also with the ancient and modern who have written in either of the learned languages. Above all, I would have them well versed in the Greek and Latin poets, without which a man very often fancies that he understands a critic, when in reality he does not comprehend his meaning.

It is in criticism as in all other sciences and speculations; one who brings with him any implicit notions and observations which he has made in his reading of the poets, will find his own reflections methodized and explained, and perhaps several little hints that had passed in his mind perfected and improved in the works of a good critic; whereas one who has not these previous lights is very often an utter stranger to what he reads, and apt to put a wrong interpretation upon it.

Nor is it sufficient that a man, who sets up for a judge in criticism, should have perused the authors above-mentioned, unless he has also a clear and logical head. Without this talent he is perpetually puzzled and perplexed amidst his own blunders, mistakes the sense of those he would confute, or, if he chances to think right, does not know how to convey his thoughts to another with clearness and perspicuity. Aristotle, who was the best critic, was also

cism. See No. 267, 273, 279, 315, 321, 327, 333, 339, 345, 351, 357, 363, and 369.

one of the best logicians that ever appeared in the world.

Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding would be thought a very odd book for a man to make himself master of, who would get a reputation by critical writings; though at the same time it is very certain that an author, who has not learned the art of distinguishing between words and things, and of ranging his thoughts and setting them in proper lights, whatever notions he may have, will lose himself in confusion and obscurity. I might farther observe, that there is not a Greek or Latin critic who has not shown, even in the style of his criticisms, that he was a master of all the elegance and delicacy of his native tongue.

The truth of it is, there is nothing more absurd than for a man to set up for a critic without a good insight into all the parts of learning; whereas many of those who have endeavoured to signalize themselves by works of this nature among our English writers, are not only defective in the above-mentioned particulars, but plainly discover by the phrases which they make use of, and by their confused way of thinking, that they are not acquainted with the most common and ordinary systems of arts and sciences. A few general rules extracted out of the French authors, with a certain cant of words, has sometimes set up an illiterate heavy writer for a most judicious and formidable critic.

One great mark by which you may discover a critic who has neither taste nor learning, is this, that he seldom ventures to praise any passage in an author which has not been before received and applauded by the public, and that his criticism turns wholly upon little faults and errors. This part of a

critic is so very easy to succeed in, that we find every ordinary reader, upon the publishing of a new poem, has wit and ill nature enough to turn several passages of it into ridicule, and very often in the right place. This Mr. Dryden has very agreeably remarked in those two celebrated lines:

> 'Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;
> He who would search for pearls must dive below.'

A true critic ought to dwell rather upon excellences than imperfections to discover the concealed beauties of a writer, and communicate to the world such things as are worth their observation. The most exqusite words and finest strokes of an author, are those which very often appear the most doubtful and exceptionable to a man who wants a relish for polite learning; and they are these which a sour undistinguishing critic generally attacks with the greatest violence. Tully observes, that it is very easy to brand or fix a mark upon what he calls *verbum ardens*, or, as it may be rendered into English, 'a glowing bold expression,' and to turn it into ridicule by a cold ill-natured criticism. A little wit is equally capable of exposing a beauty and of aggravating a fault; and though such a treatment of an author naturally produces indignation in the mind of an understanding reader, it has however its effect among the generality of those whose hands it falls into, the rabble of mankind being very apt to think that every thing which is laughed at, with any mixture of wit, is ridiculous in itself.

Such a mirth as this is always unseasonable in a critic, as it rather prejudices the reader than convinces him, and is capable of making a beauty, as

well as a blemish, the subject of derision. A man who cannot write with wit on a proper subject is dull and stupid; but one who shows it in an improper place is as impertinent and absurd. Besides, a man who has the gift of ridicule is apt to find fault with any thing that gives him an opportunity of exerting his beloved talent, and very often censures a passage, not because there is any fault in it, but because he can be merry upon it. Such kinds of pleasantry are very unfair and disingenuous in works of criticism, in which the greatest masters, both ancient and modern, have always appeared with a serious and instructive air.

As I intend in my next paper to show the defects in Milton's Paradise Lost, I thought fit to premise these few particulars, to the end that the reader may know I enter upon it, as on a very ungrateful work, and that I shall just point at the imperfections without endeavouring to inflame them with ridicule. I must also observe with Longinus, that the productions of a great genius, with many lapses and inadvertences, are infinitely preferable to the works of an inferior kind of author which are scrupulously exact, and conformable to all the rules of correct writing.

I shall conclude my paper with a story out of Boccalini, which sufficiently shows us the opinion that judicious author entertained of the sort of critics I have been here mentioning. A famous critic, says he, having gathered together all the faults of an eminent poet, made a present of them to Apollo, who received them very graciously, and resolved to make the author a suitable return for the trouble he had been at in collecting them. In order to this, he set before him a sack of wheat, as it had been

just threshed out of the sheaf. He then bid him pick out the chaff from among the corn, and lay it aside by itself. The critic applied himself to the task with great industry and pleasure, and, after having made the due separation, was presented by Apollo with the chaff for his pains. L.[r]

No. 292. MONDAY, February 4, 1711-12.

Illam, quicquid agit, quoquò vestigia flectit,
Componit furtim, subsequiturque decor.
TIBUL. 4 Eleg. ii. 8.

Whate'er she does, where'er her steps she bends,
Grace on each action silently attends.

As no one can be said to enjoy health who is only not sick, without he feel within himself a lightsome and invigorating principle which will not suffer him to remain idle, but still spurs him on to action; so in the practice of every virtue there is some additional grace required to give a claim of excelling in this or that particular action. A diamond may want polishing though the value may be still intrinsically the same; and the same good may be done with different degrees of lustre. No man should be contented with himself that he barely does well, but he should perform every thing in the best and most becoming manner that he is able.

Tully tells us he wrote his book of Offices because there is no time of life in which some correspondent duty might not be practised; nor is there a duty without a certain decency accompanying it,

[r] By Addison, dated, it seems, London.

by which every virtue it is joined to will seem to be doubled. Another may do the same thing, and yet the action want that air and beauty which distinguish it from others; like that inimitable sunshine Titian is said to have diffused over his landscapes, which denotes them his, and has been always unequalled by any other person.

There is no one action in which this quality I am speaking of will be more sensibly perceived than in granting a request, or doing an office of kindness. Mummius, by his way of consenting to a benefaction, shall make it lose its name, while Carus doubles the kindness and the obligation. From the first, the desired request drops indeed at last, but from so doubtful a brow, that the obliged has almost as much reason to resent the manner of bestowing it, as to be thankful for the favour itself. Carus invites with a pleasing air to give him an opportunity of doing an act of humanity, meets the petition half way, and consents to a request with a countenance which proclaims the satisfaction of his mind in assisting the distressed.

The decency then that is to be observed in liberality, seems to consist in its being performed with such cheerfulness as may express the god-like pleasure to be met with in obliging one's fellow-creatures; that may show good-nature and benevolence overflowed, and do not, as in some men, run upon the tilt, and taste of the sediments of a grudging, uncommunicative disposition.

Since I have intimated that the greatest decorum is to be preserved in the bestowing our good offices, I will illustrate it a little by an example drawn from private life, which carries with it such a profusion of liberality that it can be exceeded by nothing but

the humanity and good-nature which accompanies it. It is a letter of Pliny's, which I shall here translate, because the action will best appear in its first dress of thought, without any foreign or ambitious ornaments.

PLINY TO QUINTILIAN.

'THOUGH I am fully acquainted with the contentment and just moderation of your mind, and the conformity the education you have given your daughter bears to your own character; yet since she is suddenly to be married to a person of distinction, whose figure in the world makes it necessary for her to be at more than ordinary expense in clothes and equipage suitable to her husband's quality; by which, though her intrinsic worth be not augmented, yet will it receive both ornament and lustre: and knowing your estate to be as moderate as the riches of your mind are abundant, I must challenge to myself some part of the burthen; and as a parent of your child, I present her with twelve hundred and fifty crowns towards these expenses; which sum had been much larger had I not feared the smallness of it would be the greatest inducement with you to accept of it. Farewell.'

Thus should a benefaction be done with a good grace, and shine in the strongest point of light; it should not only answer all the hopes and exigences of the receiver, but even outrun his wishes. It is this happy manner of behaviour which adds new charms to it, and softens those gifts of art and nature which otherwise would be rather distasteful than agreeable. Without it, valour would degenerate

into brutality, learning into pedantry, and the genteelest demeanour into affectation. Even Religion itself, unless Decency be the handmaid which waits upon her, is apt to make people appear guilty of sourness and ill-humour: but this shows Virtue in her first original form, adds a comeliness to Religion, and gives its professors the justest title to 'the beauty of holiness.' A man fully instructed in this art may assume a thousand shapes, and please in all; he may do a thousand actions shall become none other but himself; not that the things themselves are different, but the manner of doing them.

If you examine each feature by itself, Aglaura and Calliclea are equally handsome; but take them in the whole, and you cannot suffer the comparison: the one is full of numberless nameless graces, the other of as many nameless faults.

The comeliness of person and the decency of behaviour add infinite weight to what is pronounced by any one. It is the want of this that often makes the rebukes and advice of old rigid persons of no effect, and leaves a displeasure in the minds of those they are directed to: but youth and beauty, if accompanied with a graceful and becoming severity, is of mighty force to raise, even in the most profligate, a sense of shame. In Milton, the devil is never described ashamed but once, and that at the rebuke of a beauteous angel:

> 'So spake the cherub, and his grave rebuke,
> Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
> Invincible. Abash'd the devil stood,
> And felt how awful Goodness is, and saw
> Virtue in her own shape how lovely! saw and pin'd
> His loss.'

The care of doing nothing unbecoming has ac-

companied the greatest minds to their last moments. They avoided even an indecent posture in the very article of death. Thus Cæsar gathered his robe about him that he might not fall in a manner unbecoming of himself; and the greatest concern that appeared in the behaviour of Lucretia, when she stabbed herself, was, that her body should lie in an attitude worthy the mind which had inhabited it:

—'Ne non procumbat honeste,
Extrema hæc etiam cura cadentis erat.'
OVID. Fast. iii. 833.

'Twas her last thought, how decently to fall.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a young woman without a fortune; but of a very high mind: that is, good Sir, I am to the last degree proud and vain. I am ever railing at the rich for doing things which, upon search into my heart, I find I am only angry at because I cannot do the same myself. I wear the hooped petticoat, and am all in calicoes when the finest are in silks. It is a dreadful thing to be poor and proud; therefore, if you please, a lecture on that subject for the satifaction of

'Your uneasy humble servant,

Z.[s] 'JEZEBEL.'

[s] The annotator cannot at present say with certainty who was the author of this paper, or of No. 286, and No. 316, which are marked with the same signature Z in the original edition of the Spect. in folio. This paper has no signature in the 8vo. of 1712, but in the 12mo. of that date, of all others perhaps the most correct edition, it is published as here with the signature Z. The annotator will hazard his conjectures concerning the author of this and two other papers distinguished by the mark of Z, at the close of No. 316.

No. 293. TUESDAY, February 5, 1711-12.

Πᾶσιν γὰρ εὐφρονοῦσι συμμαχεῖ τύχη.

Frag. Vet. Poet.

The prudent still have fortune on their side.

The famous Gracian,[t] in his little book wherein he lays down maxims for a man's advancing himself at court, advises his reader to associate himself with the fortunate, and to shun the company of the unfortunate; which, notwithstanding the baseness of the precept to an honest mind, may have something useful in it for those who push their interest in the world. It is certain, a great part of what we call good or ill fortune, rises out of right or wrong measures and schemes of life. When I hear a man complain of his being unfortunate in all his undertakings, I shrewdly suspect him for a very weak man in his affairs. In conformity with this way of thinking, cardinal Richelieu used to say, that unfortunate and imprudent were but two words for the same thing. As the cardinal himself had a great share both of prudence and good fortune, his famous anta-

[t] F. Balthazar Gracian, a jesuit, who died 1658, about the year 1637 began to publish six or seven little books in that branch of science which lord Bacon styles The Doctrine of Business, under the titles of El Heroe, Agudeza, El Politico, Fernando, El Discreto, El Criticon, and El Oraculo Manual y arte de Prudencia. They contain many curious observations, wise maxims, and useful precepts; but having often disjoined 'the wisdom of the serpent from the innocence of the dove,' and recommended, as in the instance here mentioned, dishonourable principles and immoral artifices for rising in life, he is really what the Italians call 'a sower of thorns,' and just such a moralist as his countryman Don Quixote was a hero. The Sieur Amelot de la Houssaie, in 1707, published a French translation of Gracian's El Oraculo Manual, &c., with comments, and extracts from his El Heroe and El Discreto, under the title of L'Homme de Cour, which is the little book here quoted.—See Spect. Nos. 379, and 409, and Guardian, No. 24.

gonist, the Count d'Olivares, was disgraced at the court of Madrid, because it was alleged against him that he had never any success in his undertakings. This, says an eminent author, was indirectly accusing him of imprudence.

Cicero recommended Pompey to the Romans for their general upon three accounts, as he was a man of courage, conduct, and good fortune. It was, perhaps, for the reason above-mentioned, namely, that a series of good fortune supposes a prudent management in the person whom it befals, that not only Sylla the dictator, but several of the Roman emperors, as is still to be seen upon their medals, among their other titles gave themseves that of Felix, or fortunate. The heathens indeed seem to have valued a man more for his good fortune than for any other quality, which I think is very natural for those who have not a strong belief of another world. For how can I conceive a man crowned with many distinguishing blessings that has not some extraordinary fund of merit and perfection in him, which lies open to the Supreme eye, though perhaps it is not discovered by my observation? What is the reason Homer's and Virgil's heroes do not form a resolution or strike a blow without the conduct and direction of some deity? Doubtless, because the poets esteemed it the greatest honour to be favoured by the gods, and thought the best way of praising a man was, to recount those favours which naturally implied an extraordinary merit in the person on whom they descended.

Those who believe a future state of rewards and punishments, act very absurdly if they form their opinions of a man's merit from his successes. But certainly, if I thought the whole circle of our being

was concluded between our births and deaths, I should think a man's good fortune the measure and standard of his real merit, since Providence would have no opportunity of rewarding his virtue and perfections but in the present life. A virtuous unbeliever, who lies under the pressure of misfortunes, has reason to cry out, as they say Brutus did a little before his death: 'O virtue, I have worshipped thee as a substantial good, but I find thou art an empty name.'

But to return to our first point. Though Prudence does undoubtedly in a great measure produce our good or ill fortune in the world, it is certain there are many unforeseen accidents and occurrences which very often pervert the finest schemes that can be laid by human wisdom. 'The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.' Nothing less than Infinite Wisdom can have an absolute command over fortune; the highest degree of it which man can possess, is by no means equal to fortuitous events, and to such contingencies as may rise in the prosecution of our affairs. Nay, it very often happens that prudence, which has always in it a great mixture of caution, hinders a man from being so fortunate as he might possibly have been without it. A person who only aims at what is likely to succeed, and follows closely the dictates of human prudence, never meets with those great and unforeseen successes, which are often the effect of a sanguine temper or a more happy rashness; and this perhaps may be the reason that, according to the common observation, Fortune, like other females, delights rather in favouring the young than the old.

Upon the whole, since man is so short-sighted a creature, and the accidents which may happen to

him so various, I cannot but be of Dr. Tillotson's opinion in another case, that were there any doubt of a Providence, yet it certainly would be very desirable there should be such a Being of infinite wisdom and goodness, on whose direction we might rely in the conduct of human life.

It is a great presumption to ascribe our successes to our own management, and not to esteem ourselves upon any blessing, rather as it is the bounty of heaven than the acquisition of our own prudence. I am very well pleased with a medal which was struck by Queen Elizabeth, a little after the defeat of the invincible armada, to perpetuate the memory of that extraordinary event. It is well known how the king of Spain, and others who were the enemies of that great princess, to derogate from her glory, ascribed the ruin of their fleet rather to the violence of storms and tempests than to the bravery of the English. Queen Elizabeth, instead of looking upon this as a diminution of her honour, valued herself upon such a signal favour of Providence, and accordingly you see[u] in the reverse of the medal above-mentioned, has represented a fleet beaten by a tempest, and falling foul upon one another, with that religious inscription, '*Afflavit Deus, et dissipantur;*' 'He blew with his wind, and they were scattered.'

It is remarked of a famous Grecian general, whose name I cannot at present recollect,[w] and who had been a particular favourite of Fortune, that, upon recounting his victories among his friends, he added at the end of several great actions, 'And in this Fortune had no share.' After which, it is observed

[u] Correction. Spect. in folio. No. 295.

[w] Timotheus the Athenian. See Shaw's edit. of Lord Bacon's Works, 4to. vol. i. p. 219.

in history that he never prospered in any thing he undertook.

As arrogance and a conceitedness of our own abilities are very shocking and offensive to men of sense and virtue, we may be sure they are highly displeasing to that Being who delights in an humble mind, and by several of his dispensations seems purposely to show us, that our own schemes, or prudence, have no share in our advancement.

Since on this subject I have already admitted several quotations, which have occurred to my memory upon writing this paper, I will conclude it with a little Persian fable.—A drop of water fell out of a cloud into the sea, and finding itself lost in such an immensity of fluid matter, broke out into the following reflection: 'Alas! What an[x] inconsiderable creature am I in this prodigious ocean of waters! My existence is of no concern to the universe; I am reduced to a kind of nothing, and am less than the least of the works of God.' It so happened that an oyster, which lay in the neighbourhood of this drop, chanced to gape and swallow it up in the midst of this his humble soliloquy. The drop, says the fable, lay a great while hardening in the shell, till by degrees it was ripened into a pearl, which falling into the hands of a diver, after a long series of adventures, is at present that famous pearl which is fixed on the top of the Persian diadem. L.[y]

[x] Altered from insignificant, according to a direction in Spect. in folio, No. 295.

[y] The T placed at the bottom of this No. 293, in many later copies, is certainly wrong, for it is marked with the signature L in the original publication in folio, in the 8vo. and 12mo. of 1712, and printed by Mr. Tickell in his edition of Addison's Works in 4to. Vol. iii. p. 373. The corrections above-mentioned concur likewise to prove that it was originally a paper written by Addison, and probably, as the signature L seems to imply, in his London house. See final notes to Nos. 334, and 221.

No. 294. WEDNESDAY, February 6, 1711-12.

Difficile est plurimùm virtutem revereri qui semper secundâ fortunâ sit usus.
Tull. ad Herennium

The man who is always fortunate, cannot easily have much reverence for virtue.

Insolence is the crime of all others which every man is most apt to rail at; and yet is there one respect in which almost all men living are guilty of it, and that is in the case of laying a greater value upon the gifts of fortune than we ought. It is here in England come into our very language as a propriety of distinction to say, when we would speak of persons to their advantage, 'They are people of condition.' There is no doubt but the proper use of riches implies, that a man should exert all the good qualities imaginable; and if we mean by a man of condition or quality, one who, according to the wealth he is master of, shows himself just, beneficent, and charitable, that term ought very deservedly to be had in the highest veneration: but when wealth is used only as it is the support of pomp and luxury, to be rich is very far from being a recommendation to honour and respect. It is indeed the greatest insolence imaginable, in a creature who would feel the extremes of thirst and hunger, if he did not prevent his appetites before they call upon him, to be so forgetful of the common necessities of human nature as never to cast an eye upon the poor and needy. The fellow who escaped from a ship which struck upon a rock in the west, and joined with the country people to destroy his brother sailors, and make her a wreck, was thought a most execrable creature: but does not every man who enjoys the possession of what he naturally wants, and is unmindful of the unsupplied distress of other

men, betray the same temper of mind? When a man looks about him, and, with regard to riches and poverty, beholds some drawn in pomp and equipage, and they and their very servants with an air of scorn and triumph overlooking the multitude that pass by them; and in the same street a creature of the same make crying out, in the name of all that is good and sacred, to behold his misery, and give him some supply against hunger and nakedness; who would believe these two beings were of the same species? But so it is, that the consideration of fortune has taken up all our minds, and, as I have often complained, poverty and riches stand in our imaginations in the places of guilt and innocence. But in all seasons there will be some instances of persons who have souls too large to be taken with popular prejudices, and while the rest of mankind are contending for superiority in power and wealth, have their thoughts bent upon the necessities of those below them. The charity schools which have been erected of late years are the greatest instances of public spirit the age has produced. But indeed, when we consider how long this sort of beneficence has been on foot, it is rather from the good management of these institutions, than from the number or value of the benefactions to them, that they make so great a figure. One would think it impossible that in the space of fourteen years there should not have been five thousand pounds bestowed in gifts this way, nor sixteen hundred children, including males and females, put out to methods of industry. It is not allowed me to speak of luxury and folly with the severe spirit they deserve; I shall only therefore say, I shall very readily compound with any lady in a hooped petticoat, if she gives the price of one half yard of the

silk, towards clothing, feeding, and instructing an innocent helpless creature of her own sex in one of these schools. The consciousness of such an action will give her features a nobler life on this illustrious day,[z] than all the jewels that can hang in her hair or can be clustered in her bosom. It would be uncourtly to speak in harsher words to the fair, but to men one may take a little more freedom. It is monstrous how a man can live with so little reflection, as to fancy he is not in a condition very unjust and disproportioned to the rest of mankind, while he enjoys wealth, and exerts no benevolence or bounty to others. As for this particular occasion of these schools, there cannot any offer more worthy a generous mind. Would you do an handsome thing without return; do it for an infant that is not sensible of the obligation. Would you do it for public good; do it for one who will be an honest artificer. Would you do it for the sake of heaven; give it to one who shall be instructed in the worship of Him for whose sake you give it. It is, methinks, a most laudable institution this, if it were of no other expectation than that of producing a race of good and useful servants who will have more than a liberal, a religious education. What would not a man do in common prudence to lay out in purchase of one about him, who would add to all his orders he gave, the weight of the commandments, to enforce an obedience to them? for one who would consider his master as his father, his friend and benefactor, upon easy terms, and in expectation of no other return but moderate wages and gentle usage? It is the common vice of

[z] The birth-day of her majesty Q. Anne, who was born Feb. 6, 1665 and died Aug. 1, 1714, aged 49.

children to run too much among the servants; from such as are educated in these places, they would see nothing but lowliness in the servant, which would not be disingenuous in the child. All the ill offices and defamatory whispers, which take their birth from domestics, would be prevented, if this charity could be made universal; and a good man might have a knowledge of the whole life of the persons he designs to take into his house for his own service, or that of his family or children, long before they were admitted. This would create endearing dependences: and the obligation would have a paternal air in the master, who would be relieved from much care and anxiety by the gratitude and diligence of an humble friend attending him as his servant. I fall into this discourse from a letter sent to me to give me notice that fifty boys would be clothed, and take their seats (at the charge of some generous benefactor) in St. Bride's church, on Sunday next. I wish I could promise to myself any thing which my correspondent seems to expect from a publication of it in this paper; for there can be nothing added to what so many excellent and learned men have said on this occasion. But that there may be something here which would move a generous mind, like that of him who writ to me, I shall transcribe an handsome paragraph of Dr. Snape's sermon on these charites, which my correspondent inclosed with his letter.

'The wise Providence has amply compensated the disadvantages of the poor and indigent, in wanting many of the conveniences of this life, by a more abundant provision for their happiness in the next. Had they been higher born, or more richly endowed, they would have wanted this manner of educa-

tion, of which those only enjoy the benefit who are low enough to submit to it; where they have such advantages without money and without price, as the rich cannot purchase with it. The learning which is given is generally more edifying to them than that which is sold to others. Thus do they become more exalted in goodness by being depressed in fortune, and their poverty is, in reality, their preferment.' T.[a]

No. 295. THURSDAY, February 7, 1711–12.

Prodiga non sentit pereuntem fœmina censum:
At, velut exhaustâ redivivus pullulet arcâ
Nummus, et è pleno semper tollatur acervo,
Non unquam reputat, quanti sibi gaudia constent.
Juv. Sat. vi. 362.

But womankind, that never knows a mean,
Down to the dregs their sinking fortunes drain:
Hourly they give, and spend, and waste, and wear,
And think no pleasure can be bought too dear.
Dryden.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I am turned of my great climacteric, and am naturally a man of a meek temper. About a dozen years ago I was married, for my sins, to a young woman of a good family and of an high spirit; but could not bring her to close with me before I had entered into a treaty with her longer than that of the grand alliance. Among other articles, it was therein stipulated that she should have 400*l.* a-year for pin-money, which I obliged myself to pay quarterly into the hands of one who acted as her plenipotentiary in that affair. I have ever since religiously observed my part in this solemn agreement. Now,

[a] By Steele, composed or communicated from the letter-box. See No. 271, paragraph 1.

Sir, so it is, that the lady has had several children since I married her; to which, if I should credit our malicious neighbours, her pin-money has not a little contributed. The education of these my children, who, contrary to my expectation, are born to me every year, straitens me so much that I have begged their mother to free me from the obligation of the above-mentioned pin-money, that it may go towards making a provision for her family. This proposal makes her noble blood swell in her veins, insomuch, that finding me a little tardy in her last quarter's payment, she threatens me every day to arrest me; and proceeds so far as to tell me, that if I do not do her justice, I shall die in a jail. To this she adds, when her passion will let her argue calmly, that she has several play-debts on her hand, which must be discharged very suddenly, and that she cannot lose her money as becomes a woman of her fashion if she makes me any abatements in this article. I hope, Sir, you will take an occasion from hence to give your opinion upon a subject which you have not yet touched, and inform us if there are any precedents for this usage among our ancestors; or whether you find any mention of pin-money in Grotius, Puffendorff, or any other of the civilians.

'I am ever the humblest of your admirers,

'JOSIAH FRIBBLE, Esq.'

As there is no man living who is a more professed advocate for the fair-sex than myself, so there is none that would be more unwilling to invade any of their ancient rights and privileges; but as the doctrine of pin-money is of a very late date, unknown to our great grandmothers, and not yet received by many of our modern ladies, I think it is

for the interest of both sexes to keep it from spreading.

Mr. Fribble may not perhaps be much mistaken where he intimates that the supplying a man's wife with pin-money, is furnishing her with arms against himself, and in a manner becoming accessary to his own dishonour. We may indeed generally observe, that in proportion as a woman is more or less beautiful, and her husband advanced in years, she stands in need of a greater or less number of pins, and, upon a treaty of marriage, rises or falls in her demands accordingly. It must likewise be owned, that high quality in a mistress does very much inflame this article in the marriage-reckoning.

But where the age and circumstances of both parties are pretty much upon a level, I cannot but think the insisting upon pin-money is very extraordinary; and yet we find several matches broken off upon this very head. What would a foreigner, or one who is a stranger to this practice, think of a lover that forsakes his mistress because he is not willing to keep her in pins! But what would he think of the mistress should he be informed that she asks five or six hundred pounds a-year for this use! Should a man, unacquainted with our customs, be told the sums which are allowed in Great Britain under the title of pin-money, what a prodigious consumption of pins would he think there was in this island? 'A pin a-day,' says our frugal proverb, 'is a groat a year;' so that, according to this calculation, my friend Fribble's wife must every year make use of eight millions six hundred and forty thousand new pins.

I am not ignorant that our British ladies allege they comprehend under this general term several

other conveniences of life; I could therefore wish, for the honour of my country-women, that they had rather called it needle-money, which might have implied something of good housewifery, and not have given the malicious world occasion to think that dress and trifles have always the uppermost place in a woman's thoughts.

I know several of my fair reasoners urge, in defence of this practice, that it is but a necessary provision they make for themselves in case their husband proves a churl or a miser; so that they consider this allowance as a kind of alimony which they may lay their claim to without actually separating from their husbands. But with submission, I think a woman who will give up herself to a man in marriage, where there is the least room for such an apprehension, and trust her person to one whom she will not rely on for the common necessaries of life, may very properly be accused (in the phrase of an homely proverb) of being 'penny wise and pound foolish.'

It is observed of over-cautious generals, that they never engage in a battle without securing a retreat in case the event should not answer their expectations; on the other hand, your greatest conquerors have burnt their ships, and broke down the bridges behind them, as being determined either to succeed or die in the engagement. In the same manner I should very much suspect a woman who takes such precautions for her retreat, and contrives methods how she may live happily, without the affection of one to whom she joins herself for life. Separate purses between man and wife are, in my opinion, as unnatural as separate beds. A marriage cannot be happy where the pleasures, inclinations, and interests of both parties are not the same. There

is no greater incitement to love in the mind of man than the sense of a person's depending upon him for her ease and happiness; as a woman uses all her endeavours to please the person whom she looks upon, as her honour, her comfort, and her support.

For this reason I am not very much surprised at the behaviour of a rough country squire, who, being not a little shocked at the proceeding of a young widow that would not recede from her demands of pin-money, was so enraged at her mercenary temper, that he told her in great wrath, 'As much as she thought him her slave, he would show all the world he did not care a pin for her.' Upon which he flew out of the room, and never saw her more.

Socrates, in Plato's Alcibiades, says, he was informed by one who had travelled through Persia, that as he had passed over a great tract of land, and inquired what the name of the place was, they told him it was the Queen's Girdle: to which he adds, that another wide field, which lay by it, was called the Queen's Veil; and that in the same manner there was a large portion of ground set aside for every part of her majesty's dress. These lands might not be improperly called the Queen of Persia's pin-money.

I remember my friend sir Roger, who, I dare say, never read this passage in Plato, told me some time since, that upon his courting the perverse widow, (of whom I have given an account in former papers,) he had disposed of an hundred acres in a diamond ring, which he would have presented her with had she thought fit to accept it: and that, upon her wedding day, she should have carried on her head fifty of the tallest oaks upon his estate. He farther informed me, that he would have given her

a coal-pit to keep her in clean linen, that he would have allowed her the profits of a windmill for her fans, and have presented her once in three years with the shearing of his sheep for her under-petticoats. To which the knight always adds, that though he did not care for fine clothes himself, there should not have been a woman in the country better dressed than my lady Coverley. Sir Roger, perhaps, may in this, as well as in many other of his devices, appear something odd and singular; but if the humour of pin-money prevails, I think it would be very proper for every gentleman of an estate to mark out so many acres of it under the title of 'The Pins.'

L.[b]

No. 296. FRIDAY, February 8, 1711-12.

Nugis addere pondus
Hor. 1 Ep. xix. 42.
Add weight to trifles.

'DEAR SPEC,

'Having lately conversed much with the fair sex on the subject of your speculations, (which since their appearance in public, have been the chief exercise of the female loquacious faculty,) I found the fair ones possessed with a dissatisfaction at your prefixing Greek mottos to the frontispieces of your late papers; and, as a man of gallantry, I thought it a duty incumbent on me to impart it to you in hopes of a reformation, which is only to be effected by a restoration of the Latin to the usual dignity in your papers, which of late, the Greek, to the great dis-

[b] By Addison, and dated, as the signature seems to imply, from his London house. See final note to No. 334, &c.

pleasure of your female readers, has usurped; for though the Latin has the recommendation of being as unintelligible to them as the Greek, yet being written of the same character with their mother tongue, by the assistance of a spelling-book it is legible; which quality the Greek wants: and since the introduction of operas into this nation, the ladies are so charmed with sounds abstracted from their ideas, that they adore and honour the sound of Latin as it is old Italian. I am a solicitor for the fair sex, and therefore think myself in that character more likely to be prevalent in this request than if I should subscribe myself by my proper name. J. M.

'I desire that you may insert this in one of your speculations, to show my zeal for removing the dissatisfaction of the fair-sex, and restoring you to their favour.'

'SIR,

'I WAS some time since in company with a young officer who entertained us with the conquest he had made over a female neighbour of his; when a gentleman who stood by, as I suppose, envying the captain's good fortune, asked him what reason he had to believe the lady admired him? "Why." says he, "my lodgings are opposite to hers, and she is continually at her window either at work, reading, taking snuff, or putting herself in some toying posture on purpose to draw my eyes that way." The confession of this vain soldier made me reflect on some of my own actions; for you must know, Sir, I am often at a window which fronts the apartments of several gentlemen, who I doubt not have the same opinion of me. I must own I love to look

at them all, one for being well dressed, a second for his fine eye, and one particular one, because he is the least man I ever saw; but there is something so easy and pleasant in the manner of my little man, that I observe he is a favourite of all his acquaintance. I could go on to tell you of many others that I believe think I have encouraged them from my window: but pray let me have your opinion of the use of the window in the apartment of a beautiful lady; and how often she may look out at the same man, without being supposed to have a mind to jump out to him.

Yours,

'AURELIA CARELESS.'

Twice.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE for some time made love to a lady who received it with all the kind returns I ought to expect: but without any provocation, that I know of, she has of late shunned me with the utmost abhorrence, insomuch that she went out of church last Sunday in the midst of divine service upon my coming into the same pew. Pray, Sir, what must I do in this business?

Your servant,

'EUPHUES.

Let her alone ten days.

'MR. SPECTATOR, York, Jan. 20, 1711-12.

'WE have in this town a sort of people who pretend to wit, and write lampoons: I have lately been the subject of one of them. The scribbler had not genius enough in verse to turn my age,

as indeed I am an old maid, into raillery, for affecting a youthier turn than is consistent with my time of day; and therefore he makes the title to his madrigal, the character of Mrs. Judith Lovebane, born in the year 1680. What I desire of you is, that you disallow that a coxcomb who pretends to write verse, should put the most malicious thing he can say in prose. This I humbly conceive will disable our country wits, who indeed take a great deal of pains to say any thing in rhyme, though they say it very ill.

'I am SIR, your humble servant,

'SUSANNA LOVEBANE.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'WE are several of us, gentlemen and ladies, who board in the same house, and after dinner one of our company (an agreeable man enough otherwise) stands up, and reads your paper to us all. We are the civilest people in the world to one another, and therefore I am forced to this way of desiring our reader, when he is doing this office, not to stand afore the fire. This will be a general good to our family this cold weather. He will, I know, take it to be our common request when he comes to these words, 'Pray, Sir, sit down;" which I desire you to insert, and you will particularly oblige

'Your daily reader,

'CHARITY FROST.'

'SIR,

'I AM a great lover of dancing, but cannot perform so well as some others; however, by my out-of-the-way capers, and some original grimaces, I don't fail to divert the company, particularly the ladies, who laugh immoderately all the time. Some

who pretend to be my friends tell me they do it in derision, and would advise me to leave it off, withal that I make myself ridiculous. I don't know what to do in this affair, but I am resolved not to give over upon any account until I have the opinion of the Spectator.

'Your humble servant,

'JOHN TROTT.'

'IF Mr. Trott is not awkward out of time, he has a right to dance let who will laugh; but if he has no ear he will interrupt others: and I am of opinion he should sit still.

'Given under my hand this fifth of February, 1711–12,[c] 'THE SPECTATOR.'

T.[d]

No. 297. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1711-12.

—velut si
Egregio inspersos reprendas corpore nævos.
HOR. 1 Sat. vi. 66.
As perfect beauties somewhere have a mode.
CREECH.

* *
*

AFTER what I have said in my last Saturday's paper, I shall enter on the subject of this without farther

[c] See Spect. No. 308, letter 4. No. 314, letter 2. No. 316, and No. 376, letter 2.

[d] By Steele, from the letter-box.—See Spect. No. 271, and final notes to No. 324, &c.

*** Continuation of the Critique on the Paradise Lost.
By Addison.

Part vi. On the defects and faults in the fable, sentiments, and diction of that poem.—See Nos. 267, 273, 279, 285, 291, 303, 309, 315, 321, 327, 333, 339, 345, 351, 357, 363, and 369.

preface, and remark the several defects which appear in the fable, the characters, the sentiments, and the language of Milton's Paradise Lost; not doubting but the reader will pardon me, if I allege at the same time whatever may be said for the extenuation of such defects. The first imperfection which I shall observe in the fable is, that the event of it is unhappy.

The fable of every poem is, according to Aristotle's division, either simple or implex. It is called simple when there is no change of fortune in it; implex, when the fortune of the chief actor changes from bad to good, or from good to bad. The implex fable is thought the most perfect; I suppose, because it is more proper to stir up the passions of the reader, and to surprise him with a greater variety of accidents.

The implex fable is therefore of two kinds: in the first the chief actor makes his way through a long series of dangers and difficulties, till he arrives at honour and prosperity, as we see in the stories of Ulysses and Æneas.[e] In the second, the chief actor in the poem falls from some eminent pitch of honour and prosperity, into misery and disgrace. Thus we see Adam and Eve sinking from a state of innocence and happiness, into the most abject condition of sin and sorrow.

The most taking tragedies among the ancients were built on this last sort of implex fable, particularly the tragedy of Œdipus, which proceeds upon a story, if we may believe Aristotle, the most proper for tragedy that could be invented by the wit of

[e] Corrected according to a direction of the author in No. 315.—Spect. in folio.

man. I have taken some pains in a former paper to show, that this kind of implex fable, wherein the event is unhappy, is more apt to affect an audience than that of the first kind: notwithstanding many excellent pieces among the ancients, as well as most of those which have been written of late years in our own country, are raised upon contrary plans. I must however own, that I think this kind of fable, which is the most perfect in tragedy, is not so proper for an heroic poem.

Milton seems to have been sensible of this imperfection in his fable, and has therefore endeavoured to cure it by several expedients; particularly by the mortification which the great adversary of mankind meets with upon his return to the assembly of infernal spirits, as it is described in a beautiful passage of the third book; and likewise by the vision wherein Adam, at the close of the poem, sees his offspring triumphing over his great enemy, and himself restored to a happier paradise than that from which he fell.

There is another objection against Milton's fable, which is indeed almost the same with the former, though placed in a different light; namely,—That the hero in the Paradise Lost is unsuccessful, and by no means a match for his enemies. This gave occasion to Mr. Dryden's reflection, that the devil was in reality Milton's hero. I think I have obviated this objection in my first paper. The Paradise Lost is an epic, or a narrative poem, and he that looks for an hero in it, searches for that which Milton never intended; but if he will needs fix the name of an hero upon any person in it, it is certainly the Messiah, who is the hero, both in the principal action and in the chief episodes. Paganism could not

furnish out a real action for a fable greater than that of the Iliad or Æneid, and therefore an heathen could not form an higher notion of a poem than one of that kind which they call an heroic. Whether Milton's is not of a sublimer nature I will not presume to determine: it is sufficient that I show there is in the Paradise Lost all the greatness of plan, regularity of design, and masterly beauties which we discover in Homer and Virgil.

I must in the next place observe, that Milton has interwoven in the texture of his fable, some particulars which do not seem to have probability enough for an epic poem, particularly in the actions which he ascribes to Sin and Death, and the picture which he draws of the 'Limbo of Vanity,' with other passages in the second book. Such allegories rather savour of the spirit of Spenser and Ariosto, than of Homer and Virgil.

In the structure of his poem he has likewise admitted of too many digressions. It is finely observed by Aristotle, that the author of an heroic poem should seldom speak himself, but throw as much of his work as he can into the mouths of those who are his principal actors. Aristotle has given no reason for this precept: but I presume it is because the mind of the reader is more awed, and elevated, when he hears Æneas or Achilles speak, than when Virgil or Homer talk in their own persons. Besides that assuming the character of an eminent man is apt to fire the imagination, and raise the ideas of an author. Tully tells us, mentioning his dialogue of old age, in which Cato is the chief speaker, that upon a review of it he was agreeably imposed upon, and fancied that it was Cato and not he himself, who uttered his thoughts on that subject.

If the reader would be at the pains to see how the story of the Iliad and the Æneid is delivered by those persons who act in it, he will be surprised to find how little in either of these poems proceeds from the authors. Milton has, in the general disposition of his fable, very finely observed this great rule; insomuch that there is scarce a tenth[f] part of it which comes from the poet; the rest is spoken either by Adam and Eve, or by some good or evil spirit who is engaged either in their destruction or defence.

From what has been here observed it appears, that digressions are by no means to be allowed of in an epic poem. If the poet, even in the ordinary course of his narration, should speak as little as possible, he should certainly never let his narration sleep for the sake of any reflections of his own. I have often observed with a secret admiration, that the longest reflection in the Æneid, is in that passage of the tenth book, where Turnus is represented as dressing himself in the spoils of Pallas, whom he had slain. Virgil here lets his fable stand still, for the sake of the following remark. 'How is the mind of man ignorant of futurity, and unable to bear prosperous fortune with moderation! The time will come when Turnus shall wish that he had left the body of Pallas untouched, and curse the day on which he dressed himself in these spoils.' As the great event of the Æneid, and the death of Turnus, whom Æneas slew because he saw him adorned with the spoils of Pallas, turns upon this incident, Virgil went out of his way to make this reflection upon it, without which

[f] Spect. in folio; but a tenth is altered into third in the first 8vo. edition of 1712.

so small a circumstance might possibly have slipt out of his reader's memory. Lucan, who was an injudicious poet, lets drop his story very frequently for the sake of his unnecessary digressions, or his *diverticula*, as Scaliger calls them. If he gives us an account of the prodigies which preceded the civil war, he declaims upon the occasion, and shows how much happier it would be for man, if he did not feel his evil fortune before it comes to pass; and suffer not only by its real weight, but by the apprehension of it. Milton's complaint of his blindness, his panegyric on marriage, his reflections on Adam and Eve's going naked, of the angels eating, and several other passages in his poem, are liable to the same exception, though I must confess there is so great a beauty in these very digressions, that I would not wish them out of his poem.

I have in a former paper spoken of the characters of Milton's Paradise Lost, and declared my opinion as to the allegorical persons who are introduced in it.[g]

If we look into the sentiments, I think they are sometimes defective under the following heads: first, as there are several of them too much pointed, and some that degenerate even into puns. Of this last kind I am afraid is that in the first book, where, speaking of the pygmies, he calls them,

> —'The small infantry
> Warr'd on by cranes'—

Another blemish that appears in some of his thoughts, is his frequent allusion to heathen fables, which are not certainly of a piece with the divine subject of which he treats. I do not find fault with

[g] See No. 273.

these allusions, where the poet himself represents them as fabulous, as he does in some places, but where he mentions them as truths and matters of fact. The limits of my paper will not give me leave to be particular in instances of this kind; the reader will easily remark them in his perusal of the poem.

A third fault in his sentiments, is an unnecessary ostentation of learning, which likewise occurs very frequently. It is certain that both Homer and Virgil were masters of all the learning of their times, but it shows itself in their works after an indirect and concealed manner. Milton seems ambitious of letting us know, by his excursions on free-will and predestination, and his many glances upon history, astronomy, geography, and the like, as well as by the terms and phrases he sometimes makes use of, that he was acquainted with the whole circle of arts and sciences.

If in the last place we consider the language of this great poet, we must allow what I have hinted in a former paper, that it is often too much laboured, and sometimes obscured by old words, transpositions, and foreign idioms. Seneca's objection to the style of a great author, *Riget ejus oratio, nihil in eâ placidum, nihil lene*,' is what many critics make to Milton. As I cannot wholly refute it, so I have already apologized for it in another paper: to which I may farther add, that Milton's sentiments and ideas were so wonderfully sublime, that it would have been impossible for him to have represented them in their full strength and beauty, without having recourse to these foreign assistances. Our language sunk under him, and was unequal to that greatness of soul which furnished him with such glorious conceptions.

A second fault in his language is, that he often

affects a kind of jingle in his words, as in the following passages and many others:

'And brought into the world a world of woe.
———Begirt th' Almighty throne
Beseeching or besieging———
This tempted our attempt———
At one slight bound high overleaps all bound.'

I know there are figures for this kind of speech; that some of the greatest ancients have been guilty of it, and that Aristotle himself has given it a place in his rhetoric among the beauties of that art. But as it is in itself poor and trifling, it is, I think, at present universally exploded by all the masters of polite writing.

The last fault which I shall take notice of in Milton's style, is the frequent use of what the learned call technical words, or terms of art. It is one of the great beauties of poetry to make hard things intelligible, and to deliver what is abstruse of itself in such easy language as may be understood by ordinary readers; besides that the knowledge of a poet should rather seem born with him, or inspired, than drawn from books and systems. I have often wondered how Mr. Dryden could translate a passage out of Virgil after the following manner:

'Tack to the larboard and stand off to sea,
Veer starboard sea and land.—'

Milton makes use of larboard in the same manner. When he is upon building, he mentions doric pillars, pilasters, cornice, frieze, architrave. When he talks of heavenly bodies, you meet with 'ecliptic and eccentric, the trepidation, stars dropping from the zenith, rays culminating from the equator:' to

which might be added many instances of the like kind in several other arts and sciences.

I shall in my next papers give an account of the many particular beauties in Milton, which would have been too long to insert under those general heads I have already treated of, and with which I intend to conclude this piece of criticism. L.[h]

No. 298. MONDAY, January 11, 1711-12.

Nusquam tuta fides—

Virg. Æn. iv. 373.

Honour is nowhere safe.

'MR. SPECTATOR, Lond. Feb. 1711-12

'I am a virgin, and in no case despicable, but yet such as I am I must remain, or else become, it is to be feared, less happy; for I find not the least good effect from the just correction you some time since gave that too free, that looser part of our sex which spoils the men; the same connivance at the vices, the same easy admittance of addresses, the same vitiated relish of the conversation of the greatest rakes (or in a more fashionable way of expressing one's self, of such as have seen the world most), still abounds, increases, multiplies.

'The humble petition therefore of many of the most strictly virtuous, and of myself, is, that you will once more exert your authority, and that, ac-

[h] By Addison, dated, it seems, from his house in London; for the signature I in the Spect. in folio is most probably a typographical error, and placed by mistake for L, which is put to it in the first editions of 1712, in 8vo. and in 12mo. Nevertheless the signature I appears to have been used by him when he dated from Islington. See No. 334, note.

cording to your late promise, your full, your impartial authority on this sillier branch of our kind; for why should they be the uncontrollable mistresses of our fate? Why should they with impunity indulge the males in licentiousness whilst single, and we have the dismal hazard and plague of reforming them when married? Strike home, Sir, then, and spare not, or all our maiden hopes, our gilded hopes of nuptial felicity are frustrated, are vanished, and you yourself, as well as Mr. Courtly,[i] will, by smoothing over immodest practices with the gloss of soft and harmless names, for ever forfeit our esteem. Nor think that I am herein more severe than need be: if I have not reason more than enough, do you and the world judge from this ensuing account, which, I think, will prove the evil to be universal.

'You must know then, that since your reprehension of this female degeneracy came out, I have had a tender of respects from no less than five persons, of tolerable figure too as times go; but the misfortune is, that four of the five are professed followers of the mode. They would face me down, that all women of good sense ever were, and ever will be, latitudinarians in wedlock: and always did, and will give and take, what they profanely term conjugal liberty of conscience.

'The two first of them, a captain and a merchant, to strengthen their argument, pretend to repeat after a couple of ladies of quality and wit, that Venus was always kind to Mars: and what soul that has the least spark of generosity can deny a man of bravery any thing? And how pitiful a trader that, whom no woman but his own wife will have correspondence

[i] See No. 286 let. I.

and dealings with? Thus these: whilst the third, the country squire, confessed, that indeed he was surprised into good-breeding, and entered into the knowledge of the world unawares; that dining the other day at a gentleman's house, the person who entertained was obliged to leave him with his wife and nieces; where they spoke with so much contempt of an absent gentleman for being so slow at a hint, that he had resolved never to be drowsy, unmannerly, or stupid, for the future at a friend's house; and on an hunting morning, not to pursue the game either with the husband abroad, or with the wife at home.

'The next that came was a tradesman, no less full of the age than the former; for he had the gallantry to tell me, that at a late junket which he was invited to, the motion being made, and the question being put, it was by maid, wife, and widow resolved *nemine contradicente*, that a young sprightly journeyman is absolutely necessary in their way of business: to which they had the assent and concurrence of the husbands present. I dropt him a courtesy, and gave him to understand that was his audience of leave.

'I am reckoned pretty, and have had very many advances besides these: but have been very averse to hear any of them, from my observation on those above-mentioned, till I hoped some good from the character of my present admirer, a clergyman. But I find even among them there are indirect practices in relation to love, and our treaty is at present a little in suspense, until some circumstances are cleared. There is a charge against him among the women, and the case is this: It is alleged, that a certain en-

dowed female would have appropriated herself to, and consolidated herself with a church which my divine now enjoys (or, which is the same thing, did prostitute herself to her friend's doing this for her): that my ecclesiastic, to obtain the one, did engage himself to take off the other that lay on hand; but that on his success in the spiritual, he again renounced the carnal.

'I put this closely to him, and taxed him with disingenuity. He to clear himself made the subsequent defence, and that in the most solemn manner possible:—That he was applied to, and instigated to accept of a benefice:—that a conditional offer thereof was indeed made him at first, but with disdain by him rejected:—that when nothing (as they easily perceived) of this nature could bring him to their purpose, assurance of his being entirely unengaged beforehand, and safe from all their after-expectations, (the only stratagem left to draw him in,) was given him:—that pursuant to this the donation itself was without delay, before several reputable witnesses, tendered to him gratis, with the open profession of not the least reserve, or most minute condition; but that yet, immediately after induction, his insidious introducer (or her crafty procurer, which you will) industriously spread the report which had reached my ears, not only in the neighbourhood of that said church, but in London, in the university, in mine and his own country, and wherever else it might probably obviate his application to any other woman, and so confine him to this alone: and in a word,—that as he never did make any previous offer of his service, or the least step to her affection; so on his discovery of these designs thus laid to trick him, he

could not but afterwards, in justice to himself, vindicate both his innocence and freedom, by keeping his proper distance.

'This is his apology, and I think I shall be satisfied with it. But I cannot conclude my tedious epistle without recommending to you not only to resume your former chastisement, but to add to your criminals the simoniacal ladies, who seduce the sacred order into the difficulty of either breaking a mercenary troth made to them, whom they ought not to deceive, or by breaking or keeping it offending against Him whom they cannot deceive. Your assistance and labours of this sort would be of great benefit, and your speedy thoughts on this subject would be very seasonable to,

'Sir, your most obedient servant,

T.[k] CHASTITY LOVEWORTH.

No. 299. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1711–12.

Malo Venusinam, quàm te, Cornelia, mater
Gracchorum, si cum magnis virtutibus affers
Grande supercilium, et numeras in dote triumphos.
Tolle tuum, precor, Hannibalem, victumque Syphacem
In castris, et cum tota Carthagine migra.
JUV. Sat. vi. 167.

Some country girl, scarce to a curtsey bred,
Wou'd I much rather than Cornelia wed;
If supercilious, haughty, proud, and vain,
She brought her father's triumphs in her train.
Away with all your Carthaginian state;
Let vanquish'd Hannibal without doors wait,
Too burly and too big to pass my narrow gate.
DRYDEN.

IT is observed, that a man improves more by reading the story of a person eminent for prudence and vir-

[k] By Steele, probably transcribed, as the signature seems to signify; though it was sometimes, perhaps, the distinguishing mark of Mr. T. Tickell. See notes to Nos. 324, 410, &c.

tue, than by the finest rules and precepts of morality. In the same manner a representation of those calamities and misfortunes which a weak man suffers from wrong measures and ill-concerted schemes of life, is apt to make a deeper impression upon our minds than the wisest maxims and instructions that can be given us for avoiding the like follies and indiscretions in our own private conduct. It is for this reason that I lay before my reader the following letter, and leave it with him to make his own use of it, without adding any reflections of my own upon the subject matter.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'HAVING carefully perused a letter sent you by Josiah Fribble, esq., with your subsequent discourse upon pin-money,[1] I do presume to trouble you with an account of my own case, which I look upon to be no less deplorable than that of squire Fribble. I am a person of no extraction, having begun the world with a small parcel of rusty iron, and was for some years commonly known by the name of Jack Anvil.[m] I have naturally a very happy genius for getting money, insomuch that by the age of five and twenty I had scraped together four thousand two hundred pounds five shillings and a few odd pence. I then launched out into considerable business, and became a bold trader both by

[1] See No. 295.

[m] It has been said by some, that the author of this letter, alluded here to —— Gore, of Tring, and lady Mary Compton; but others with more probability have assured the annotator, that the letter referred to sir Ambrose Crowley and his lady. See Tat. ed. 1786, cr. 8vo. vol. v. additional notes, p. 405 and 406.—N. B. This ironmonger changed his name from Crowley to Crawley, a folly which seems to be ridiculed here by the change of Anvil into Envil, absurdly made by his lady.

sea and land, which in a few years raised me a very great[n] fortune. For these my good services I was knighted in the thirty-fifth year of my age, and lived with great dignity among my city neighbours by the name of sir John Anvil. Being in my temper very ambitious, I was now bent upon making a family, and accordingly resolved that my descendants should have a dash of good blood in their veins. In order to this I made love to the lady Mary Oddly, an indigent young woman of quality. To cut short the marriage-treaty, I threw her a *charte blanche*, as our newspapers call it, desiring her to write upon it her own terms. She was very concise in her demands, insisting only that the disposal of my fortune and the regulation of my family should be entirely in her hands. Her father and brothers appeared extremely averse to this match, and would not see me for some time; but at present are so well reconciled that they dine with me almost every day, and have borrowed considerable sums of me; which my lady Mary very often twits me with, when she would show me how kind her relations are to me. She had no portion, as I told you before; but what she wanted in fortune she makes up in spirit. She at first changed my name to sir John Envil, and at present writes herself Mary Enville. I have had some children by her whom she has christened with the surnames of her family, in order, as she tells me to wear out the homeliness of their parentage by the father's side. Our eldest son is the honourable Oddly Enville, esq. and our eldest daughter Harriet Enville. Upon her first coming into my family, she

[n] Corrected by direction in the original edition in folio, No. 301, to read great for considerable.

turned off a parcel of very careful servants, who had been long with me, and introduced in their stead a couple of black-a-moors, and three or four very genteel fellows in laced liveries, besides her French woman, who is perpetually making a noise in the house in a language which nobody understands except my lady Mary. She next set herself to reform every room of my house, having glazed all my chimney-pieces with looking-glass, and planted every corner with such heaps of china, that I am obliged to move about my own house with the greatest caution and circumspection, for fear of hurting some of our brittle furniture. She makes an illumination once a-week with wax candles in one of the largest rooms, in order, as she phrases it, to see company; at which time she always desires me to be abroad, or to confine myself to the cock-loft, that I may not disgrace her among her visitants of quality. Her footmen, as I told you before, are such beaus that I do not much care for asking them questions; when I do, they answer me with a saucy frown, and say every thing which I find fault with was done by my lady Mary's order. She tells me that she intends they shall wear swords with their next liveries, having lately observed the footmen of two or three persons of quality hanging behind the coach with swords by their sides. As soon as the first honeymoon was over, I represented to her, the unreasonableness of those daily innovations which she made in my family; but she told me I was no longer to consider myself as sir John Anvil, but as her husband; and added, with a frown, that I did not seem to know who she was. I was surprized to be treated thus, after such familiarities as had passed between us. But she has since given me to know, that whatever free-

doms she may sometimes indulge me in, she expects in general to be treated with the respect that is due to her birth and quality. Our children have been trained up from their infancy with so many accounts of their mother's family, that they know the stories of all the great men and women it has produced. Their mother tells them that such an one commanded in such a sea engagement: that their great-grandfather had a horse shot under him at Edge-hill; that their uncle was at the siege of Buda; and that her mother danced in a ball at court with the duke of Monmouth; with abundance of fiddle-faddle of the same nature. I was the other day a little out of countenance at a question of my little daughter Harriet, who asked me with a great deal of innocence why I never told them of the generals and admirals that had been in my family. As for my eldest son Oddly, he has been so spirited up by his mother, that if he does not mend his manners I shall go near to disinherit him. He drew his sword upon me before he was nine years old, and told me that he expected to be used like a gentleman: upon my offering to correct him for his insolence, my lady Mary stept in between us, and told me that I ought to consider there was some difference between his mother and mine. She is perpetually finding out the features of her own relations in every one of my children, though, by the way, I have a little chub-faced boy as like me as he can stare, if I durst say so: but what most angers me, when she sees me playing with any of them upon my knee, she has begged me more than once to converse with the children as little as possible, that they may not learn any of my awkward tricks.

'You must farther know, since I am opening my

heart to you, that she thinks herself my superior in sense as much as she is in quality, and therefore treats me like a plain well-meaning man who does not know the world. She dictates to me in my own business, sets me right in point of trade, and, if I disagree with her about any of my ships at sea, wonders that I will dispute with her, when I know very well that her great-grandfather was a flag officer.

'To complete my sufferings, she has teazed me for this quarter of a year last past, to remove into one of the squares at the other end of the town, promising for my encouragement that I shall have as good a cock-loft as any gentleman in the square; to which the honourable Oddly Enville, esq. always adds, like a jack-a-napes as he is, that he hopes it will be as near the court as possible.

'In short, Mr. Spectator, I am so much out of my natural element, that to recover my old way of life, I would be content to begin the world again, and be plain Jack Anvil: but alas! I am in for life, and am bound to subscribe myself, with great sorrow of heart,

'Your humble servant,

L.° 'John Enville, knt.'

° By Addison, dated, it seems, from his house in London. See No. 308 and final notes to Nos. 5, 334, and 221, on Addison's signatures C, L, I, O

No. 300. WEDNESDAY, February 13, 1711-12.

—Diversum vitio vitium propè majus.
Hor. 1 Ep. xviii. 5.

—Another failing of the mind,
Greater than this, of a quite different kind.
Pooly.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'When you talk of the subject of love, and the relations arising from it, methinks you should take care to leave no fault unobserved which concerns the state of marriage. The great vexation that I have observed in it is, that the wedded couple seem to want opportunities of being often enough alone together, and are forced to quarrel and be fond before company. Mr. Hotspur and his lady in a room full of their friends are ever saying something so smart to each other, and that but just within rules, that the whole company stand in the utmost anxiety and suspense for fear of their falling into extremities which they could not be present at. On the other side, Tom Faddle and his pretty spouse, wherever they come, are billing at such a rate as they think must do our hearts good who behold them. Cannot you possibly propose a mean between being wasps and doves in public? I should think if you advised to hate or love sincerely, it would be better: for if they would be so discreet as to hate from the very bottoms of their hearts, their aversion would be too strong for little gibes every moment: and if they loved with that calm and noble value which dwells in the heart, with a warmth like that of life-blood, they would not be so impatient of their passion as to fall into observable fondness. This method, in each case, would save appearances; but as those who

offend on the fond side are by much the fewer, I would have you begin with them, and go on to take notice of a most impertinent licence married women take, not only to be very loving to their spouses in public, but also make nauseous allusions to private familiarities, and the like. Lucina is a lady of the greatest discretion, you must know, in the world; and withal very much a physician. Upon the strength of these two qualities there is nothing she will not speak of before us virgins; and she every day talks with a very grave air in such a manner as is very improper, so much as to be hinted at, but to obviate the greatest extremity. Those whom they call good bodies, notable people, hearty neighbours, and the purest goodest company in the world, are the greatest offenders in this kind. Here I think I have laid before you an open field of pleasantry; and hope you will show these people that at least they are not witty: in which you will save from many a blush a daily sufferer, who is very much

Your most humble servant,

'SUSANNA LOVEWORTH.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'IN yours of Wednesday, the 30th past,[p] you and your correspondent are very severe on a sort of men whom you call male coquets; but without any other reason, in my apprehension, than that of paying a shallow compliment to the fair sex, by accusing some men of imaginary faults, that the women may not seem to be the more faulty sex; though at the same time you suppose there are some so weak as to be imposed upon by fine things and

[p] See No. 288.

false addresses. I can't persuade myself that your design is to debar the sexes the benefit of each other's conversation within the rules of honour; nor will you, I dare say, recommend to them, or encourage the common tea-table talk, much less that of politics and matter of state: and if these are forbidden subjects of discourse, then as long as there are any women in the world who take a pleasure in hearing themselves praised, and can bear the sight of a man prostrate at their feet, so long I shall make no wonder that there are those of the other sex who will pay them those impertinent humiliations. We should have few people such fools as to practise flattery, if all were so wise as to despise it. I don't deny but you would do a meritorious act, if you could prevent all impositions on the simplicity of young women; but I must confess I don't apprehend you have laid the fault on the proper person; and if I trouble you with my thoughts upon it, I promise myself your pardon. Such of the sex as are raw and innocent, and most exposed to these attacks, have, or their parents are much to blame if they have not, one to advise and guard them, and are obliged themselves to take care of them; but if these who ought to hinder men from all opportunities of this sort of conversation, instead of that encourage and promote it, the suspicion is very just that there are some private reasons for it; and I will leave it to you to determine on which side a part is then acted. Some women there are who are arrived at years of discretion, I mean are got out of the hands of their parents and governors, and are set up for themselves, who yet are liable to these attempts; but if these are prevailed upon, you must excuse me if I lay the fault upon them, that their wisdom is not grown with their

years. My client, Mr. Strephon, whom you summoned to declare himself, gives you thanks however for your warning, and begs the favour only to enlarge his time for a week, or to the last day of the term, and then he will appear gratis, and pray no day over. Yours,

'PHILANTHROPOS.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I WAS last night to visit a lady whom I much esteem, and always took for my friend; but met with so very different a reception from what I expected, that I cannot help applying myself to you on this occasion. In the room of that civility and familiarity I used to be treated with by her, an affected strangeness in her looks and coldness in her behaviour plainly told me I was not the welcome guest which the regard and tenderness she has often expressed for me gave me reason to flatter myself to think I was. Sir, this is certainly a great fault, and I assure you a very common one; therefore I hope you will think it a fit subject for some part of a Spectator. Be pleased to acquaint us how we must behave ourselves towards this valetudinary friendship, subject to so many heats and colds, and you will oblige,

'SIR, Your humble servant,

'MIRANDA.'

'SIR,

'I CANNOT forbear acknowledging the delight your late Spectators on Saturdays have given me; for they are writ in the honest spirit of criticism, and called to my mind the following four lines I had read long since in a prologue to a play called

Julius Cæsar,[q] which has deserved a better fate. The verses are addressed to the little critics:

"Show your small talent, and let that suffice ye
But grow not vain upon it, I advise ye.
For every fop can find out faults in plays;
You'll ne'er arrive at knowing when to praise."

T.[r] 'Yours, D. G.'

No. 301. THURSDAY, February 14, 1711-12.

Possint ut juvenes visere fervidi
Multo non sine risu,
Dilapsam in cineres facem.
Hor. 4 Od. xiii. 26.

That all may laugh to see that glaring light,
Which lately shone so fierce and bright,
End in a stink at last, and vanish into night.
Anon.

We are generally so much pleased with any little accomplishments, either of body or mind, which have once made us remarkable in the world, that we endeavour to persuade ourselves it is not in the power of time to rob us of them. We are eternally pursuing the same methods which first procured us the applauses of mankind. It is from this notion that an author writes on, though he is come to dotage;

[q] A tragedy by William Alexander, earl of Stirling, fol. 1629, and much the most regular dramatic piece of this noble author. His style is sententious, but not pure or correct, for which however his lordship pleads his country. He has ran into the same fault which Shakspeare committed before him, viz. the not closing the piece with the most natural and affecting catastrophe, the death of Cæsar.

[r] By Steele transcribed, or composed from the letter-box.—See Spect. Nos. 271, and 324, note on Steele's signatures R and T, which last appears to have been sometimes the distinguishing mark used by Mr. Thomas Tickell.—See No. 410, &c. notes.

without ever considering that his memory is impaired, and that he hath lost that life and those spirits which formerly raised his fancy and fired his imagination. The same folly hinders a man from submitting his behaviour to his age, and makes Clodius, who was a celebrated dancer at five-and-twenty, still love to hobble in a minuet, though he is past three score. It is this, in a word, which fills the town with elderly fops and superannuated coquettes.

Canidia, a lady of this latter species, passed by me yesterday in her coach. Canidia was an haughty beauty of the last age, and was followed by crowds of adorers, whose passions only pleased her as they gave her opportunities of playing the tyrant. She then contracted that awful cast of the eye and forbidding frown which she has not yet laid aside, and has still all the insolence of beauty without its charms. If she now attracts the eyes of any beholders, it is only by being remarkably ridiculous; even her own sex laugh at her affectation; and the men, who always enjoy an ill-natured pleasure in seeing an imperious beauty humbled and neglected, regard her with the same satisfaction that a free nation sees a tyrant in disgrace.

Will Honeycomb, who is a great admirer of the gallantries in king Charles the Second's reign, lately communicated to me a letter written by a wit of that age to his mistress, who it seems was a lady of Canidia's humour; and though I do not always approve of my friend Will's taste, I liked this letter so well, that I took a copy of it, with which I shall here present my reader:

TO CLOE.

'MADAM,

'SINCE my waking thoughts have never been able to influence you in my favour, I am resolved to try whether my dreams can make any impression on you. To this end I shall give you an account of a very odd one which my fancy presented to me last night, within a few hours after I left you.

'Methought I was unaccountably conveyed into the most delicious place mine eyes ever beheld: it was a large valley divided by a river of the purest water I have ever seen. The ground on each side of it rose by an easy ascent, and was covered with flowers of an infinite variety, which, as they were reflected in the water, doubled the beauties of the place, or rather formed an imaginary scene more beautiful than the real. On each side of the river was a range of lofty trees, whose boughs were loaden with almost as many birds as leaves. Every tree was full of harmony.

'I had not gone far in this pleasant valley, when I perceived that it was terminated by a most magnificent temple. The structure was ancient and regular. On the top of it was figured the god Saturn, in the same shape and dress that the poets usually represent Time.

'As I was advancing to satisfy my curiosity by a nearer view, I was stopped by an object far more beautiful than any I had before discovered in the whole place. I fancy, Madam, you will easily guess that this could hardly be any thing but yourself: in reality it was so; you lay extended on the flowers by the side of the river, so that your hands, which

were thrown in a negligent posture, almost touched the water. Your eyes were closed; but if your sleep deprived me of the satisfaction of seeing them, it left me at leisure to contemplate several other charms, which disappear when your eyes are open. I could not but admire the tranquillity you slept in, especially when I considered the uneasiness you produce in so many others.

'While I was wholly taken up in these reflections, the doors of the temple flew open with a very great noise; and lifting up my eyes, I saw two figures, in human shape, coming into the valley. Upon a nearer survey, I found them to be Youth and Love. The first was encircled with a kind of purple light, that spread a glory over all the place; the other held a flaming torch in his hand. I could observe, that, all the way as they came towards us, the colours of the flowers appeared more lively, the trees shot out in blossoms, the birds threw themselves into pairs, and serenaded them as they passed: the whole face of nature glowed with new beauties. They were no sooner arrived at the place where you lay, when they seated themselves on each side of you. On their approach methought I saw a new bloom arise in your face, and new charms diffuse themselves over your whole person. You appeared more than mortal; but, to my great surprise, continued fast asleep, though the two deities made several gentle efforts to awaken you.

'After a short time, Youth (displaying a pair of wings, which I had not before taken notice of) flew off. Love still remained, and holding the torch which he had in his hand before your face, you still appeared as beautiful as ever. The glaring of the light in your eyes at length awakened you; when,

to my great surprise, instead of acknowledging the favour of the deity, you frowned upon him, and struck the torch out of his hand into the river. The god, after having regarded you with a look that spoke at once his pity and displeasure, flew away. Immediately a kind of gloom overspread the whole place. At the same time I saw an hideous spectre enter at one end of the valley. His eyes were sunk into his head, his face was pale and withered, and his skin puckered up in wrinkles. As he walked on the sides of the bank the river froze, the flowers faded, the trees shed their blossoms, the birds dropped from off the boughs, and fell dead at his feet. By these marks I knew him to be Old-Age. You were seized with the utmost horror and amazement at his approach. You endeavoured to have fled, but the phantom caught you in his arms. You may easily guess at the change you suffered in this embrace. For my own part, though I am still too full of the dreadful idea, I will not shock you with a description of it. I was so startled at the sight, that my sleep immediately left me, and I found myself awake, at leisure to consider of a dream which seems too extraordinary to be without a meaning. I am, MADAM, with the greatest passion,

'Your most obedient,

'most humble servant, &c.'

X.[a]

[a] By Mr. Eustace Budgell. See Spect. No. 555.

No. 302. FRIDAY, February 15, 1711-12.

—Lachrymæque decoræ
Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus.
VIRG. Æn. v. 343.
Becoming sorrows, and a virtuous mind
More lovely, in a beautcous form inshrin'd.

I READ what I give for the entertainment of this day with a great deal of pleasure, and publish it just as it came to my hands. I shall be very glad to find there are many guessed at for Emilia.[t]

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'IF this paper has the good fortune to be honoured with a place in your writings, I shall be the more pleased, because the character of Emilia is not an imaginary but a real one. I have industriously obscured the whole by the addition of one or two circumstances of no consequence, that the person it is drawn from might still be concealed; and that the writer of it might not be in the least sus-

[t] This paper, No. 302, has been claimed by Mr. Duncombe, for Mr. John Hughes. See Letters of John Hughes, esq. and several other eminent persons deceased, Vol. iii. p. 8, note. It has been said, that the real lady whose character is drawn here under the name of Emilia, was Ann, countess of Coventry, commonly called Lady Ann Coventry.

Mr. Duncombe, sen. for from him the information above-mentioned is derived, was certainly wrong in his supposition that Mr. John Hughes was the writer of this character of Emilia. The real writer was Dr. Brome, the clergyman of the parish in which the lady lived who is celebrated here under the name of Emilia. She was the mother of Mrs. Ascham, of Connington in Cambridgeshire, and grandmother of the present lady Hatton. This very amiable lady was a great benefactress to Mrs. Ockley, the daughter of Dr. Simon Ockley, who was left at the death of her father, not in very easy circumstances. Mrs. Ockley, on whose unsuspicious testimony this information rests, affirms from her own personal knowledge of the real lady, that the character is faithfully delineated. An internal circumstance in the paper itself, the repeated mention of the name of Bromius, seems to corroborate the testimony of Mrs. Ockley, and to vouch for the propriety of the assignment of this paper to Dr. Brome.

pected, and for some other reasons, I choose not to give it in the form of a letter; but if, besides the faults of the composition, there be any thing in it more proper for a correspondent than the Spectator himself to write, I submit it to your better judgment, to receive any other model you think fit.

'I am, SIR,

'Your very humble servant.'

THERE is nothing which gives one so pleasing a prospect of human nature, as the contemplation of wisdom and beauty: the latter is the peculiar portion of that sex which is therefore called fair; but the happy concurrence of both these excellences in the same person, is a character too celestial to be frequently met with. Beauty is an overweening self-sufficient thing, careless of providing itself any more substantial ornaments; nay so little does it consult its own interests, that it too often defeats itself, by betraying that innocence which renders it lovely and desirable. As therefore virtue makes a beautiful woman appear more beautiful, so beauty makes a virtuous woman really more virtuous. Whilst I am considering these two perfections gloriously united in one person, I cannot help representing to my mind the image of Emilia.

Who ever beheld the charming Emilia without feeling in his breast at once the glow of love and the tenderness of virtuous friendship? The unstudied graces of her behaviour, and the pleasing accents of her tongue, insensibly draw you on to wish for a nearer enjoyment of them; but even her smiles carry in them a silent reproof to the impulses of licentious love. Thus, though the attractives of her beauty play almost irresistibly upon you, and create desire,

you immediately stand corrected, not by the severity, but the decency of her virtue. That sweetness and good-humour, which is so visible in her face, naturally diffuses itself into every word and action: a man must be a savage, who, at the sight of Emilia, is not more inclined to do her good, than gratify himself. Her person, as it is thus studiously embellished by nature, thus adorned with unpremeditated graces, is a fit lodging for a mind so fair and lovely; there dwell rational piety, modest hope, and cheerful resignation.

Many of the prevailing passions of mankind do undeservedly pass under the name of religion; which is thus made to express itself in action, according to the nature of the constitution in which it resides: so that were we to make a judgment from appearances, one would imagine religion in some is little better than sullenness and reserve, in many fear, in others the despondings of a melancholy complexion, in others the formality of insignificant unaffecting observances, in others severity, in others ostentation. In Emilia it is a principle founded in reason, and enlivened with hope; it does not break forth into irregular fits and sallies of devotion, but is an uniform and consistent tenour of action: it is strict without severity; compassionate without weakness; it is the perfection of that good-humour which proceeds from the understanding, not the effect of an easy constitution.

By a generous sympathy in nature, we feel ourselves disposed to mourn when any of our fellow-creatures are afflicted; but injured innocence and beauty in distress is an object that carries in it something inexpressibly moving: it softens the most manly heart with the tenderest sensations of love

and compassion, till at length it confesses its humanity, and flows out into tears.

Were I to relate that part of Emilia's life which has given her an opportunity of exerting the heroism of Christianity, it would make too sad, too tender a story: but when I consider her alone in the midst of her distresses, looking beyond this gloomy vale of affliction and sorrow, in the joys of heaven and immortality, and when I see her in conversation thoughtless and easy, as if she were the most happy creature in the world, I am transported with admiration. Surely never did such a philosophic soul inhabit such a beauteous form! For beauty is often made a privilege against thought and reflection; it laughs at wisdom, and will not abide the gravity of its instructions.

Were I able to represent Emilia's virtues in their proper colours and their due proportions, love or flattery might perhaps be thought to have drawn the picture larger than life; but as this is but an imperfect draught of so excellent a character, and as I cannot, will not hope to have any interest in her person, all that I can say of her is but impartial praise extorted from me by the prevailing brightness of her virtues. So rare a pattern of female excellence ought not to be concealed, but should be set out to the view and imitation of the world; for how amiable does virtue appear thus, as it were, made visible to us, in so fair an example!

Honoria's disposition is of a very different turn: her thoughts are wholly bent upon conquest and arbitrary power. That she has some wit and beauty nobody denies, and therefore has the esteem of all her acquaintance as a woman of an agreeable person and conversation; but (whatever her husband may

think of it) that is not sufficient for Honoria; she waves that title to respect as a mean acquisition, and demands veneration in the right of an idol; for this reason her natural desire of life is continually checked with an inconsistent fear of wrinkles and old age.

Emilia cannot be supposed ignorant of her personal charms, though she seems to be so; but she will not hold her happiness upon so precarious a tenure, whilst her mind is adorned with beauties of a more exalted and lasting nature. When in the full bloom of youth and beauty we saw her surrounded with a crowd of adorers, she took no pleasure in slaughter and destruction, gave no false deluding hopes which might increase the torments of her disappointed lovers; but having for some time given to the decency of a virgin coyness, and examined the merit of their several pretensions, she at length gratified her own, by resigning herself to the ardent passion of Bromius. Bromius was then master of many good qualities and a moderate fortune, which was soon after unexpectedly increased to a plentiful estate. This for a good while proved his misfortune, as it furnished his unexperienced age with the opportunities of evil company, and a sensual life. He might have longer wandered in the labyrinths of vice and folly, had not Emilia's prudent conduct won him over to the government of his reason. Her ingenuity has been constantly employed in humanizing his passions, and refining his pleasures. She has showed him, by her own example, that virtue is consistent with decent freedoms and good-humour, or rather that it cannot subsist without them. Her good sense readily instructed her, that a silent example, and an easy unrepining behaviour, will al-

ways be more persuasive than the severity of lectures and admonitions; and that there is so much pride interwoven into the make of human nature, that an obstinate man must only take the hint from another, and then be left to advise and correct himself. Thus by an artful train of management, and unseen persuasions, having at first brought him not to dislike, and at length to be pleased with that which otherwise he would not have bore to hear of, she then knew how to press and secure this advantage, by approving it as his thought, and seconding it as his proposal. By this means she has gained an interest in some of his leading passions, and made them accessary to his reformation.

There is another particular of Emilia's conduct which I cannot forbear mentioning: to some, perhaps, it may at first sight appear but a trifling inconsiderable circumstance; but for my part, I think it highly worthy of observation, and to be recommended to the consideration of the fair sex. I have often thought wrapping-gowns and dirty linen, with all that huddled economy of dress which passes under the general name of 'a mob,' the bane of conjugal love, and one of the readiest means imaginable to alienate the affection of an husband, especially a fond one. I have heard some ladies, who have been surprised by company in such a dishabille, apologize for it after this manner: 'Truly I am ashamed to be caught in this pickle: but my husband and I were sitting all alone by ourselves, and I did not expect to see such good company.'—This, by the way, is a fine compliment to the good man, which it is ten to one but he returns in dogged answers and a churlish behaviour, without knowing what it is that puts him out of humour.

Emilia's observation teaches her, that as little inadvertences and neglects cast a blemish upon a great character; so the neglect of apparel, even among the most intimate friends, does insensibly lessen their regards to each other, by creating a familiarity too low and contemptible. She understands the importance of those things which the generality account trifles; and considers every thing as a matter of consequence that has the least tendency towards keeping up or abating the affection of her husband; him she esteems as a fit object to employ her ingenuity in pleasing, because he is to be pleased for life.

By the help of these and a thousand other nameless arts, which it is easier for her to practise than for another to express, by the obstinacy of her goodness and unprovoked submission, in spite of all her afflictions and ill usage, Bromius is become a man of sense and a kind husband, and Emilia an happy wife.

Ye guardian angels, to whose care heaven has intrusted its dear Emilia, guide her still forward in the paths of virtue, defend her from the insolence and wrongs of this undiscerning world; at length when we must no more converse with such purity on earth, lead her gently hence innocent and unreprovable to a better place, where by an easy transition from what she now is, she may shine forth an angel of light.

T.[n]

[n] Steele seems to have made use of the signature T for papers which he composed or communicated from the letter-box, perhaps, whether the real writer was known to him or not. See Spect. No. 271, and No. 324, note on T.

No. 303.* SATURDAY, February 16, 1711–12.

——— volet hæc sub luce videri,
Judicis argutum quæ non fomidat acumen.
Hor. Ars. Poet, 363.

——— Some choose the clearest light,
And boldly challenge the most piercing eye.
Roscommon.

I have seen, in the works of a modern philosopher, a map of the spots in the sun. My last paper of the faults and blemishes in Milton's Paradise Lost, may be considered as a piece of the same nature. To pursue the allusion: as it is observed that among the bright parts of the luminous body above-mentioned, there are some which glow more intensely, and dart a stronger light than others; so notwithstanding I have already shown Milton's poem to be very beautiful in general, I shall now proceed to take notice of such beauties as appear to me more exquisite than the rest. Milton has proposed the subject of his poem in the following verses:

'Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing heav'nly muse! —'

These lines are perhaps as plain, simple, and unadorned, as any of the whole poem, in which particular the author has conformed himself to the example of Homer, and the precept of Horace.

His invocation to a work, which turns in a great

* Continuation of the critique on the Paradise Lost, by Addison.

Part vii. On the first book of that poem. See Nos. 267, 273, 279, 285, 291, 297, 309, 315, 321, 327, 333, 339, 345, 351, 357, 363, and 369.

measure upon the creation of the world, is very properly made to the Muse who inspired Moses in those books from whence our author drew his subject, and to the Holy Spirit who is therein represented as operating after a particular manner in the first production of nature. This whole exordium rises very happily into noble language and sentiment, as I think the transition to the fable is exquisitely beautiful and natural.

The nine days' astonishment in which the angels lay entranced after their dreadful overthrow and fall from heaven, before they could recover either the use of thought or speech, is a noble circumstance, and very finely imagined. The division of hell into seas of fire, and into firm ground impregnated with the same furious element, with that particular circumstance of the exclusion of Hope from those infernal regions, are instances of the same great and fruitful invention.

The thoughts in the first speech and description of Satan, who is one of the principal actors in this poem, are wonderfully proper to give us a full idea of him. His pride, envy, and revenge, obstinacy, despair and impenitence, are all of them very artfully interwoven. In short, his first speech is a complication of all those passions which discover themselves separately in several other of his speeches in the poem. The whole part of this great enemy of mankind is filled with such incidents as are very apt to raise and terrify the reader's imagination. Of this nature, in the book now before us, is his being the first that awakens out of the general trance, with his posture on the burning lake, his rising from it, and the description of his shield and spear:

'Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate,
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blaz'd; his other parts beside
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood ——
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames
Driv'n backward, slope their pointing spires, and,
roll'd
In billows, leave i' th' midst a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air
That felt unusual weight—
——His pond'rous shield
Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Thro' optic glass the Tuscan artist view
At ev'ning, from the top of Fesolé,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe.
His spear (to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great Ammiral, were but a wand)
He walk'd with, to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle ——'

To which we may add his call to the fallen angels that lay plunged and stupified in the sea of fire:

'He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded.'

But there is no single passage in the whole poem worked up to a greater sublimity, than that wherein his person is described in those celebrated lines:

—'He, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower, &c.'

His sentiments are every way answerable to his

character, and suitable to a created being of the most exalted and most depraved nature. Such is that in which he takes possession of his place of torments:

> —'Hail horrors! hail
> Infernal world! and thou profoundest hell
> Receive thy new possessor, one who brings
> A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.'

And afterwards:

> —'Here at least
> We shall be free: the Almighty hath not built
> Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
> Here we may reign secure; and in my choice
> To reign is worth ambition, tho' in hell:
> Better to reign in hell than serve in heav'n.'

Amidst those impieties which this enraged spirit utters in other places of the poem, the author has taken care to introduce none that is not big with absurdity, and incapable of shocking a religious reader; his words, as the poet himself describes them, bearing only a 'semblance of worth, not substance.' He is likewise with great art described as owning his adversary to be Almighty. Whatever perverse interpretation he puts on the justice, mercy, and other attributes of the Supreme Being, he frequently confesses his omnipotence, that being the perfection he was forced to allow him, and the only consideration which could support his pride under the shame of his defeat.

Nor must I here omit that beautiful circumstance of his bursting out in tears, upon his survey of those innumerable spirits whom he had involved in the same guilt and ruin with himself:

> —'He now prepar'd
> To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend

From wing to wing, and half inclose him round
With all his peers: Attention held them mute.
Thrice he assay'd, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth ——'

The catalogue of evil spirits has abundance of learning in it, and a very agreeable turn of poetry, which rises in a great measure from its describing the places where they were worshipped, by those beautiful marks of rivers so frequent among the ancient poets. The author had doubtless in this place Homer's catalogue of ships, and Virgil's list of warriors, in his view. The characters of Moloch and Belial prepare the reader's mind for their respective speeches and behaviour in the second and sixth book. The account of Thammuz is finely romantic, and suitable to what we read among the ancients of the worship which was paid to that idol:

*—'Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allur'd
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate,
In am'rous ditties all a summer's day;
While smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat;
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel saw, when, by the vision led,
His eye surveyed the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah——'

The reader will pardon me if I insert as a note on this beautiful passage the account given us by the late ingenious Mr. Maundrell of this ancient piece of worship, and probably the first occasion of such a superstition. 'We came to a fair large river—

* This quotation from Milton, and the paragraph immediately following it, were not in the first publication of this paper in folio.

doubtless the ancient river Adonis, so famous for the idolatrous rites performed here in lamentation of Adonis. We had the fortune to see what may be supposed to be the occasion of that opinion which Lucian relates concerning this river, viz. That this stream, at certain seasons of the year, especially about the feast of Adonis, is of a bloody colour; which the heathens looked upon as proceeding from a kind of sympathy in the river for the death of Adonis, who was killed by a wild boar in the mountains, out of which the stream rises. Something like this we saw actually come to pass; for the water was stained to a surprising redness; and as we observed in travelling, had discoloured the sea a great way into a reddish hue, occasioned doubtless by a sort of minium, or red earth, washed into the river by the violence of the rain, and not by any stain from Adonis's blood.'

The passage in the catalogue, explaining the manner how spirits transform themselves by contraction or enlargement of their dimensions, is introduced with great judgment, to make way for several surprising accidents in the sequel of the poem. There follows one, at the very end of the first book, which is what the French critics call marvellous, but at the same time probable by reason of the passage last mentioned. As soon as the infernal palace is finished, we are told the multitude and rabble of spirits immediately shrunk themselves into a small compass, that there might be room for such a numberless assembly in this capacious hall. But it is the poet's refinement upon this thought which I most admire, and which is indeed very noble in itself. For he tells us, that notwithstanding the vulgar, among the fallen spirits, contracted their forms, those of the

first rank and dignity still preserved their natural dimensions:[x]

'Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms
Reduc'd their shapes immense, and were at large,
Though without number, still amidst the hall
Of that infernal court, but far within,
And in their own dimensions like themselves,
The great Seraphic lords and cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat,
A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,
Frequent and full'—

The character of Mammon, and the description of the Pandæmonium, are full of beauties.

There are several other strokes in the first book wonderfully poetical, and instances of that sublime genius so peculiar to the author. Such is the description of Azazel's stature, and the infernal standard which he unfurls; as also of that ghastly light, by which the fiends appear to one another in their place of torments:

'The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimm'ring of those livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful'—

The shout of the whole host of fallen angels when drawn up in battle array:

—'The universal host up sent
A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.'

The review which the leader makes of his infernal army:

—'He thro' the armed files
Darts his experienc'd eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion views, their order due,

[x] See Newton's edit. of Paradise Lost, vol. i. p. 83.

Their visages and stature as of gods,
Their number last he sums. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and hard'ning in his strength
Glories—'

The flash of light which appeared upon the drawing of their swords:

'He spake: and to confirm his words out flew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty cherubim; the sudden blaze
Far round illumin'd hell.'—

The sudden production of the Pandæmonium:

'Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet.'

The artificial illuminations made in it:

—'From the arch'd roof
Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets,[y] fed
With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky'—

There are also several noble similes and allusions in the first book of Paradise Lost. And here I must observe, that when Milton alludes either to things or persons he never quits his simile, till it rises to some very great idea, which is often foreign to the occasion that gave birth to it. The resemblance does not, perhaps, last above a line or two; but the poet runs on with the hint until he has raised out of it some glorious image or sentiment proper to inflame the mind of the reader, and to give it that

[y] Cresset, i. e. a blazing light set on a beacon; in French, *croissete*, because beacons formerly had crosses on their tops. JOHNSON.

sublime kind of entertainment which is suitable to the nature of an heroic poem. Those who are acquainted with Homer's and Virgil's way of writing, cannot but be pleased with this kind of structure in Milton's similitudes. I am the more particular on this head, because ignorant readers, who have formed their taste upon the quaint similes and little turns of wit, which are so much in vogue among modern poets, cannot relish these beauties which are of a much higher nature, and are therefore apt to censure Milton's comparisons, in which they do not see any surprising points of likeness. Monsieur Perrault was a man of this vitiated relish, and for that very reason has endeavoured to turn into ridicule several of Homer's similitudes, which he calls '*comparaisons à longue queue*,' 'long-tailed comparisons.' I shall conclude this paper on the first book of Milton with the answer which monsieur Boileau makes to Perrault on this occasion: 'Comparisons,' says he, 'in odes and epic poems are not introduced only to illustrate and embellish the discourse, but to amuse and relax the mind of the reader, by frequently disengaging him from too painful an attention to the principal subject, and by leading him into other agreeable images. Homer, says he, excelled in this particular, whose comparisons abound with such images of nature as are proper to relieve and diversify his subjects. He continually instructs the reader, and makes him take notice even in objects which are every day before his eyes, of such circumstances as we should not otherwise have observed.' To this he adds, as a maxim universally acknowledged, 'that it is not necessary in poetry for the points of the comparison to correspond with one another exactly, but that a general resemblance is sufficient, and that

too much nicety in this particular savours of the rhetorician and epigrammatist.'

In short, if we look into the conduct of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, as the great fable is the soul of each poem, so to give their works an agreeable variety, their episodes are so many short fables, and their similes so many short episodes; to which you may add, if you please, that their metaphors are so many short similes. If the reader considers the comparisons in the first book of Milton, of the sun in an eclipse, of the sleeping leviathan, of the bees swarming about their hive, of the fairy dance, in the view wherein I have here placed them, he will easily discover the great beauties that are in each of those passages. L.[z]

[z] By Addison, dated, it is supposed, London. See No. 334, note.

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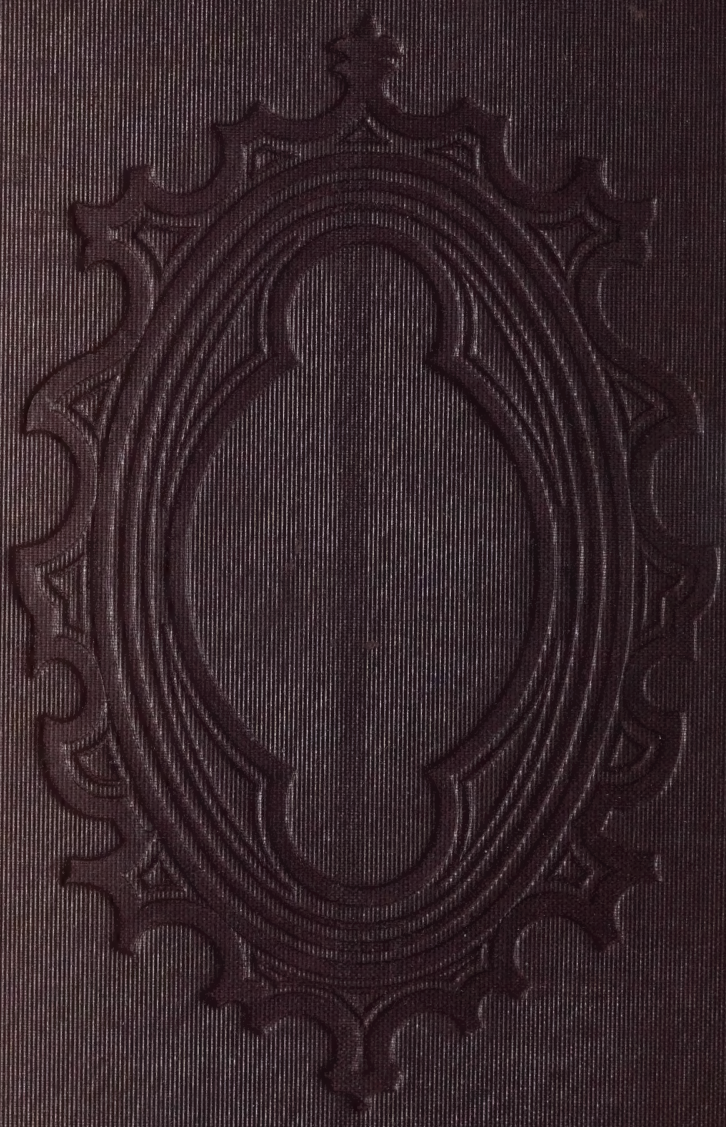
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